

MAKE THE VOICE OF HIS PRAISE  
TO BE HEARD Ps. 66-8

# HYMNS

## NEW & OLD

No-2

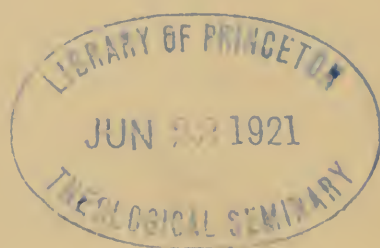
BY

D. B. TOWNER

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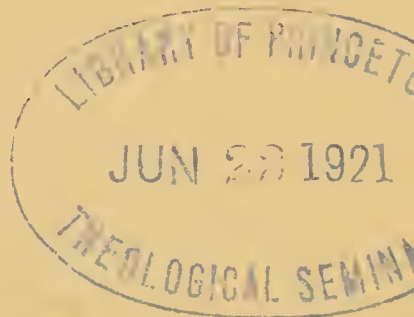
J. P. Spruce





# HYMNS NEW AND OLD,

## No. 2.



### FOR USE IN GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND OTHER

### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

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✓  
BY D. B. TOWNER,

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM A VERY LARGE NUMBER OF WELL-KNOWN AND  
POPULAR AUTHORS.

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## HYMNS NEW AND OLD, No. 2.

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The many words of commendation received regarding the first volume of HYMNS NEW AND OLD; its very large sale, and the earnestly expressed desire for a second volume by those who have used the first, have impelled us to issue HYMNS NEW AND OLD, No. 2.

The author has exercised great care in the selection of hymns, and none have been used except such as will give impetus to the social meetings of the Church, as well as to Revival work and the Sunday School. The old hymns have stood the test, and their usefulness is beyond question. The new hymns are those which have been prompted by a christian experience, or some incident in connection with christian work, which, it is believed, justly entitles them to a place in this collection. That No. 2 will be instrumental in the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom, and the inspiring of his children to greater activity, is the sincere desire of

THE AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

# HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

## No. 2.

### No. 1. Old Hundred.

ISAAC WATTS.

G. FRANC. 1545.

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;  
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mercies Lord, E - ternal truth attends Thy word;  
*Dox.—Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;*

The first system of music for 'Old Hundred' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/2. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes.

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev - ery land by ev - ery tongue.  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
*Praise Him a - bove ye heavenly hosts: Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.*

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line. It maintains the same musical notation and structure.

### No. 2. Gloria Patri.

WM. BOYCE.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

The first system of music for 'Gloria Patri' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/2. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes.

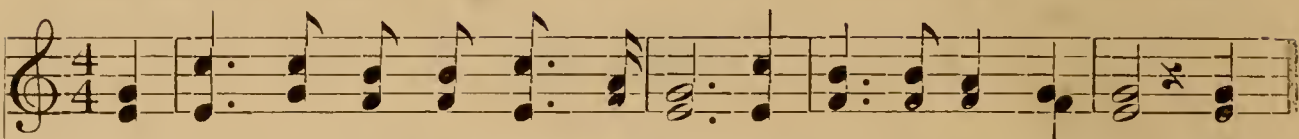
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - MEN.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line. It maintains the same musical notation and structure.

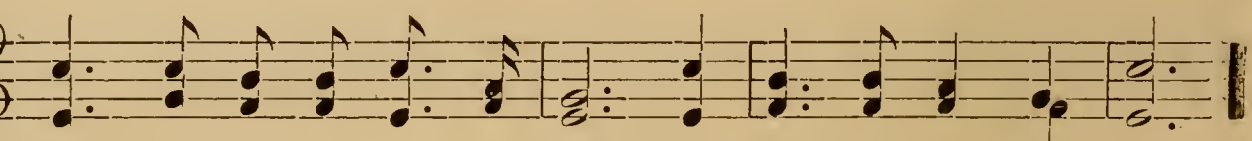
# No. 3. I Know I Love Thee better, Lord.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

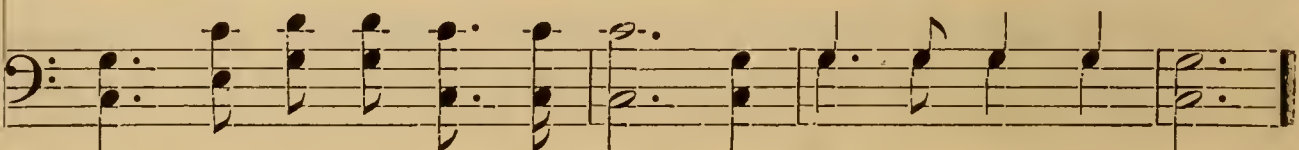
D. B. TOWNER.



1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earthly joy, For
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth-ly throng; And
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, Then may I well be glad, With-
4. O Sav-iour, precious Sav-iour, mine, What will Thy presence be, If



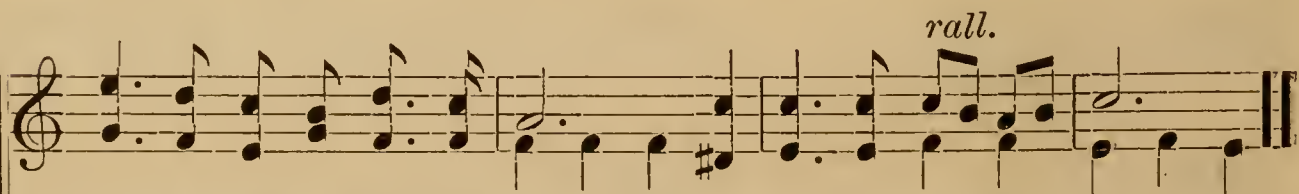
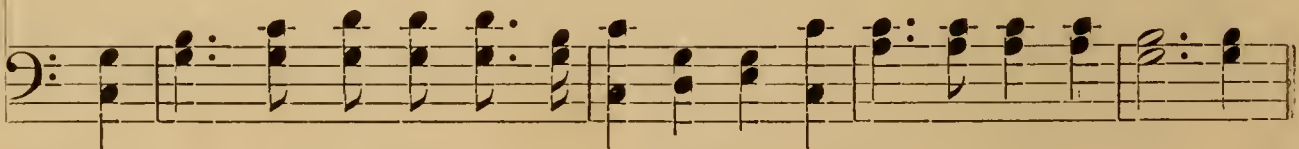
Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.  
sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.  
out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.



## CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told Of love so full and free, The  
been told



half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me..  
been told, cleanseth me.





# No. 4. More Than Tongue Can Tell.

J. E. HALL, arr.

J. E. HALL.

1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el  
2. The man - y sor - rows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He  
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be - fore the throne of  
4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from

tree, That I a ransomed soul might be, . . Is more than tongue can tell.  
wore, That I might live for - ev - er - more, . Is more than tongue can tell.  
God, The mer - it of His prec - ious blood, . Is more than tongue can tell.  
fear, The hope in Him so bright and clear, . Is more than tongue can tell.

CHORUS.

His love is more than tongue can tell, tongue can tell, His

love is more than tongue can tell, tongue can tell, The

love that Je - sus had for me . . . Is more than tongue can tell.

## No. 5.

## Living Water.

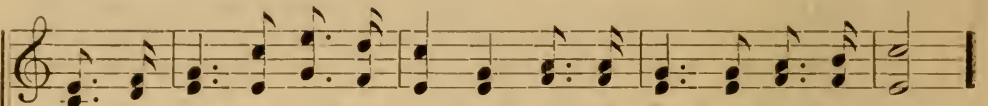
*"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."* John 4: 15.

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.



1. I have heard a wondrous sto - ry, Of a foun - tain flow - ing free;
2. When my lips were parch'd and burning: Weary read - y to despair,
3. Heal - ing stream so free - ly flow - ing, Of thy wa - ter I will drink;
4. Wea - ry one. the Sav - ior calls thee; Faint not in the des - ert way:



They who drink its liv - ing wa - ter, Nev - er more athirst shall be.  
 Came I to this liv - ing fountain, Quenched my thirst and rested there.  
 Feed up - on the fruits e - ter - nal, Growing on thy fer - tile brink.  
 Here are sweet and liv - ing waters, Come, and drink, and live, to - day.



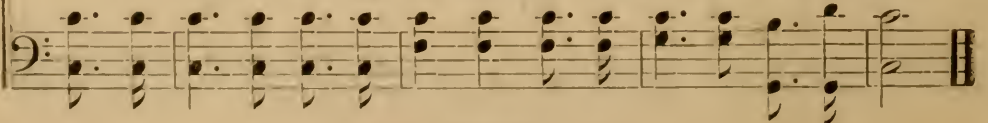
## CHORUS.



Yes, I'm at the fountain drinking Liv - ing wa - ter, free - ly mine:



I am in the sun - light glo - ry, Of the Sav - ior's love di - vine.

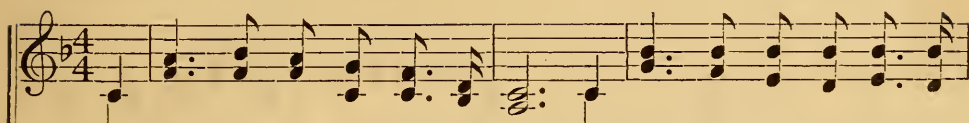




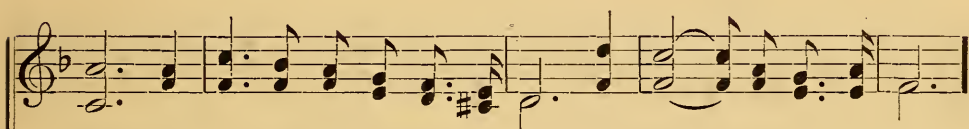
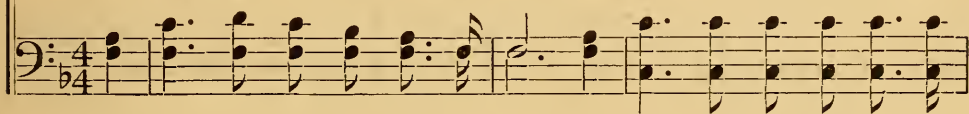
# No. 6. *Good* My Jesus Knows.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. How blest the thought that Je-sus knows Each wind that round me rudely
2. The bit - ter cups that I must drain, The thoughts that rack my wea-ry
3. The cross that I must dai - ly bear, The deep anx - i - e - ty and
4. The long - ings that per-vade my breast, To reach my home and be at



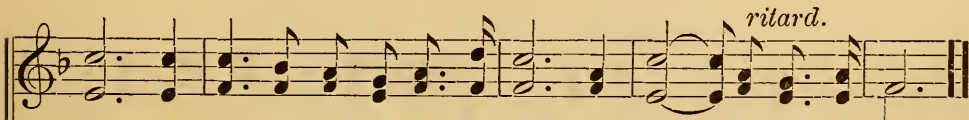
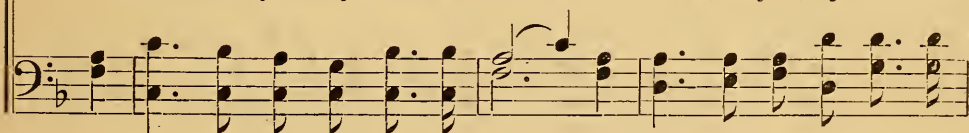
blows, Each tide of grief that o'er me flows, He knows, my Je- sus knows.  
 brain, The efforts that seem all in vain, He knows, my Je- sus knows.  
 care, The crown of thorns I too must wear, He knows, my Je- sus knows.  
 rest With Him I love, a welcome guest, He knows, my Je- sus knows.



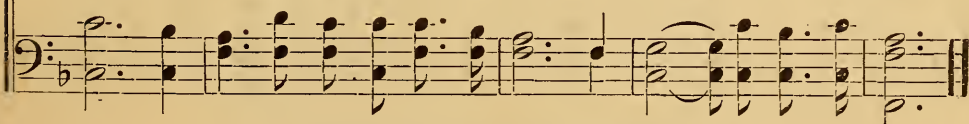
## REFRAIN.



He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus knows, He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus



knows, My hopes, my fears, my bit-ter woes, He knows, my Je- sus know.

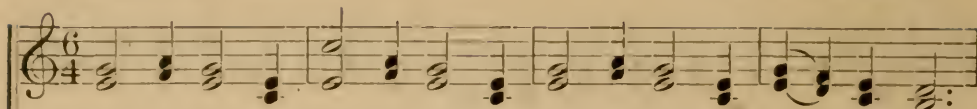


## No. 7.

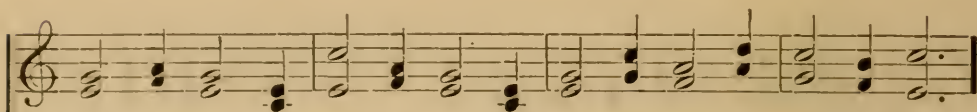
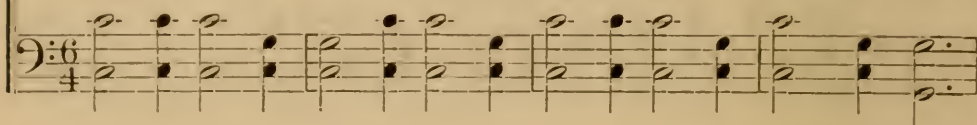
## Life and Love.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

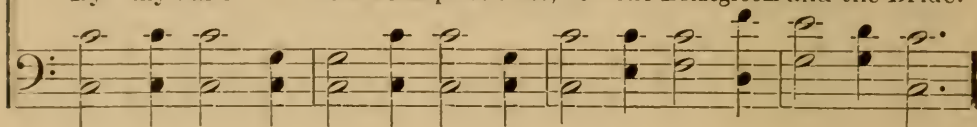
D. B. TOWNER.



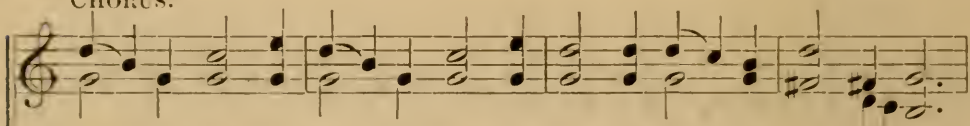
1. Wondrous life that came from heav-en, Giv-ing life un-to the dead.
2. Wondrous love that came to save us From the depths of sin and woe;
3. Life and love, O bless-ed treasure; Life and love are ev-er mine;
4. O my Sav-iour, may I love Thee More than all the world be-side;



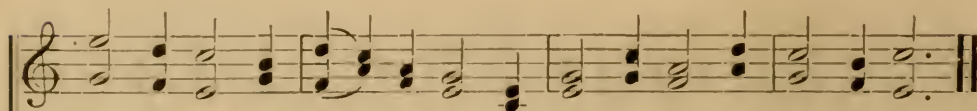
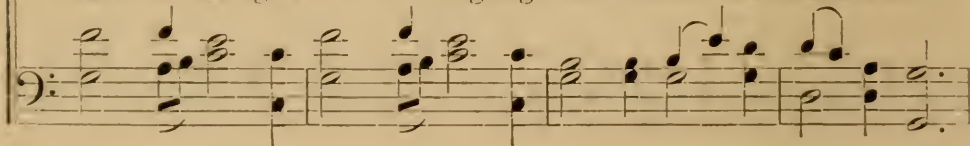
See the bars of death are riv-en, Darkness from the tomb has fled.  
 Wondrous Christ who died to have us, All His lov-ing kindness know.  
 Prec-ious gifts I can-not meas-ure, Like the Giv-er, all di-vine.  
 By my faith I now would prove Thee, Lo! the Bridegroom and the Bride.



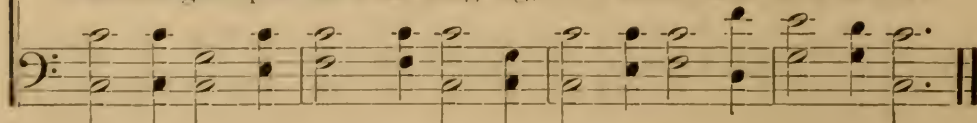
## CHORUS.



Hark! the an-gels ev-er sing-ing Thro' ce-les-tial courts a-bove,



While the gos-pel bells are ring-ing, "God is Life and God is Love."



# No. 8. Langing for Hame.

ADDA C. BORTREE.

Rev. J. B. SUMNER.

1. { Frae a life ov - er shad - owed wi tri - als, That has  
My sad heart is now turn - ing wi lang-ing To a

coom frae my guid Father's hand.  
*Omit.* . . . hame in that bright bon-nie land.

Yet my life seems sae bar - ren an drea-ry, When I  
An I am ver - y wea - ry, sae wea-ry, *Omit.*

think o' the one I shall gain.  
That I lang to be gang-ing hame.

2 But He kens a' the sins that hae gathered  
Round my heart an my life day by day,  
An its only His ain boundless mercy  
That can cleanse me an wash them away  
O He kens a' the doults o' His barnie,  
Yet He bids me to trust in His name,  
Still I am very weary, sae weary  
That I lang to be ganging hame.

3 I'll nae grieve tho' He still keeps me biding,  
Tho' my e' dinna see a' the way,  
An His wisdom sae great He is hiding,  
Still I'm nearing my hame day by day;  
An I mind me His love is sae boundless,  
He will guide wi His hand a' His ain,  
An wi joy I may soon hear Him saying,  
Weary bairn, welcome, welcome hame.



## No. 9.

## He Redeemed Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I praise the wondrous love of God, The wondrous love of God to me, Which  
 2. I had no mer-it of my own, My need I made my on - ly plea, Yet,  
 3. For this I praise the Lord to-day, That love, so in - finite and free Should  
 4. He ransom'd me, He ransom'd me, Such love and grace a-loud proclaim; He

CHORUS.

moved Him to redeem with blood My soul on Calva - ry. He redeem'd me, Oh,  
 moved by His a-mazing grace, He pardoned ev-en me.  
 stoop to bless a fall-en man, And ran-som ev-en me.  
 sealed my par-don on the tree, Oh, glo-ry to His name.

glo-ry to His name! He redeem'd me, His grace I will proclaim, For His

love and grace are ev - ermore the same, Hal-le - lu - jah to His name.

# No. 10. Satisfied By and By.

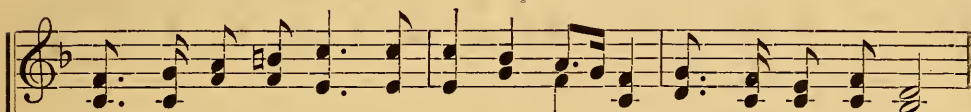
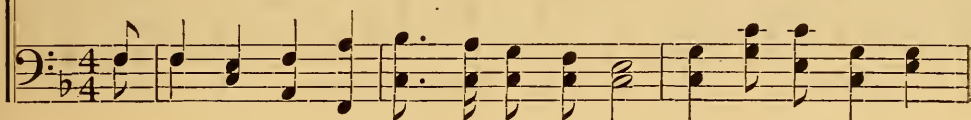
Arr. by Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

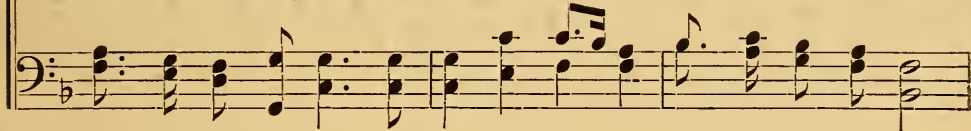
*Andante.*



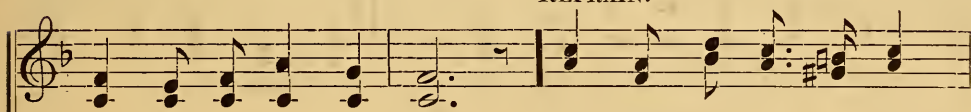
1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft-er whose dawning
2. When I shall meet the dear ones I have loved, Who once a-long my
3. When I shall meet my Shepherd and His fold, And taste a - new the
4. When I in heaven shall "Know as I am Known" And there from Christ shall



night no more re- turns, And in whose glo- ry day e- ter- nal burns  
path- way sweetly moved And see how faith- ful God to me has proved  
love of Christ un- told, And walk for aye the streets of shining gold  
take my robe and crown, And reap in joy what I in tears have sown



REFRAIN.



I shall be sat - is - fied.

I shall be sat - is - fied,



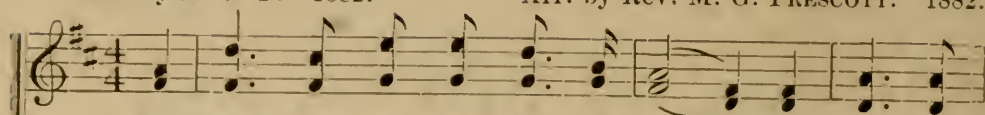
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied by and bye.



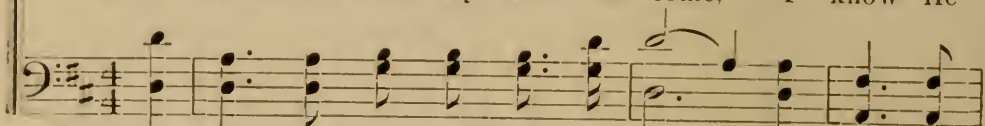
# No. 11. I know that my Redeemer lives.

Arr. by M. G. P. 1882.

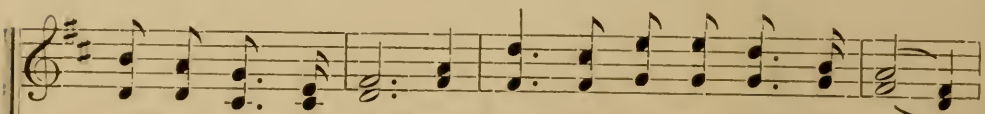
Arr. by Rev. M. G. PRESCOTT. 1882.



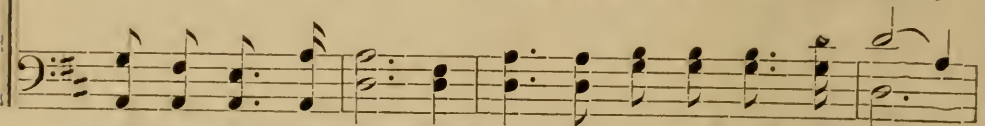
1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, That He's pre-
2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His
3. And now be-wil-dered at the thought, I stand and
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He



*D.C.—For I am on-ly wait-ing here, To hear the*



pared a home for me, And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives  
blood a-tones for me, I'm lis-tening for the gen-tle cal!  
won-der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brough  
will not tar-ry long, I know He soon will call me home

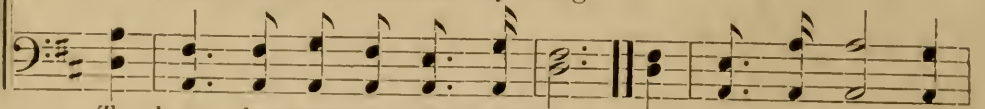


*summons, "child, come home," For I am on-ly wait-ing here*

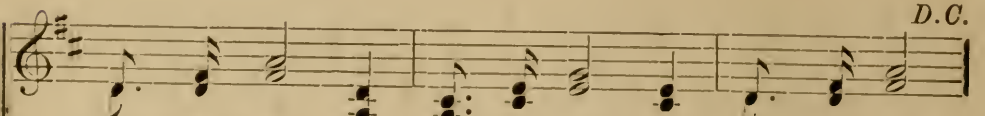
## FINE. CHORUS.



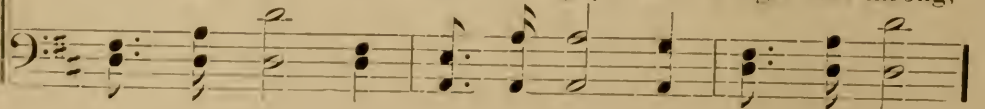
To those who would His chil-dren be. Then ask me not to  
To say the Mas-ter wait-eth thee.  
To die, that I might live a-bove.  
To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.



*To hear the summons, "child, come home."*



*D.C.*  
min-gle on A-mid the gay and thought-less throng,





## No. 12.

## Good-Night.

ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lov - ing word that's nightly whispered, O'er each ti - ny trundle-bed,  
 2. When the toils of day are ov - er, Friend to friend bids soft good-night,  
 3. Gent-ly whispered by the dy - ing, At the fad'-ing of the day;  
 4. Some good-night will be the last one, When our days of earth are o'er,

While a moth-er's ben-e - dic - tion, Falls up-on the sleeper's head.  
 Pray-ing that the coming morrow, Be with heaven's blessing bright.  
 En-tr'ing in up-on the shin-ing Of the heav'nly light for aye.  
 When we reach the shining por-tal, And earth's twilights are no more.

## CHORUS.

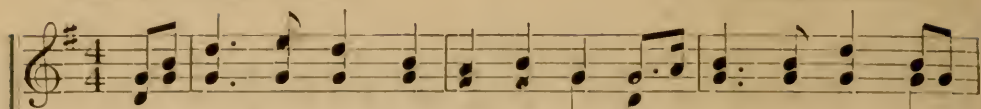
Loving good-night, tender good-night, Sweet word of parting good-night;  
 good-night,

Parting is on-ly, on - -ly for night, Meeting will come with the light, good-night.

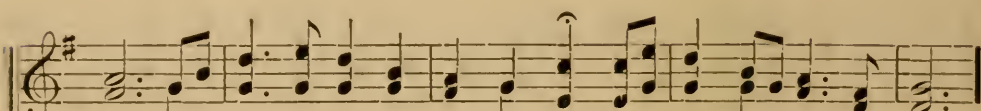
# No. 13. The Crimson Stream.

REV. J. W. STEVENSON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

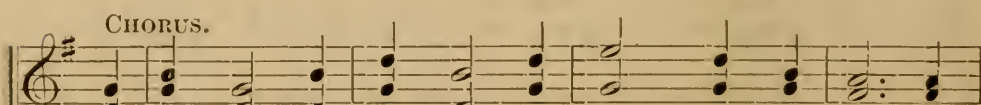


1. I stand be - side the crimson stream, That flows from Cal - vary's  
 2. The blood of Christ a - lone will save, From guilt, and fear, and  
 3. I claim the prom - ised bless - ing now, Freedom from ev - 'ry  
 4. I sink in - to the crim - son stream, Christ's blood is now ap -

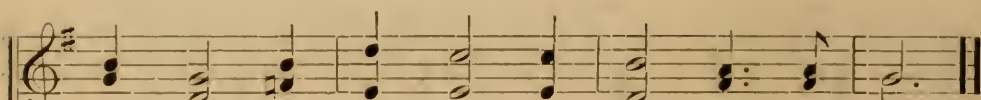


mount; And long to wash a - way all sin, With - in its cleansing fount.  
 care; His blood will sweetly pur - i - fy, When sought in earnest prayer.  
 sin; The pow'r to lead a ho - ly life With Christ in God shut in.  
 plied; I rise a - gain re - deemed by Him, And whol - ly pur - i - fied.

CHORUS.



Now wash me, now wash me, And cleanse me from sin, Now



wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.

## No. 14.

## Come unto Me.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. My wea-ry soul for rest and shel-ter, Sæk-ing like No-ah's  
 2. I turned to see some friendly hand out-reach-ing, But thro' the  
 3. I knew my Lord, I knew His voice en-treating, On Him I

dove, no rest, no ref-uge found, In out-er dark-ness; lone and tempest-  
 gloom no face I saw, no form, My fear-ful heart of hope bereaved had  
 leaned and followed as He led, He brought me home and sweet refreshment

*rall.* REFRAIN.

beat-en, I heard a voice a-bove the tu-mult round. Come un-to  
 faint-ed, But that a-gain I heard a-bove the storm.  
 gave me, He bade me rest, as to my heart He said,

me Come un-to me, Oh, weary soul, Come unto me and rest.  
 Come unto me, Come un-to me,



## No. 15.

## Whosoever Will.

ENGLISH.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Ho! ye thirst-y, Je - sus calls you, Je - sus came to give  
 2. Wherefore do ye spend your treasures Where there is no bread,  
 3. None can be too vile for Je - sus, None can be too poor,  
 4. O, His ten-der love and pit - y, Still He calls to - day,

Wine and milk of full sal - va - tion, Come to Him and live.  
 On - ly by the liv - ing Sav - iour Dy - ing souls are fed.  
 By His blood come peace and par - don, Mer - cies ev - er sure.  
 Nev - er one to Je - sus com - ing Shall be cast a - way.

## CHORUS.

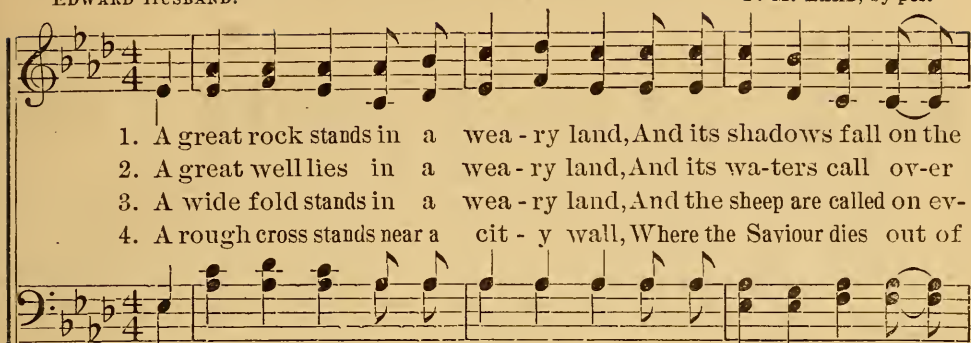
Who - so - ev - er will may take it, Take His grace and live,

With - out price and without mon - ey, Now the gift re - ceive.

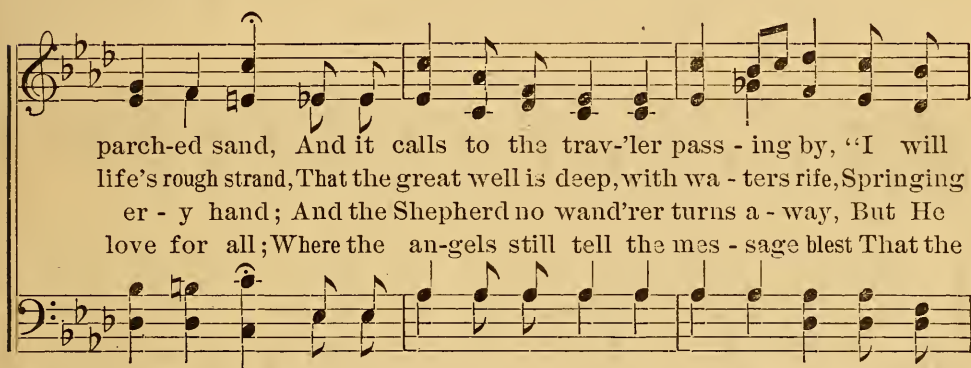
# No. 16. Why will ye Die?

EDWARD HUSBAND.

F. M. LAMB, by per.

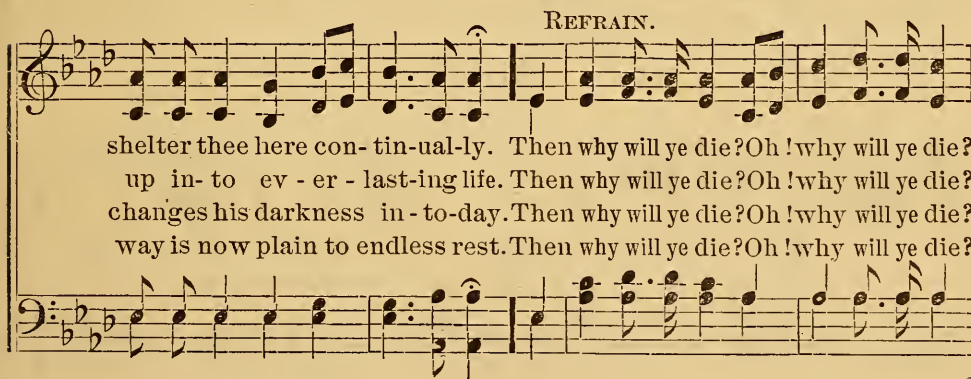


1. A great rock stands in a wea - ry land, And its shadows fall on the  
 2. A great well lies in a wea - ry land, And its wa - ters call ov - er  
 3. A wide fold stands in a wea - ry land, And the sheep are called on ev -  
 4. A rough cross stands near a cit - y wall, Where the Saviour dies out of



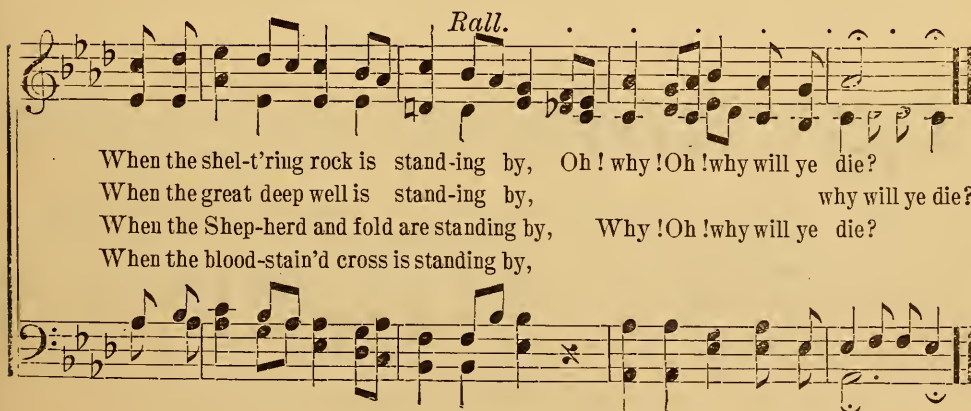
parch-ed sand, And it calls to the trav - ler pass - ing by, "I will  
 life's rough strand, That the great well is deep, with wa - ters rife, Springing  
 er - y hand; And the Shepherd no wand'r'er turns a - way, But He  
 love for all; Where the an - gels still tell the mes - sage blest That the

REFRAIN.



shelter thee here con - tin - ual - ly. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?  
 up in - to ev - er - last - ing life. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?  
 changes his darkness in - to - day. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?  
 way is now plain to endless rest. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?

*Rall.*



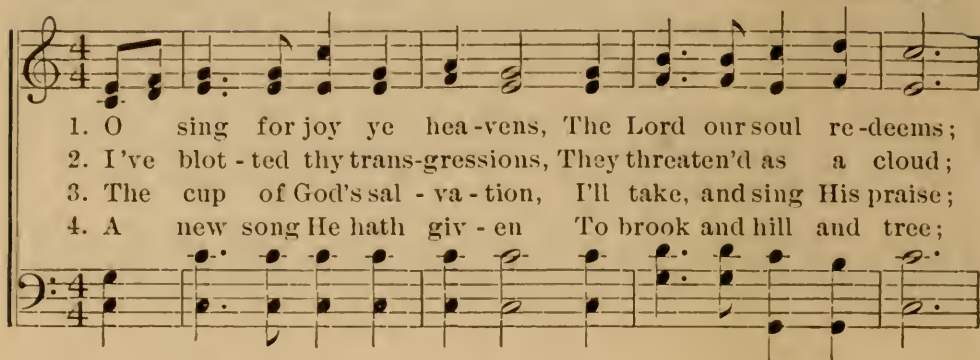
When the shel - t'ring rock is stand - ing by, Oh! why! Oh! why will ye die?  
 When the great deep well is stand - ing by, why will ye die?  
 When the Shep - herd and fold are standing by, Why! Oh! why will ye die?  
 When the blood - stain'd cross is standing by,

# No. 17. O Sing for Joy Ye Heavens.

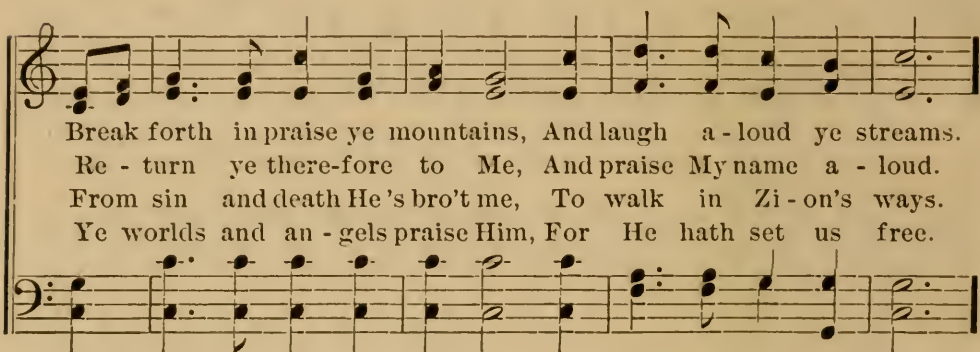
*"I have redeemed thee — Sing O ye heavens." Isa. 44: 22-23.*

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.

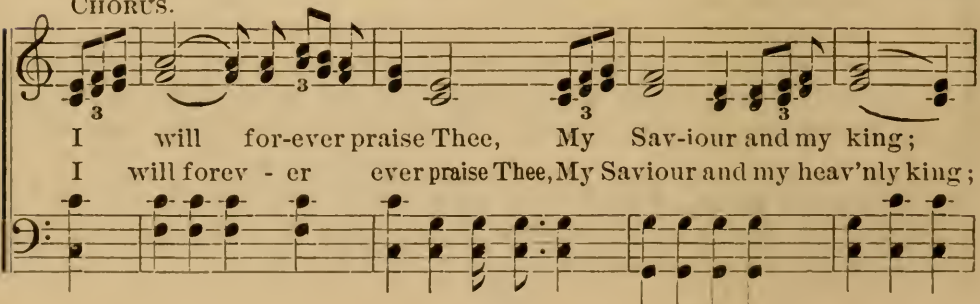


1. O sing for joy ye hea - vens, The Lord our soul re - deems;  
2. I've blot - ted thy trans - gressions, They threaten'd as a cloud;  
3. The cup of God's sal - va - tion, I'll take, and sing His praise;  
4. A new song He hath giv - en To brook and hill and tree;

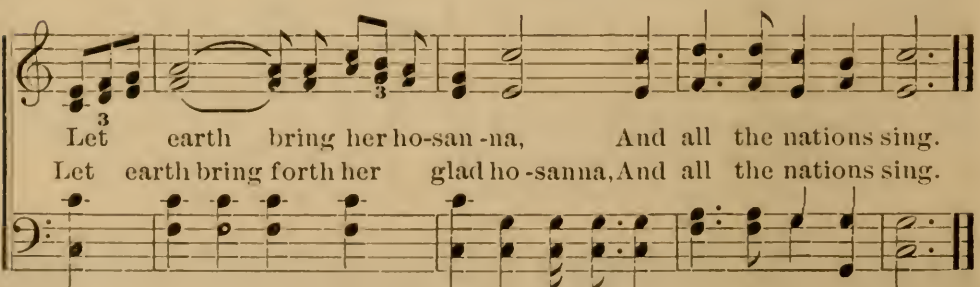


Break forth in praise ye mountains, And laugh a - loud ye streams.  
Re - turn ye there - fore to Me, And praise My name a - loud.  
From sin and death He's bro't me, To walk in Zi - on's ways.  
Ye worlds and an - gels praise Him, For He hath set us free.

## CHORUS.



I will for - ever praise Thee, My Sav - iour and my king;  
I will forev - er ever praise Thee, My Saviour and my heav'nly king;

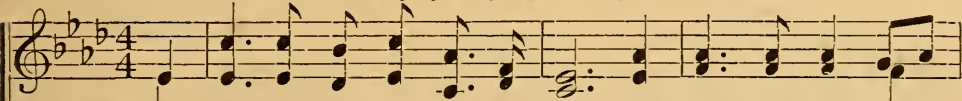


Let earth bring her ho - san - na, And all the nations sing.  
Let earth bring forth her glad ho - sanna, And all the nations sing.



# No. 18. Singing Through the Gates.

Rev. FREDERICK DENISON. *He hath prepared for them a city.*—Heb. 11: 16. D. B. TOWNER.



1. My faith beholds the jew-el - walls, The gates of pearl, the
2. As riv - ers rich, their banks o'erflow, So pour in tides of
3. A - bove all else is heard the psalm, The high, ec-stat - ic,
4. And how the view my soul e - lates, My loved ones there in
5. Blest land of ho - ly har-mo-nies, To thee, when shall my



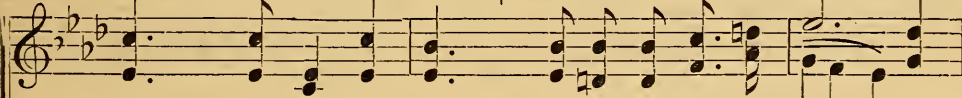
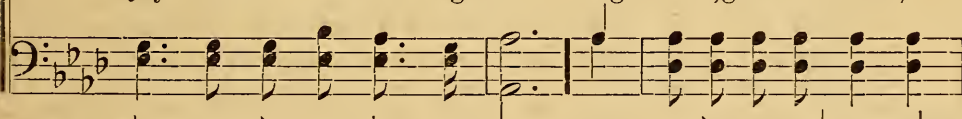
streets of gold, While on my spir - it rau - sic falls Sur -  
rapturous song, Down thro' the gates to us be - low, The  
ceaseless strain Of praise and hon - or to the Lamb Who  
robes of white, Their harps re - sound - ing thro' the gates, Their  
spir - it come, Where hearts make ceaseless mel - o - dies And



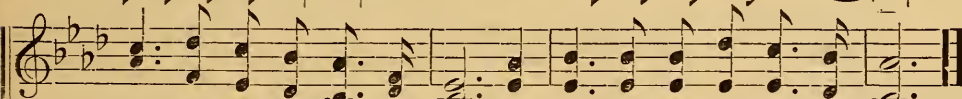
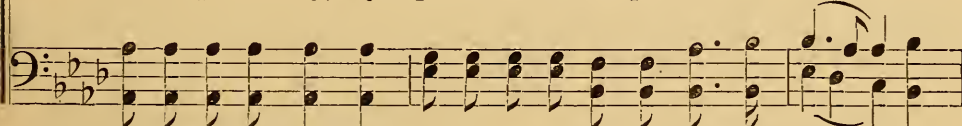
## CHORUS.



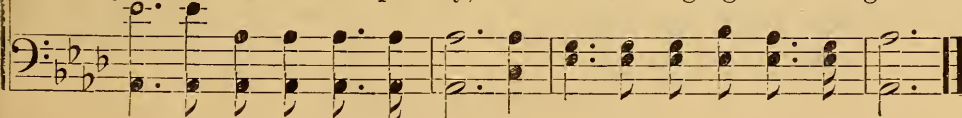
pass - ing all earth's harps have told. O glo - rious home of  
joy of the ce - les - tial throng.  
once on Calvary's mount was slain.  
an-thems of supreme de - light.  
joy finds ev - er - last - ing home. O glorious, glorious home, O



pu - ri - ty, My soul in ex-pec-ta-tion waits - To  
home of pu - ri - ty, My raptured soul in ex-pec-ta-tion waits To



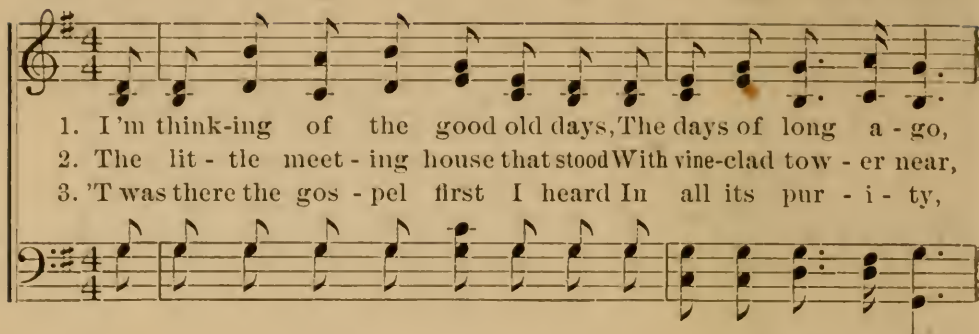
join the blessed com-pa - ny, Ex - ul-tant singing thro' the gates.



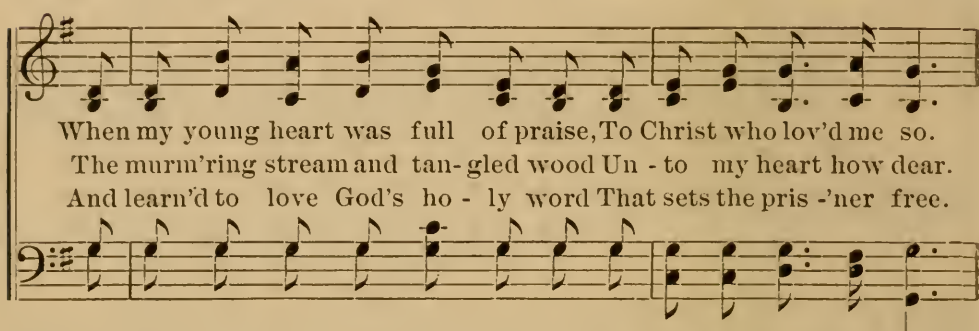
# No. 19. The Good Old Days.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

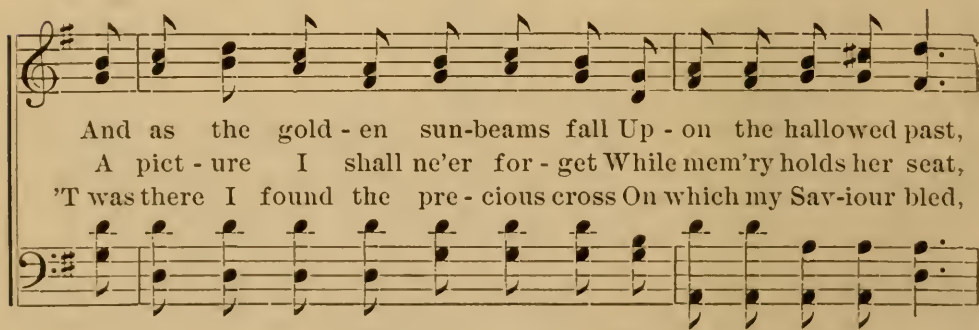
D. B. TOWNER. ARR.



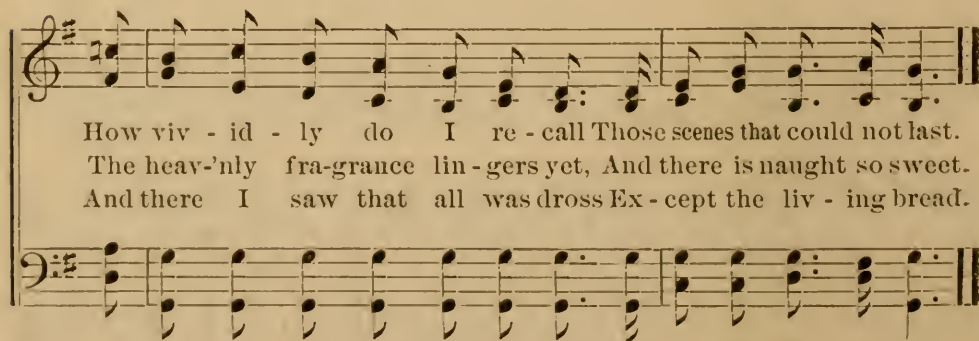
1. I'm think-ing of the good old days, The days of long a - go,  
2. The lit - tle meet - ing house that stood With vine-clad tow - er near,  
3. 'Twas there the gos - pel first I heard In all its pur - i - ty,



When my young heart was full of praise, To Christ who lov'd me so.  
The murm'ring stream and tan-gled wood Un - to my heart how dear.  
And learn'd to love God's ho - ly word That sets the pris -'ner free.



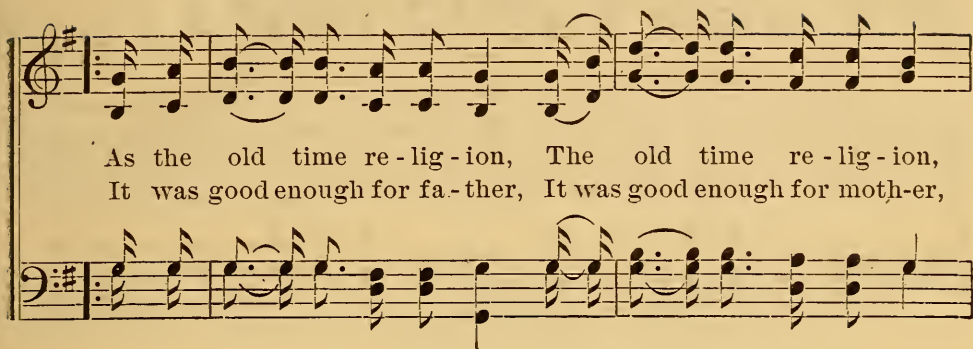
And as the gold - en sun-beams fall Up - on the hallowed past,  
A pict - ure I shall ne'er for - get While mem'ry holds her seat,  
'Twas there I found the pre - cious cross On which my Sav-iour bled,



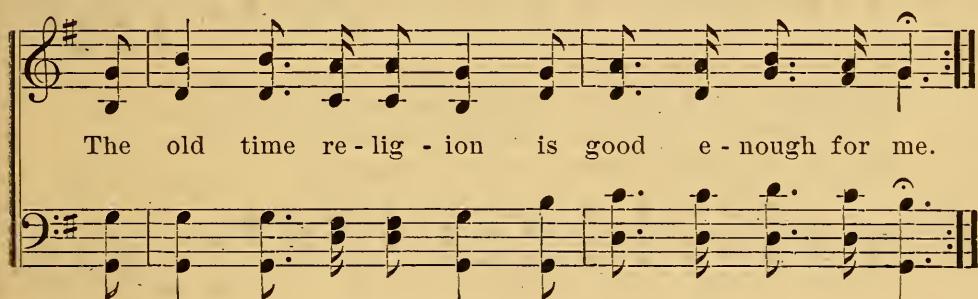
How viv - id - ly do I re - call Those scenes that could not last.  
The heav'nly fra-grance lin - gers yet, And there is naught so sweet.  
And there I saw that all was dross Ex - cept the liv - ing bread.

# The Good Old Days.

REFRAIN to be sung after 2nd, 5th and 7th verses.



As the old time re-lig-ion, The old time re-lig-ion,  
It was good enough for fa-ther, It was good enough for moth-er,



The old time re-lig-ion is good e-nough for me.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>4 The preacher did not mince his talk<br/>To please esthetic ears,<br/>Nor hide all danger from his flock<br/>To pacify their fears,<br/>But Sinai thundered forth the law<br/>The law by Moses given,<br/>And wrath the trembling sinner saw<br/>Revealed from God in heaven.</p>   | <p>6 And now I think as oft I gaze<br/>On altars rich and rare,<br/>And wander thro' the dreamy maze<br/>Of choral song and prayer,<br/>How Christ came nearer to my heart<br/>In those blest days of old,<br/>When worship was devoid of art,<br/>And truth was plainly told.</p>  |
| <p>5 Then came the gospel's "joyful<br/>sound"<br/>In accents sweet and low,<br/>The healing balm for every wound,<br/>The solace for each woe, [sin,"<br/>The blood that "cleanseth from all<br/>Tho' crimson be the stain,<br/>The Christ who died my soul to win,<br/>The Lamb for sinners slain.<br/>REFRAIN. Oh! the old, etc.</p> | <p>7 Tho' times may change and methods,<br/>too,<br/>The world in thought advance,<br/>The Word of God will still hold true,<br/>' Mid every circumstance,<br/>The wants of men are still the same,<br/>Their trials and their fears,<br/>The only light is that which came<br/>In old prophetic years.<br/>REFRAIN. So the old, etc.</p> |



# No. 20. The Farther Shore.

IDA L. REED.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There 's a glad and shin-ing shore Just be - yond earth's border-land,  
 2. 'T is not far, al-most in sight, Rise its headlands dim and wide,  
 3. Sweet and low its mu-sic falls, Echoes from the far-ther shore,  
 4. Just be -yond earth's borderland, Waits the bliss for which we sigh;

And no stormwinds ev-er - more Beat up - on the golden strand.  
 Spreading far in beau-ty bright Just be - yond life's mystic tide.  
 An - gels beck - on, Je - sus calls Soon they 'll bear us safe-ly on.  
 Ov - er on that gold-en strand We shall find the Saviour nigh.

CHORUS.

Smiling 'neath . . . its heav'nly light, . . . Lies its  
 Smil-ing 'neath its light, 'neath its heav'nly light.

peace - ful harbor fair, . . . Shall our eyes . . . be-  
 Lies its harbor fair, Its peaceful harbor fair, Shall our eyes behold,

## The Farther Shore.

hold the sight, . . . And our souls . . . find shelter there?  
our eyes behold the sight, And our souls find shel - ter there.

*rall.*

## No. 21. Father, Heavenly Father.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

Luke 24: 49. Acts 2.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Fa - ther, heav'nly Fa - ther, Un - to Thee we cry, For the promised  
2. That He dwelleth in us, Ful - ly we be - lieve, But His grace for  
3. Breathe, oh, breathe up - on us, Here, with one ac - cord, Waiting for the

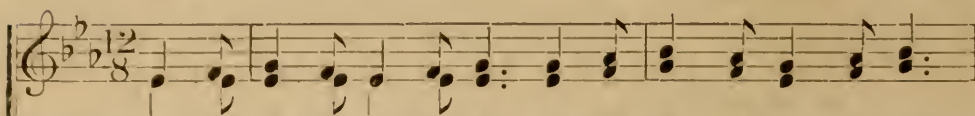
bles - sing, Pow - er from on high. May Thy Spir - it, Ho - ly  
ser - vice, May we now re - ceive? Now, Al - migh - ty Spir - it  
prom - ise Of our ris - en Lord. May we feel Thy pow - er,

On Thy servants fall, With a dou - ble portion Oh, bap - tize us all.  
Now our zeal in - spire, Now our hearts en - kindle With Thy sacred Fire.  
While we low - ly bow, Come, thou Tongue of Fire, Fall up - on us now.

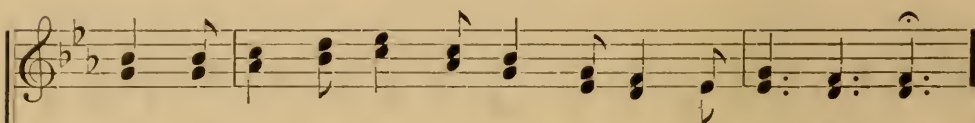
# No. 22. ✓ No More Good-Byes.

E. R. LATTA.

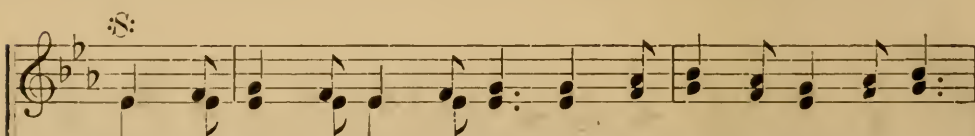
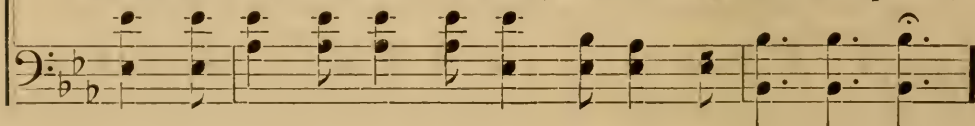
J. H. FILLMORE, by per.



1. Where life's crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom.
2. There the good again shall meet, Who have clasped the part - ing hand;
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor - row more,



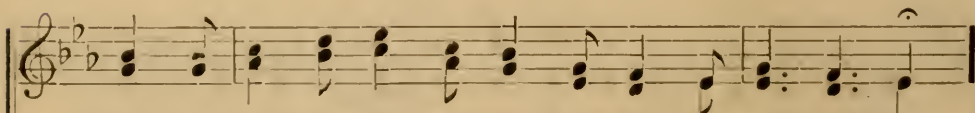
Where no chill - ing frost can fall      On flow'rs that sweet - ly bloom;  
Fa - thers, moth - ers, child - ren dear      Around the throne shall stand;  
Where no sick - ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his power,



Where the glo - ry of the Lord, Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies,  
There no tem - pest e'er shall blow, There no dis-mal cloud a - rise,  
Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be-dim the eyes;



*:S:* Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that home be-yond the skies,



There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.  
And in that e - ter - nal home Shall be no more good-byes.  
All the good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good-byes.



Where the end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.



# No More Good-Byes.

CHORUS.

No more good - byes, . . . . . No more good-byes, . . . . .  
 No more good-byes, No more good-byes, No more good-byes,

O bless - ed thought! . . . . . No more good - byes.  
 O bless - ed thought!

*D.S.*

## No. 23. Praise Ye the Lord.

PSALM 106. C. M.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, and give Him thanks, For boun - ti - ful is He;  
 2. God's mighty works, who can ex - press Or show forth all His praise?  
 3. Re - mem - ber me, O Lord, with love, Which Thou to Thine dost bear:

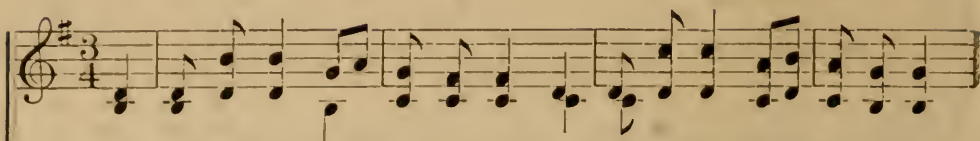
His ten - der mer - cy shall en - dure To all e - ter - ni - ty,  
 Oh, blest are they that judgment keep, And just - ly do al - ways,  
 With Thy sal - va - tion, O my God, To vis - it me draw near,

His ten - der mer - cy shall en - dure To all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Oh, blest are they that judgment keep, And just - ly do al - ways.  
 With Thy sal - va - tion, O my God, To vis - it me draw near.

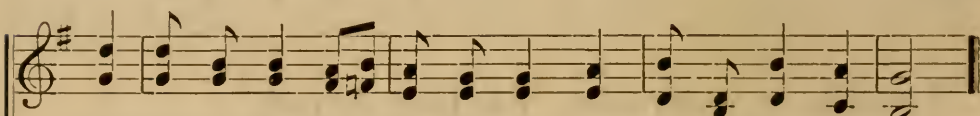
# No. 24. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

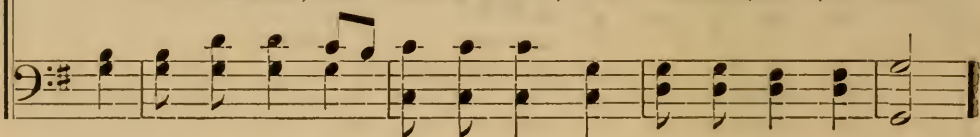
E. S. LORENZ.



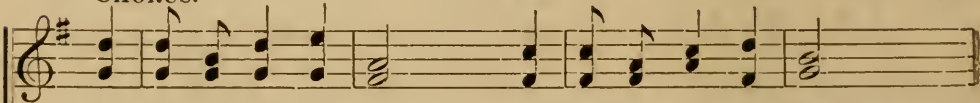
1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast ;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



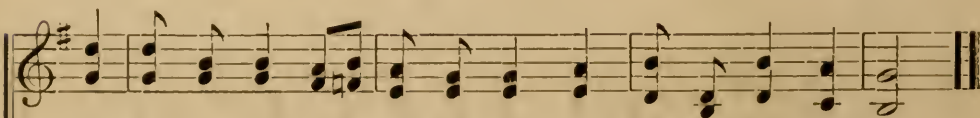
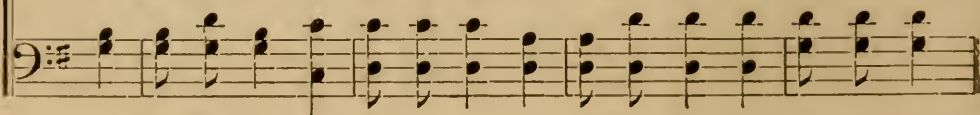
One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me !  
Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me !  
I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me !



## CHORUS.



Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me,



What need I fear since Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.



# No. 25      Lead me by the Hand.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. By Thine eye, O God All - see - ing, Guide my err - ing feet a - right,  
2. By Thy love so strong and tender, Cheer and chide me ev - er nigh,  
3. By Thy pleasant words beguil - ing All the long and weary road.

And from hind'ring shadows freeing, Lead me on - ward in - to light.  
Keep me, O my soul's Defend - er, As the ap - ple of Thine eye.  
Toil - ing, resting : weeping, smiling : Lead me still to Thine a - bode.

## CHORUS.

Lead me by Thy hand, dear Sav - iour, Let me walk in light with Thee,

*Rall.*  
All a - long life's thorny path - way In Thy mer - cy lead Thou me.

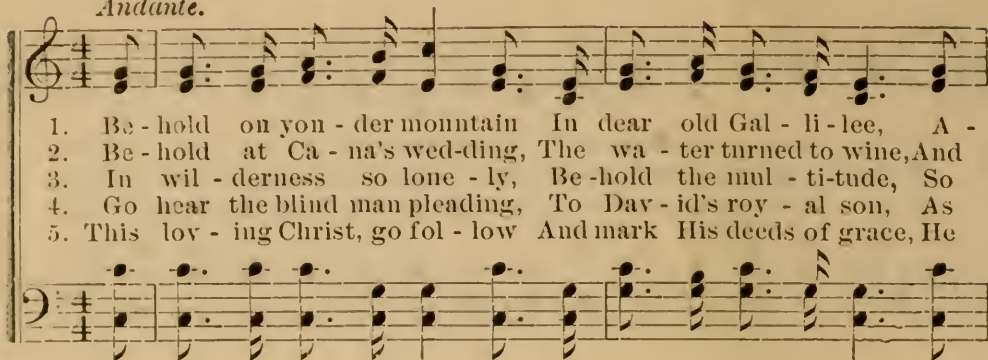


# No. 26. He's Just the Same To-day.

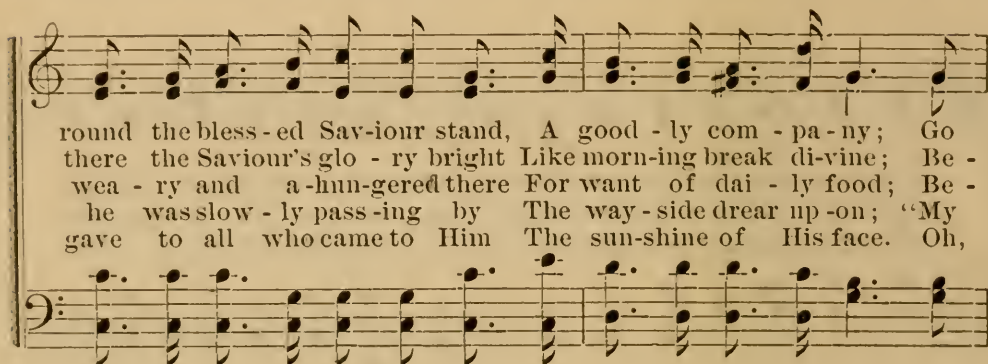
Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

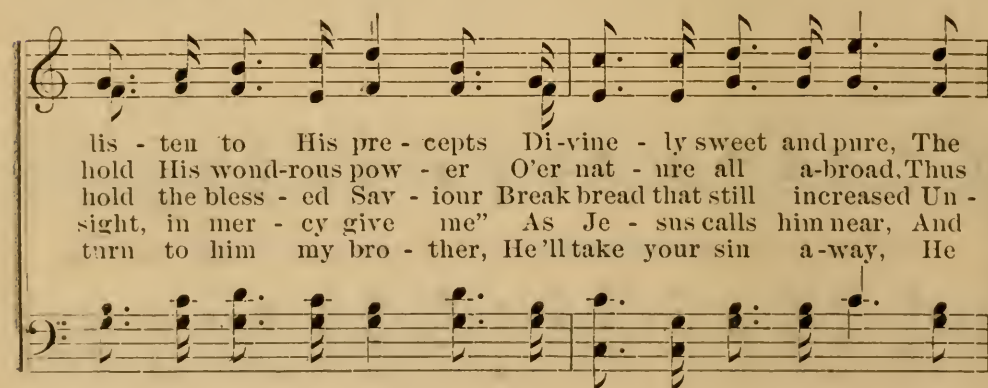
*Andante.*



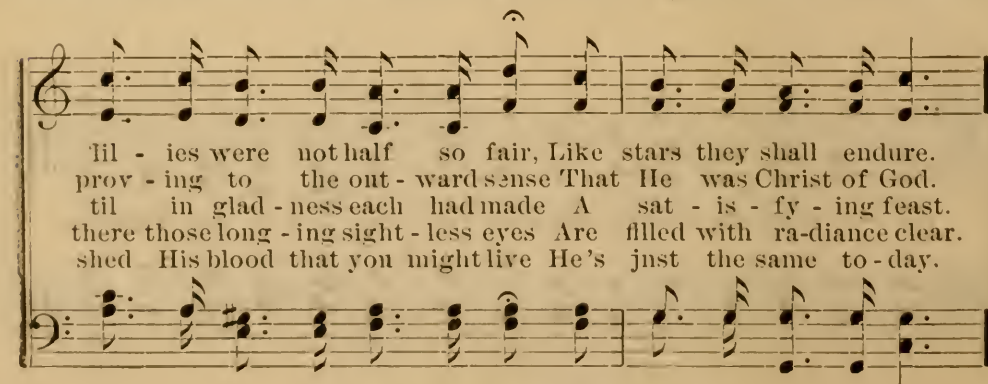
1. Be - hold on yon - der mountain In dear old Gal - li - lee, A -  
 2. Be - hold at Ca - na's wed - ding, The wa - ter turned to wine, And  
 3. In wil - derness so lone - ly, Be - hold the mul - ti - tude, So  
 4. Go hear the blind man pleading, To Dav - id's roy - al son, As  
 5. This lov - ing Christ, go fol - low And mark His deeds of grace, He



round the bless - ed Sav - iour stand, A good - ly com - pa - ny; Go  
 there the Saviour's glo - ry bright Like morn - ing break di - vine; Be -  
 wea - ry and a - hun - gered there For want of dai - ly food; Be -  
 he was slow - ly pass - ing by The way - side drear up - on; "My  
 gave to all who came to Him The sun - shine of His face. Oh,



lis - ten to His pre - cepts Di - vine - ly sweet and pure, The  
 hold His wond - rous pow - er O'er nat - ure all a - broad. Thus  
 hold the bless - ed Sav - iour Break bread that still increased Un -  
 sight, in mer - cy give me" As Je - sus calls him near, And  
 turn to him my bro - ther, He'll take your sin a - way, He



til - ies were not half so fair, Like stars they shall endure.  
 prov - ing to the out - ward sense That He was Christ of God.  
 til in glad - ness each had made A sat - is - fy - ing feast.  
 there those long - ing sight - less eyes Are filled with ra - diance clear.  
 shed His blood that you might live He's just the same to - day.



# He's Just the Same To-day.

CHORUS.

He's just the same to-day, bro-ther, He's just the same to-day,  
He gave His life that we might live, He's just the same to-day,

## No. 27. Jesus Loves the Children.

HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je-sus loves the children, He has told us so, Sweet-ly smiles up -  
2. Just because He loves us, We will love Him too, All the work He  
3. We will bloom for Je - sus, In His gar-den fair, Like the beauteous  
4. Like the blessed sunbeams Scattered o'er the way, We will shine for

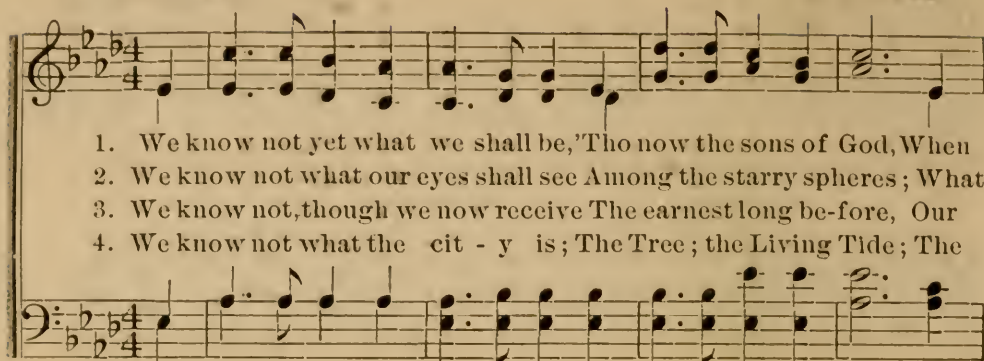
CHORUS.

on us Where-so-e'er we go. Je - sus loves the chil-dren,  
gives us, We will glad-ly do.  
flow - ers, Scat-ter fragrance there.  
Je - sus All our childhood's day.  
Praise His ho - ly name, We will love and serve Him Every day the same.

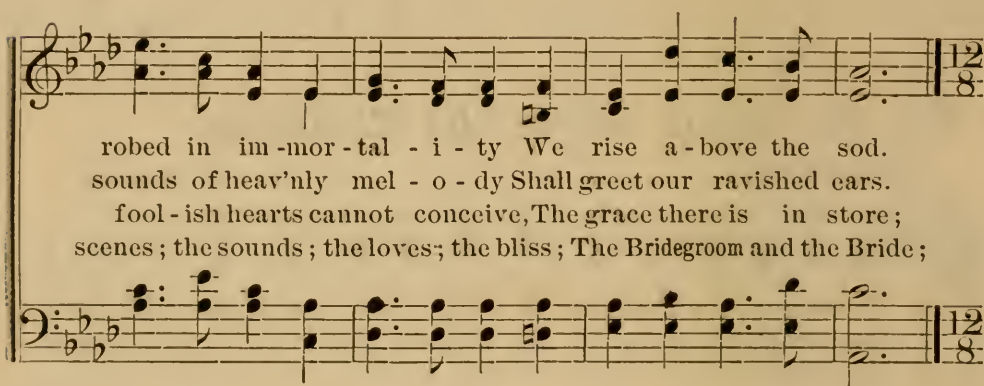
# No. 28. We Know not Yet.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

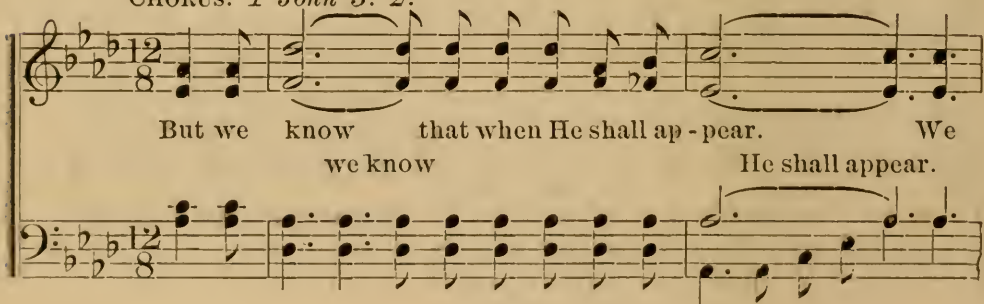


1. We know not yet what we shall be, 'Tho now the sons of God, When  
 2. We know not what our eyes shall see Among the starry spheres; What  
 3. We know not, though we now receive The earnest long be-fore, Our  
 4. We know not what the cit - y is; The Tree; the Living Tide; The

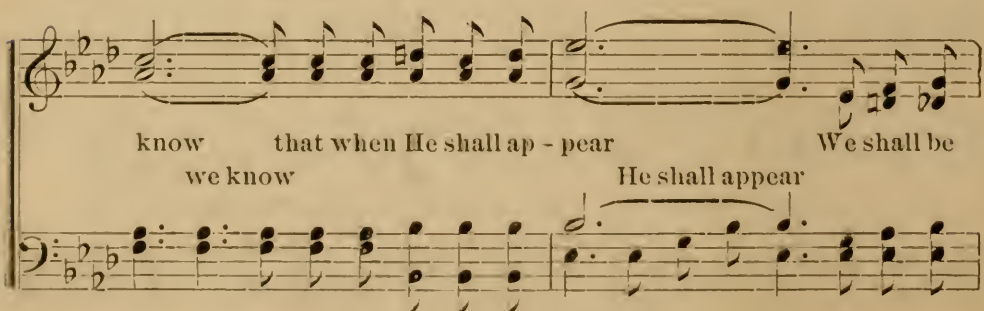


robed in im-mor-tal-i-ty We rise a-bove the sod.  
 sounds of heav'nly mel-o-dy Shall greet our ravished ears.  
 fool-ish hearts cannot conceive, The grace there is in store;  
 scenes; the sounds; the loves; the bliss; The Bridegroom and the Bride;

CHORUS. 1 John 3. 2.



But we know that when He shall ap-pear. We  
 we know He shall appear.



know that when He shall ap-pear We shall be  
 we know He shall appear

# We Know not Yet.

like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is.

The musical score for 'We Know not Yet.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G, a half note A, and a half note B. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'We Know not Yet.' It follows the same notation as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The melody continues with a half note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B, ending with a double bar line.

## No. 29.

## Naomi.

ANNE STEELE.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will de-nies;  
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev-ery murmur free;  
3. O let the hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at-tend;

The musical score for 'Naomi.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G, a half note A, and a half note B. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

Ac-cepted at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:  
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And let me live to Thee.  
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'Naomi.' It follows the same notation as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The melody continues with a half note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B, ending with a double bar line.

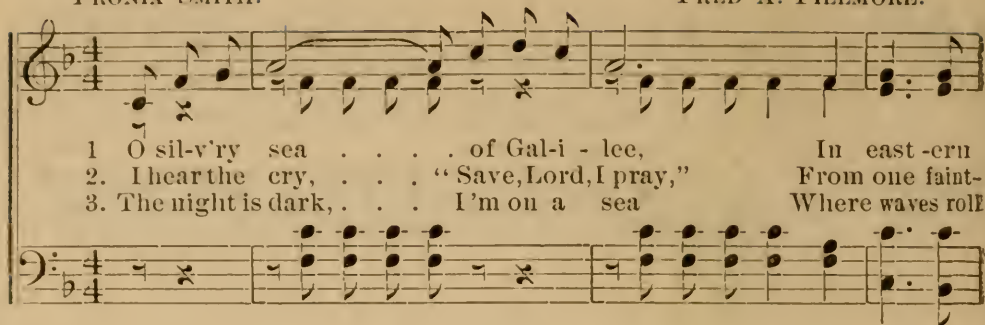


## No. 30.

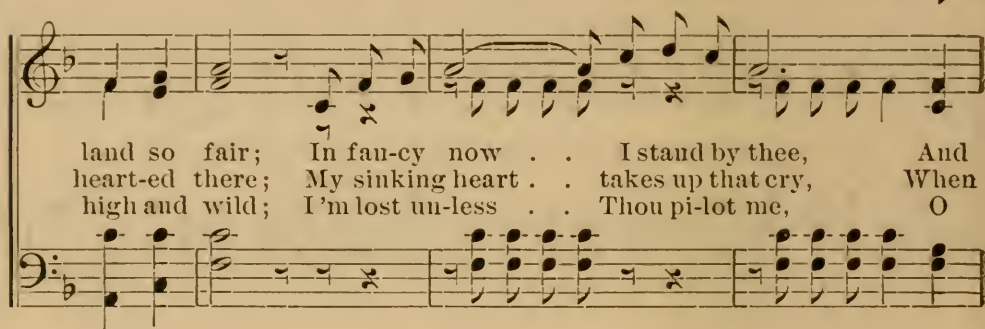
## O Silvery Sea.

FRONIA SMITH.

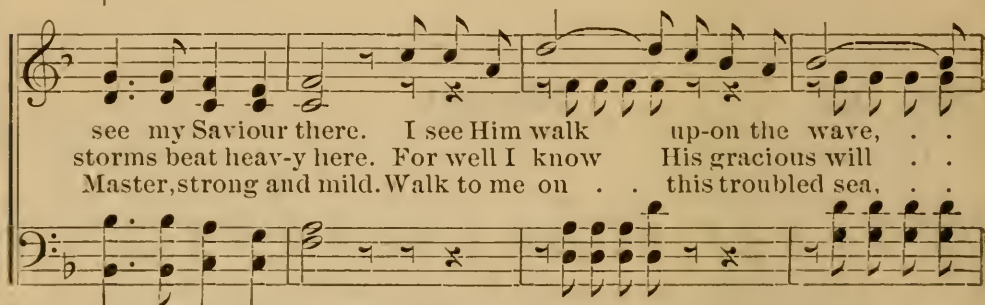
FRED A. FILLMORE.



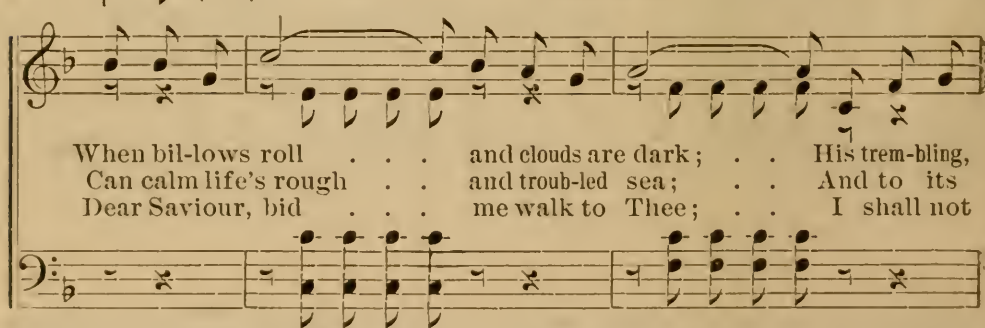
1. O sil-v'ry sea . . . of Gal-i - lee, In east-ern  
 2. I hear the cry, . . . "Save, Lord, I pray," From one faint-  
 3. The night is dark, . . . I'm on a sea Where waves roll



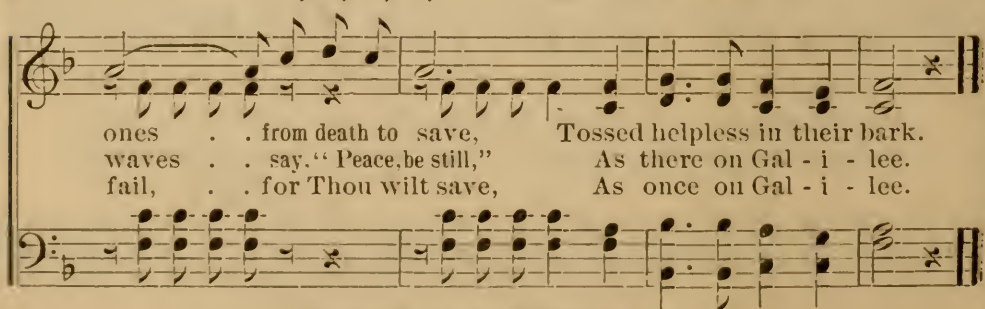
land so fair; In fau-cy now . . . I stand by thee, And  
 heart-ed there; My sinking heart . . . takes up that cry, When  
 high and wild; I'm lost un-less . . . Thou pi-lot me, O



see my Saviour there. I see Him walk up-on the wave, . .  
 storms beat heav-y here. For well I know His gracious will . .  
 Master, strong and mild. Walk to me on . . this troubled sea, . .



When bil-lows roll . . . and clouds are dark; . . His trem-ble, . .  
 Can calm life's rough . . and troub-led sea; . . And to its  
 Dear Saviour, bid . . me walk to Thee; . . I shall not



ones . . from death to save, Tossed helpless in their bark.  
 waves . . say, "Peace, be still," As there on Gal - i - lee.  
 fail, . . for Thou wilt save, As once on Gal - i - lee.

## No. 31.

## He Leads Me.

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.

1. In His pastures green, He leads me, Where the sparkling waters flow ;  
 2. Though I climb the lof - ty mountains, Tho' I walk the val - ley low,  
 3. Days of pleas - ure, days of sorrow, Hours of sunshine or of shade,  
 4. By and by my toil - ing end - ed, All my pil - grim journey done,

In the qui - et fields He feeds me, Goes be - fore me where I go.  
 Where He leads me I will fol - low, For my Shep - herd loves me so.  
 Still my Shep - herd is be - side me, And my soul is on Him stayed.  
 I shall lose these earthly san - dals, Up the heights of glo - ry run.

CHORUS.

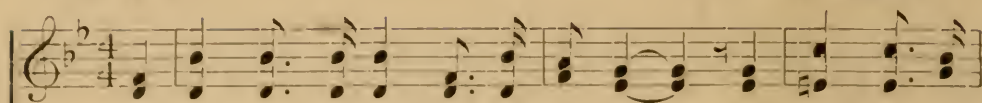
Glad - ly go I where Christ leads me, Gladly lin - ger at His side;

Glad - ly pasture, where love feeds me, He will for my wants provide.


# No. 32. There is Peace, There is Pardon.

W. A. O.

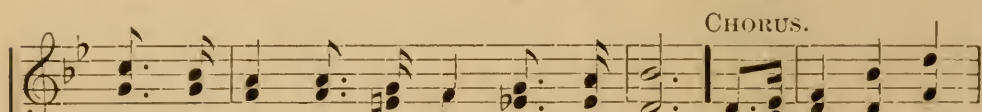
W. A. OGDEN.



1. The Lord of the vineyard is wait - ing, His mer - cy is  
2. The Lord of the vineyard is wait - ing, Thy spir - it with -  
3. The Lord of the vineyard is wait - ing;— The door of thy




of - fered a - new, And if you will come and ac - cept Him,  
in to re - new, He'll give thee a heart for His ser - vice,  
heart now un - do, And ask the dear Saviour to en - ter,

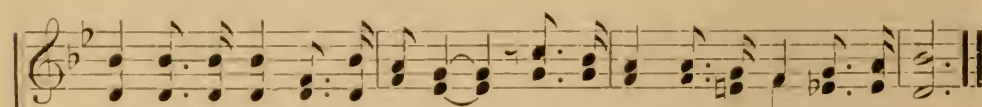


CHORUS.

There is peace, there is par - don for you. For you, for you,  
Oh, there's peace, there is par - don for you.  
With His peace, and His par - don for you.



for you, There is peace, there is par - don for you, (for you.) If



you will but come and accept Him, There is peace, there is pardon for you.



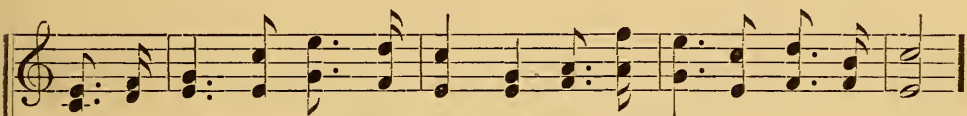
# No. 33. *Good* Sailing into Port.

Words arr.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Sail - or, though the darkness gather, Tho' the cold waves surge and moan,
2. Sail - or, though with streamers flying, Yonder proud ship mounts the foam.
3. Sail - or, though the lightning flashes, Tho' thy sails be rent and torn,



Trust thy bark to God's great mer-cy, Fal-ter not, sail on, sail on.  
And with bands of mu - sic play - ing, Gains the port and welcome home.  
Peace shall come on hopes bright pinions, And de - liv'rance with the morn.



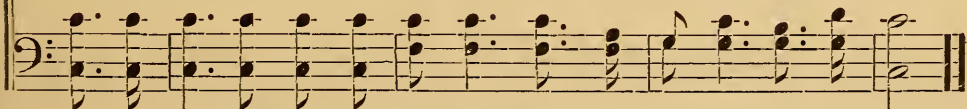
## CHORUS.



Sail-ing in - to port what mat-ter, Drooping sail or shattered mast,



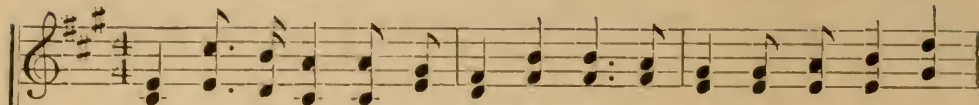
Glo - ry, glo - ry fills the har-bor, There we'll an-chor safe at last.



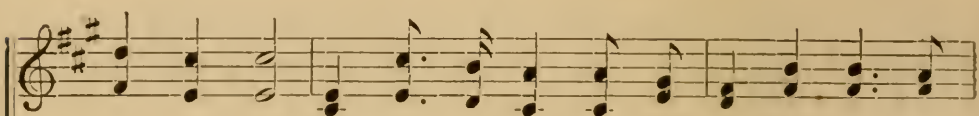
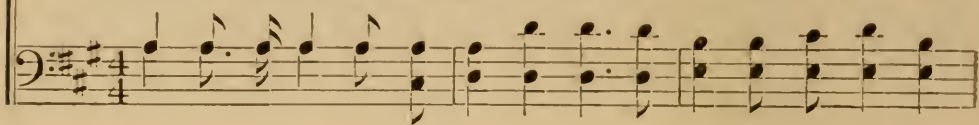
# No. 34. Stand for the Right.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

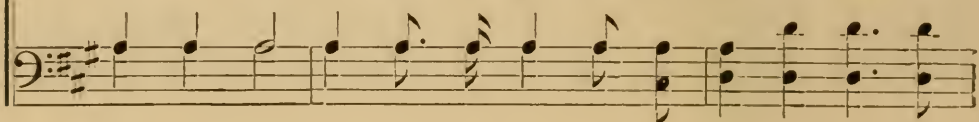
D. B. TOWNER.



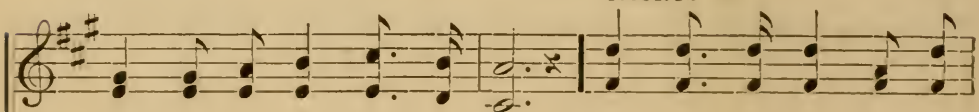
1. Sol-diers of Je - sus, His cross we bear, For truth and for right all
2. Proudly our banner we bear on high, The contest we seek is
3. Ev - er uphold-ing the cause we love, Our trust in the power of



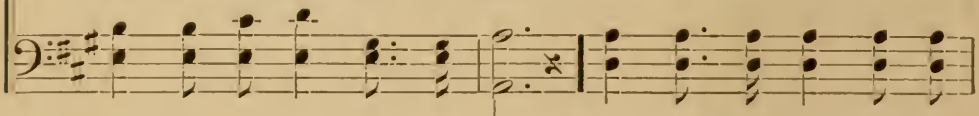
per - ils dare, Clad in the ar - mor of Faith we come, We're  
draw-ing nigh, Je - sus is lead-ing our ar - my on, The  
God a - bove, Look-ing to Je - sus, our Sav - iour, King, This



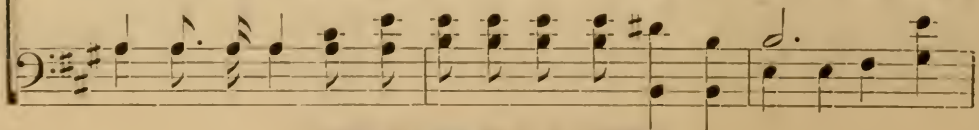
## CHORUS.



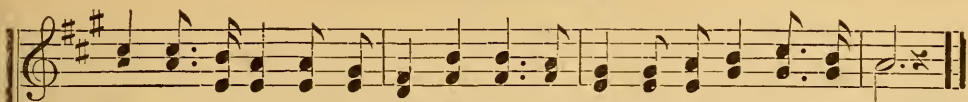
marching to Zi - on our home. Stand for the right! this our  
vic - to - ry soon will be won.  
cho - rus we joy - ful - ly sing.



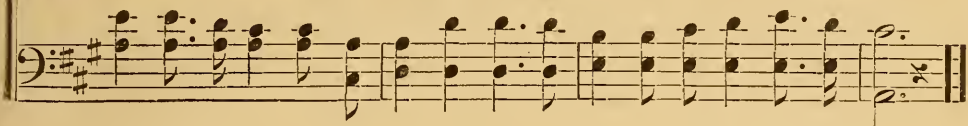
watchword shall ring, Valliant soldiers of a mighty King, (a King) Right



# Stand for the Right.



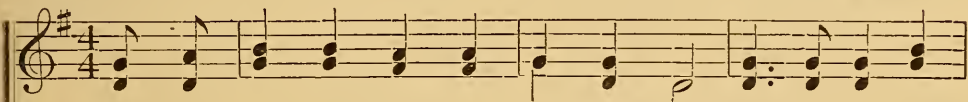
onward we're pressing with sword and shield, To er-ror we never will yield.



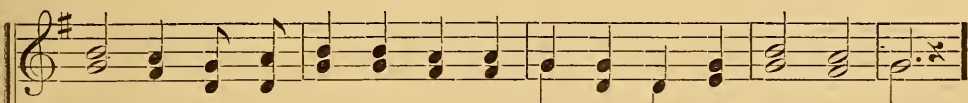
## No. 35. How can I but Love Him.

E. A. H.

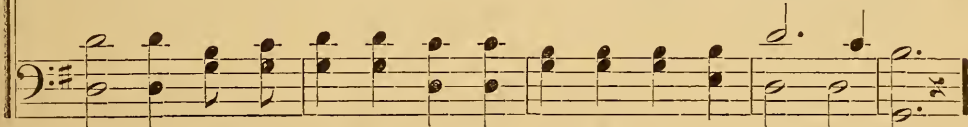
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. What a pre - cious, pre - cious Friend is He! How can I but
2. He has ta - ken all my sins a - way, How can I but
3. He has rolled the bur - den from my soul, How can I but
4. He has filled my heart with per - fect peace, How can I but



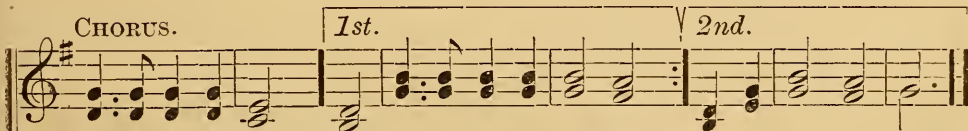
love Him? He has loved me from e - ter - ni - ty, My gracious Lord.  
 love Him? He has taught me how to trust and pray, My gracious Lord.  
 love Him? He has pu - ri - fied and made me whole, My gracious Lord.  
 love Him? He has thrilled my soul with heav'nly bliss, My gracious Lord.



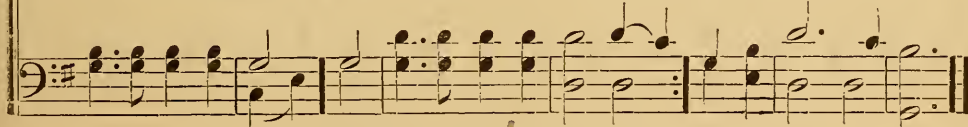
CHORUS.

1st.

2nd.



{ How can I but love Him? Wonderfully love Him?  
 { And forev-er love (Omit. . . . .) Him, My gracious Lord.



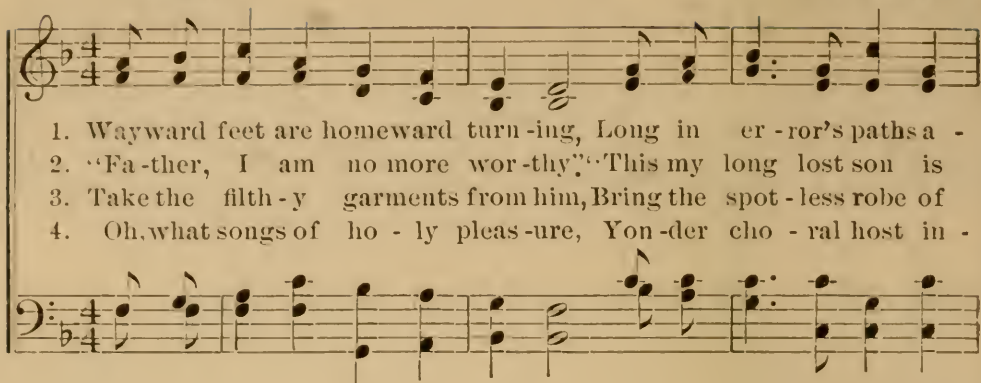


# No. 36.

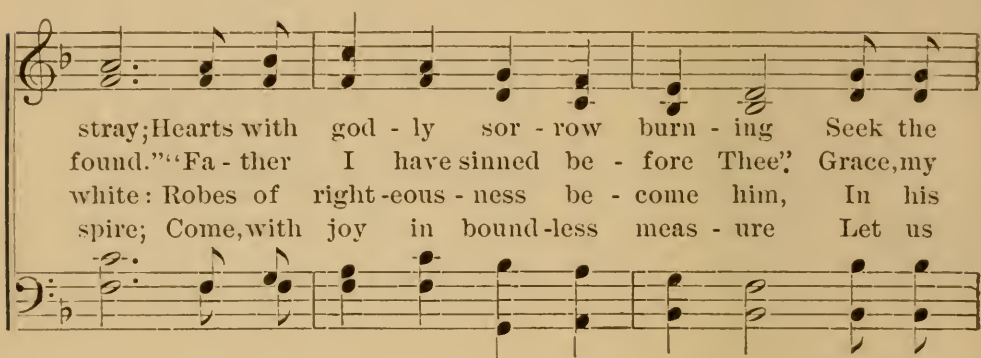
# There is Joy.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

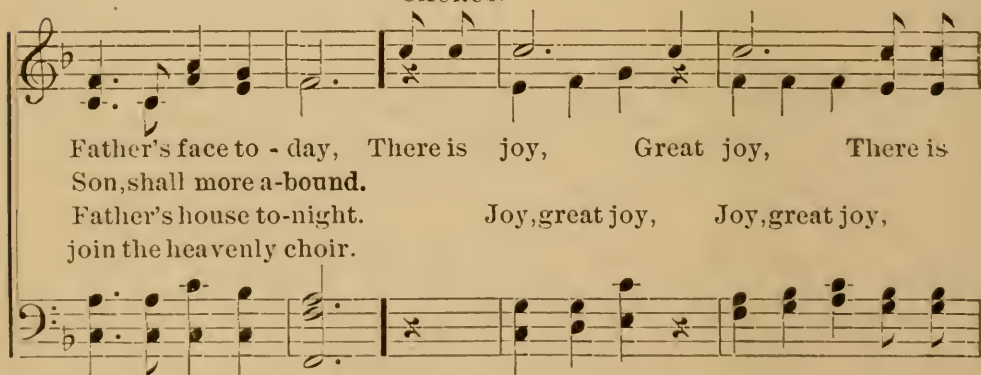


1. Wayward feet are homeward turn-ing, Long in er-ror's paths a -  
 2. "Fa-ther, I am no more wor-thy." "This my long lost son is  
 3. Take the filth-y garments from him, Bring the spot-less robe of  
 4. Oh, what songs of ho-ly pleas-ure, Yon-der cho-ral host in -

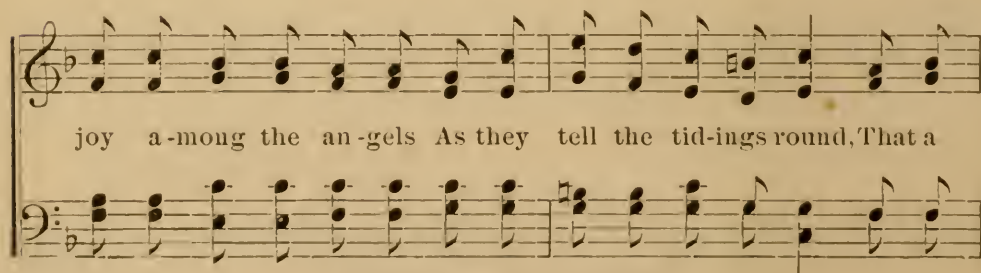


stray; Hearts with god-ly sor-row burn-ing Seek the  
 found." "Fa-ther I have sinned be-fore Thee" Grace, my  
 white: Robes of right-eous-ness be-come him, In his  
 spire; Come, with joy in bound-less meas-ure Let us

## CHORUS.

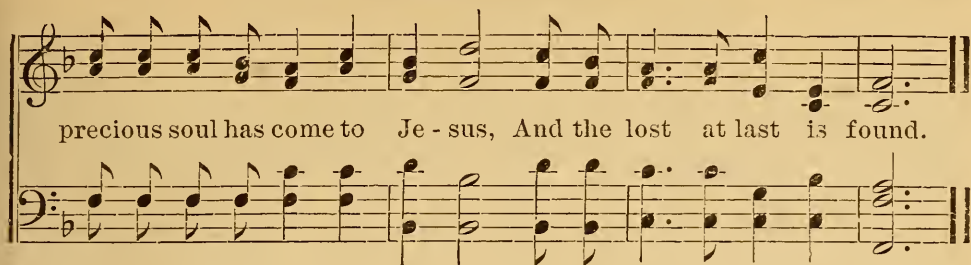


Father's face to-day, There is joy, Great joy, There is  
 Son, shall more a-bound.  
 Father's house to-night. Joy, great joy, Joy, great joy,  
 join the heavenly choir.



joy a-mong the an-gels As they tell the tid-ings round, That a

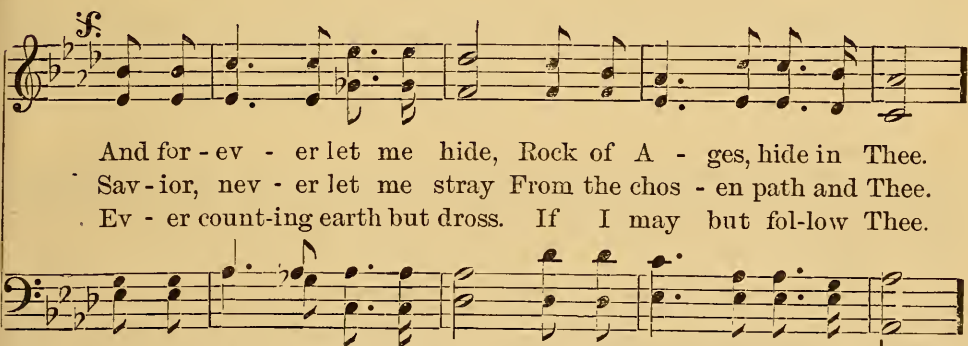
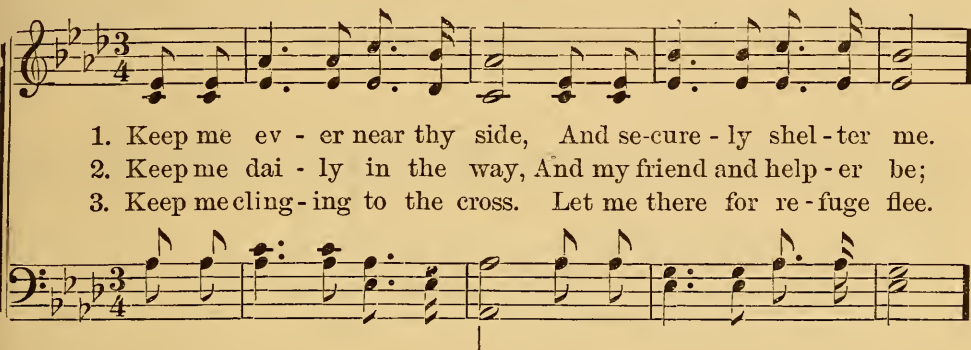
# There is Joy.



## No. 37. Near to Thee.

E. A. H.

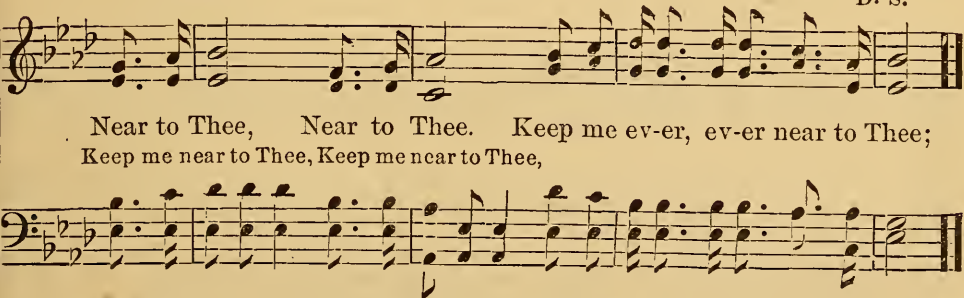
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



D. S. *This my con - stant prayer shall be, That Thou keep me near to Thee.*

CHORUS.

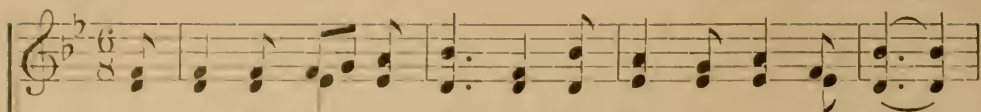
D. S.



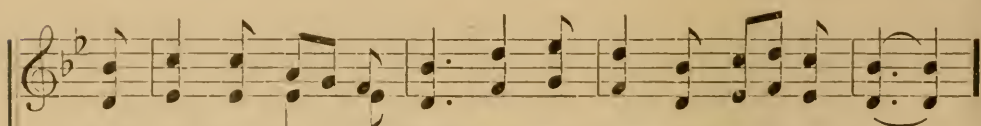
*"Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."—Isa. 44: 22.*

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.



1. Re-turn ye, saith the Sav-iour, To all who are a-stray;
2. Re-turn ye, saith the Sav-iour, Who died on calv'-ry's tree;
3. While in the far off coun-try, His lov-ing voice I heard.
4. Wilt thou not heed the call, friend? God's mercy pleads with thee;

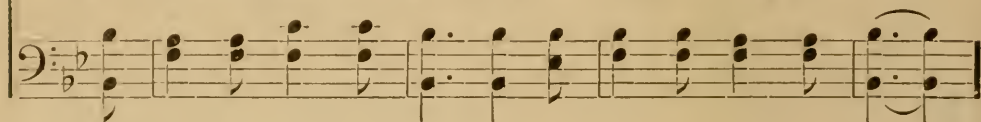


For I who have redeemed you, Would give you life to-day.

For you a feast is read-y; Taste of my love and see.

I came, and peace He gave me; I'm saved; O praise the Lord.

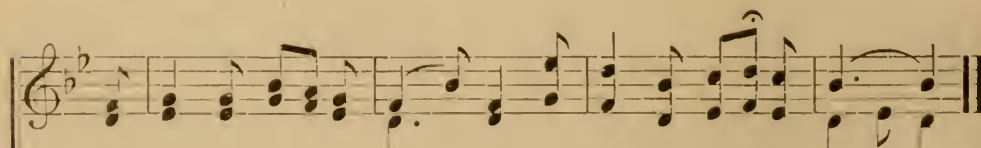
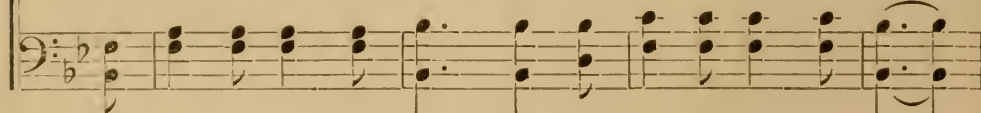
And Christ Himself is wait-ing, To set sin's cap-tive free.



## CHORUS.



I come to Thee my Sav-iour, Low at Thy feet I bow;



saves me now.

I'm trust-ing Thee for par-don, Praise God! He saves me now.

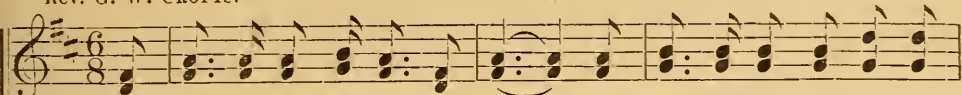




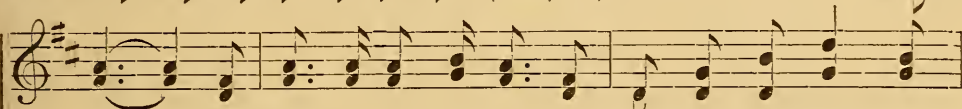
# No. 39. The Saviour is Coming.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

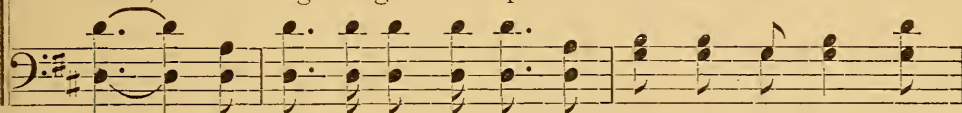
D. B. TOWNER.



1. The morning is dawning, be - hold! A - way roll the shadows of
2. O long have I wait-ed to greet My Lord in the clouds of the
3. He com-eth to take me a - way From sickness and suf-fer-ing
4. Re - joic-ing I ev - er shall reign With Christ in His Kingdom a -



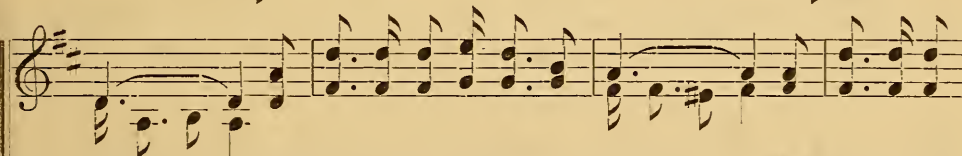
night. The King is ap-proaching in pur-ple and gold, His  
sky! And now he is coming the vis-ion how sweet; My  
here, To man-sionse - ter-nal more love-ly than day That  
bove, And sing the glad triumphs of Him who was slain Re -



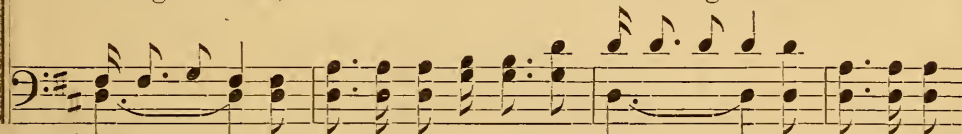
## CHORUS.



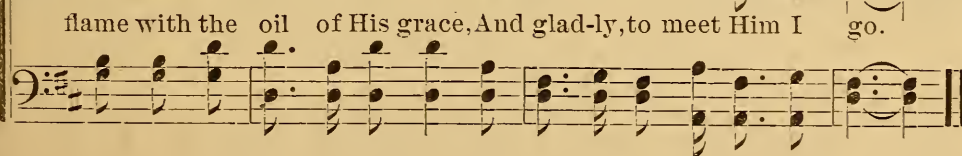
coun-tenance beaming with light. The Sav-iour is coming I  
Je - sus, my Saviour is nigh. is  
now in His glo-ry ap - pears.  
deem-ing my soul in His love.



know, The Saviour is coming I know. My lamp is a  
coming I know, is coming I know.



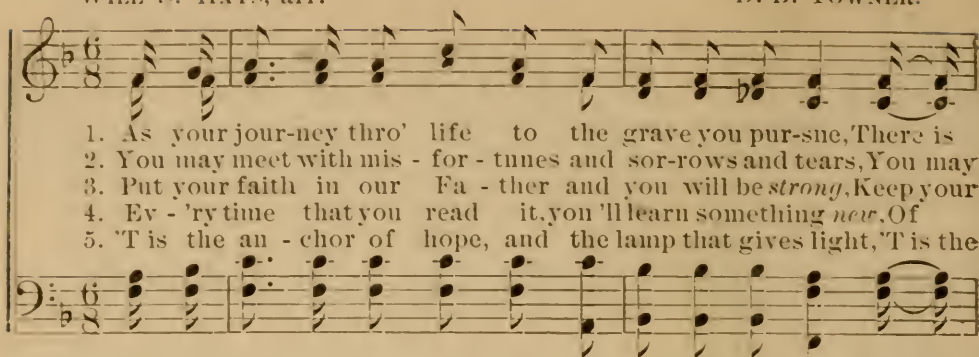
flame with the oil of His grace, And glad-ly, to meet Him I go.



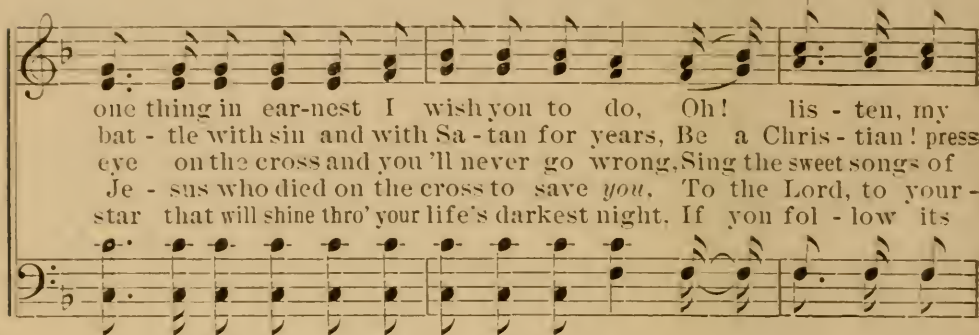
# No. 40. Cling to the Bible my Boy.

WILL S. HAYS, arr.

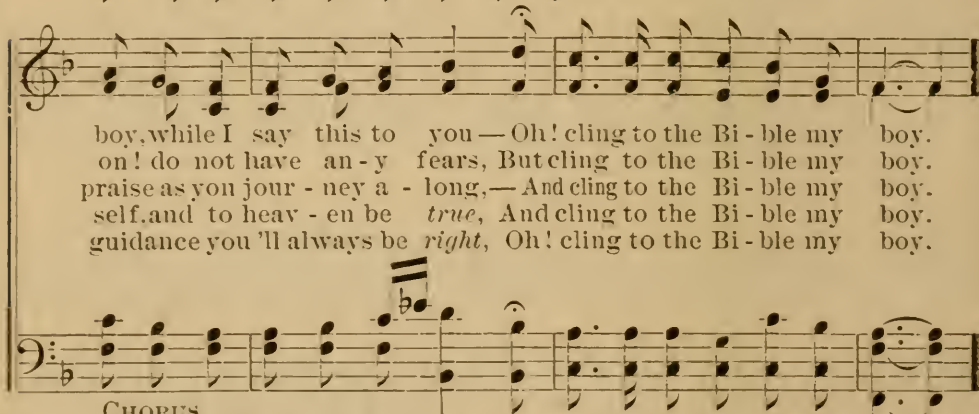
D. B. TOWNER.



1. As your jour-ney thro' life to the grave you pur-sue, There is  
 2. You may meet with mis - for - tunes and sor-rows and tears, You may  
 3. Put your faith in our Fa - ther and you will be *strong*. Keep your  
 4. Ev - 'ry time that you read it, you'll learn something *new*. Of  
 5. 'Tis the an - chor of hope, and the lamp that gives light, 'Tis the

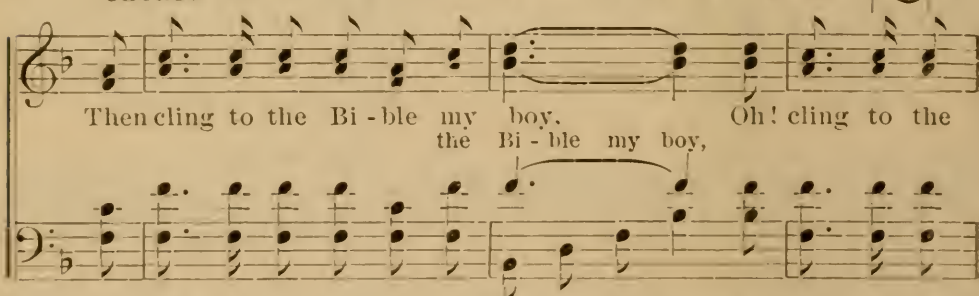


one thing in ear-nest I wish you to do, Oh! lis - ten, my  
 bat - tle with sin and with Sa - tan for years, Be a Chris - tian! press  
 eye on the cross and you'll never go wrong. Sing the sweet songs of  
 Je - sus who died on the cross to save *you*. To the Lord, to your -  
 star that will shine thro' your life's darkest night, If you fol - low its

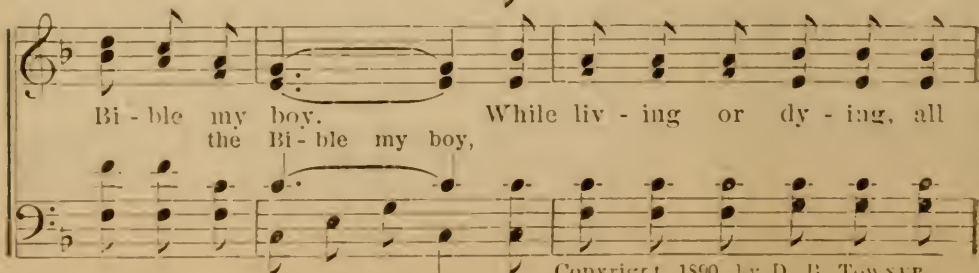


boy, while I say this to you — Oh! cling to the Bi - ble my boy.  
 on! do not have an - y fears, But cling to the Bi - ble my boy.  
 praise as you jour - ney a - long, — And cling to the Bi - ble my boy.  
 self, and to heav - en be *true*, And cling to the Bi - ble my boy.  
 guidance you'll always be *right*, Oh! cling to the Bi - ble my boy.

CHORUS.

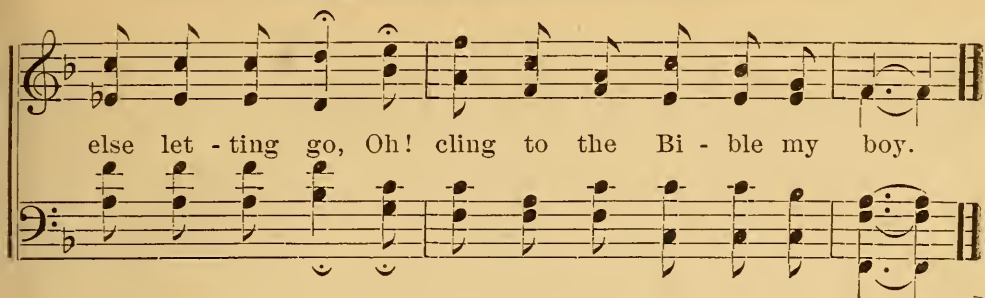


Then cling to the Bi - ble my boy, Oh! cling to the  
 the Bi - ble my boy,



Bi - ble my boy, While liv - ing or dy - ing, all  
 the Bi - ble my boy,

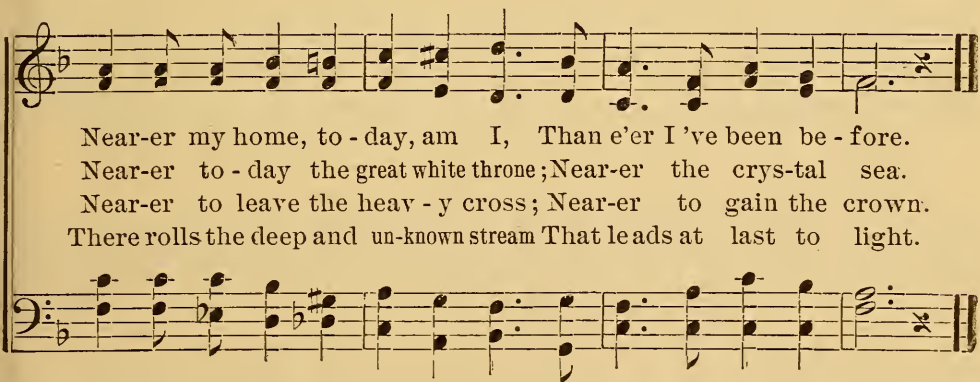
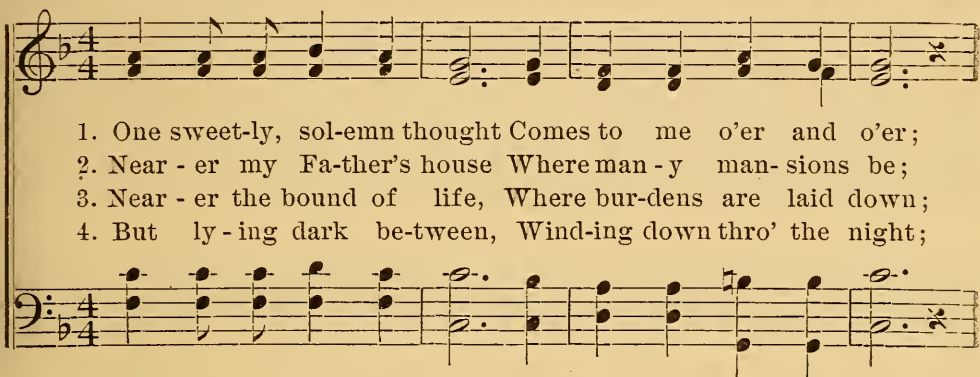
Cling to the Bible my Boy.



No. 41. One Sweetly Solemn Thought. 9507

PHOEBE CARY.

D. B. TOWNER.



5 E'en now, perchance my feet  
 Are slipping on the brink,  
 And I, to-day, am nearer home,—  
 Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!  
 Strengthen my power of faith!  
 Nor let me stand, at last, alone  
 Upon the shore of death.

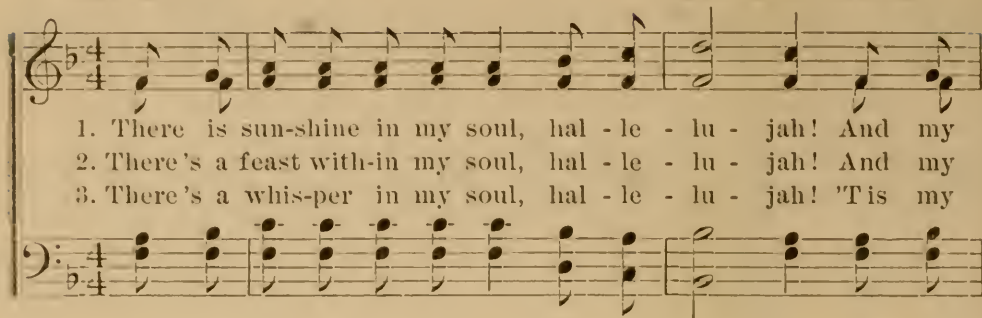
Copyright, 1890, by D. B. TOWNER.



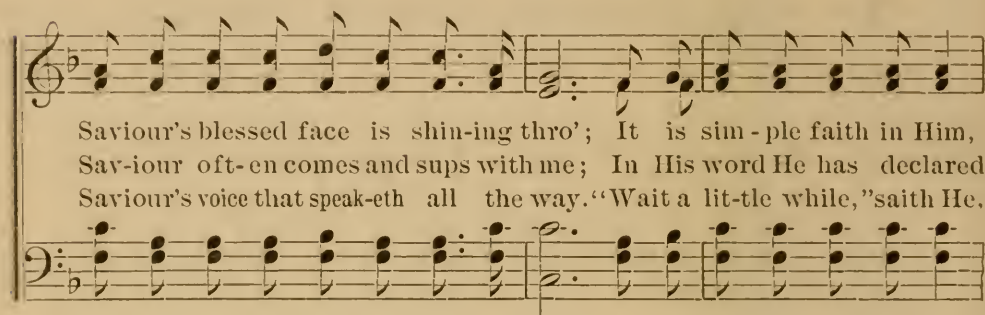
# No. 42. There is Sunshine in my Soul.

Rev. E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.



1. There is sun-shine in my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! And my  
2. There's a feast with-in my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! And my  
3. There's a whis-per in my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis my

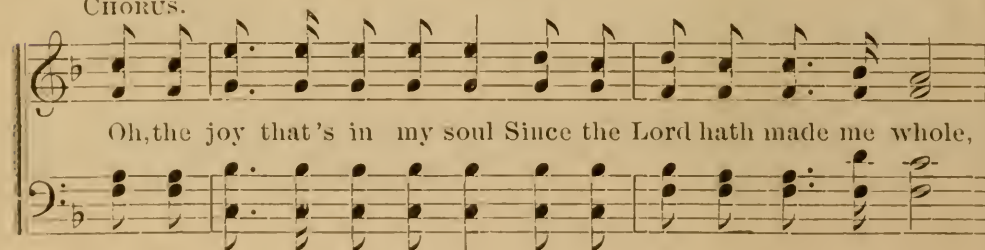


Saviour's blessed face is shin-ing thro'; It is sim-ple faith in Him,  
Sav-iour oft-en comes and sups with me; In His word He has declared  
Saviour's voice that speak-eth all the way. "Wait a lit-tle while," saith He.

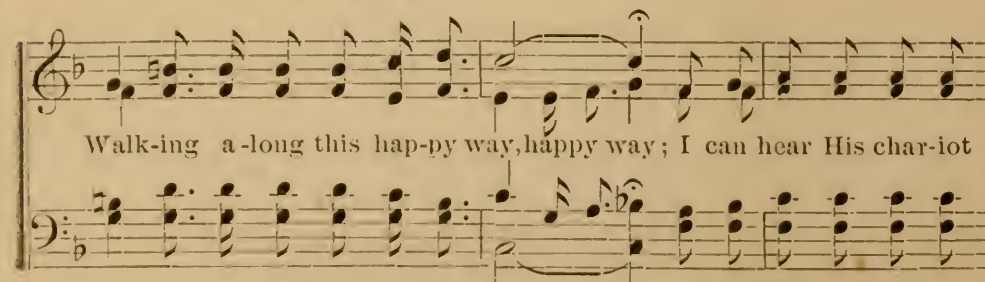


hal - le - lu - jah! And it brings His lov-ing smile in - to view.  
hal - le - lu - jah! "Where I am, my faithful ones, ye shall be."  
hal - le - lu - jah! "I am com-ing at the break of the day!"

## CHORUS.



Oh, the joy that's in my soul Since the Lord hath made me whole,



Walk-ing a-long this hap-py way, happy way; I can hear His char-iot

There is Sunshine in my Soul..

Handwritten musical score for the hymn 'There is Sunshine in my Soul..'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wheels, hal - le - lu - jah! For He's coming at the break of the day.

No. 43. Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780.

O. HOLDEN, 1793.

Handwritten musical score for the hymn 'Coronation.'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;  
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,  
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Handwritten musical score for the hymn 'Coronation.'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

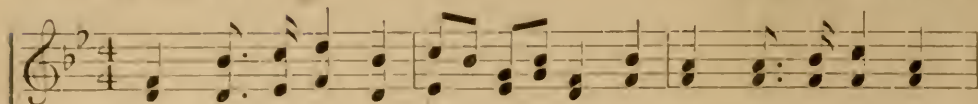
Handwritten musical score for the hymn 'Coronation.'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

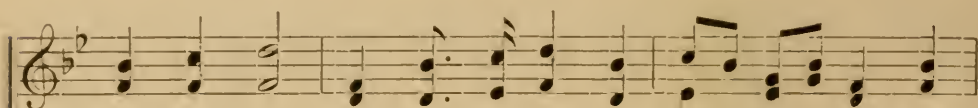
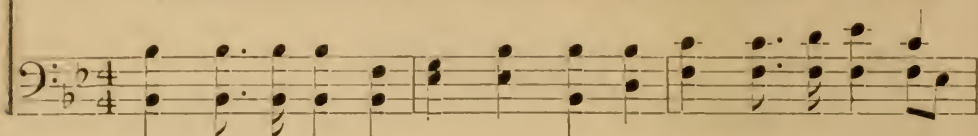
# No. 44. *905* Who'll be the Next.

ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.



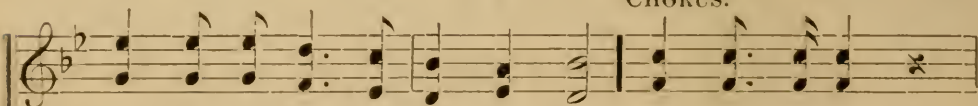
1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Tread - ing the bright and
2. Who'll be the next to bow be - fore Him, Who'll be the next His
3. Who'll be the next to reach the king - dom? Leav - ing behind, the
4. Who'll be the next to heed the sum - mons "Come un - to me, Oh,
5. If you would reign with Christ for - ev - er, You must o - bey His



heav'n - ly way, Lead - ing from earth to realms of glo - ry,  
 praise to sing, And with the host of saints a - dore Him  
 path of sin, Look - ing to Je - sus for sal - va - tion,  
 wea - ry one." Do not ne - glect the in - vi - ta - tion,  
 gra - cious call, Serve Him on earth with brave en - deav - or,

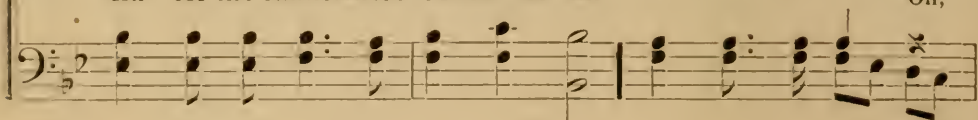


## CHORUS.

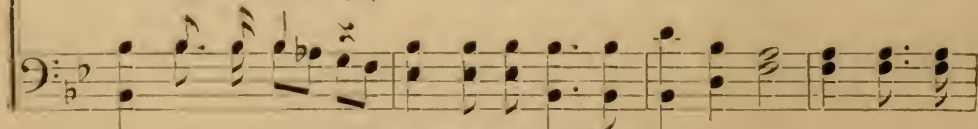


Lead - ing from night to end - less day. Who'll be the next,  
 Reign - ing a - bove, our Lord and King.  
 Bear - ing the cross the crown to win.  
 You may not see to - mor - row's sun.  
 En - ter the ranks, there's room for all.

Oh,



Who'll be the next, Who'll be the next the yoke to wear? Who'll be the  
 Oh,





Who'll be the Next.

next, Oh, Who'll be the next, Oh, Who'll be the next the cross to bear.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Who'll be the Next.' It is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'next, Oh, Who'll be the next, Oh, Who'll be the next the cross to bear.'

No. 45. Glorifying in the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

EUCCHARIST. L. M.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the  
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the  
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and  
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

This musical score is for the hymn 'Glorifying in the Cross.' It is written in D major (two sharps) and 2/2 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a'

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I  
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that  
love flow ming - led down: Did e'er such love and  
pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

This musical score is for the hymn 'Glorifying in the Cross.' It is written in D major (two sharps) and 2/2 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that love flow ming - led down: Did e'er such love and pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,'

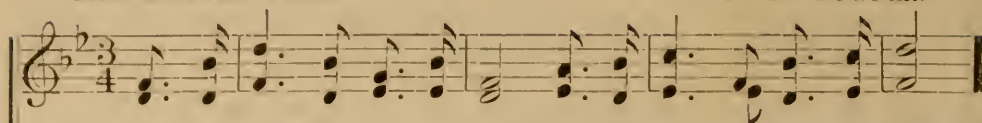
count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Glorifying in the Cross.' It is written in D major (two sharps) and 2/2 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride. charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood. sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown? so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.'

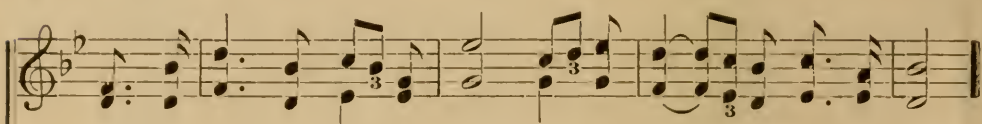
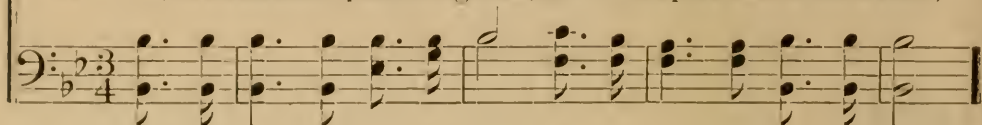
# No. 46. Hallelujah! I am Thine.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

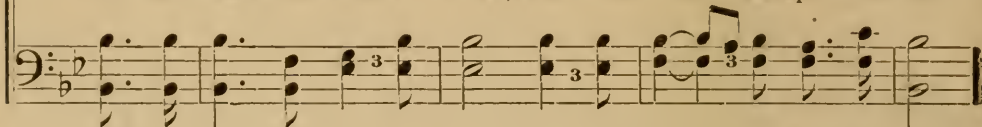


1. I have plunged beneath the flood, I have felt the love di-vine;
2. I have seen Thy smil-ing face, I have heard Thy pard'ning voice;
3. Thou art ev - er by my side All a-long my pil-grim way;
4. Oh, the sweets of pard'ning love, All the depths we ne'er can tell,

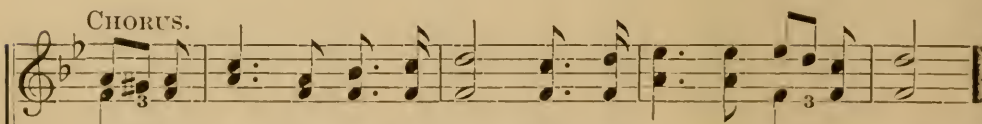


Prec-ious Je - sus, thro' Thy blood, Thou art mine, and I am Thine.

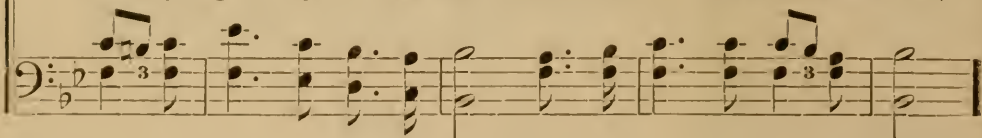
I have felt Thy quick'ning grace, In Thy love I now re-joice.  
Thou art near when woes be - tide, Near to strengthen day by day.  
Till we reach the home a - bove, Where im - mor - tal spir - its dwell.



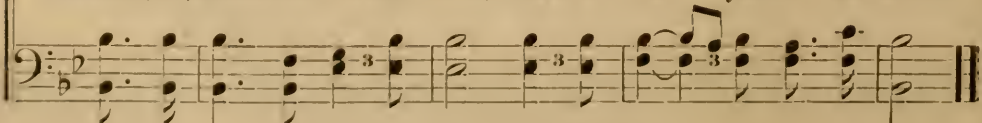
## CHORUS.



Glo-ry! glo - ry! I am Thine, Prec-ious Je - sus Thou art mine;



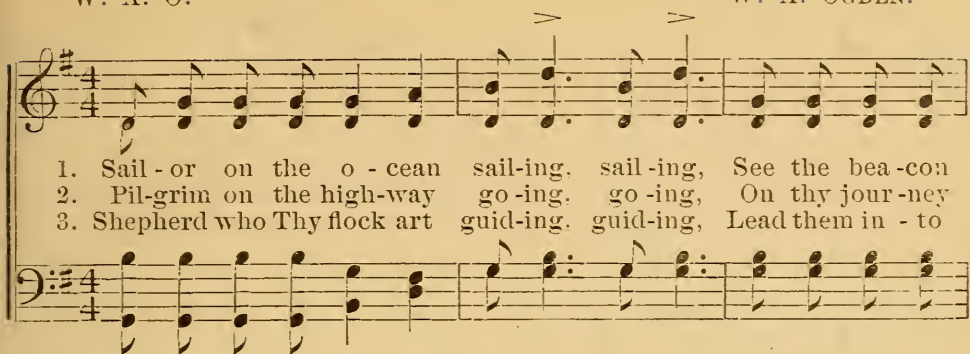
Sweet, oh, sweet the love di - vine, Hal-le - lu - jah! I am Thine.



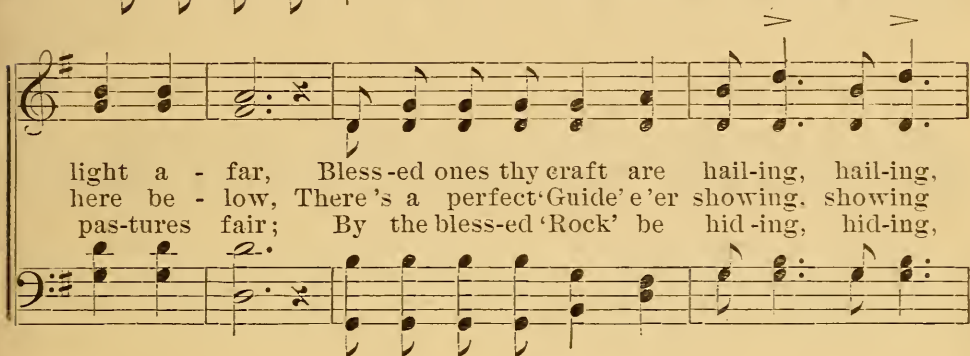
# No. 47. Sailor on the Ocean.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

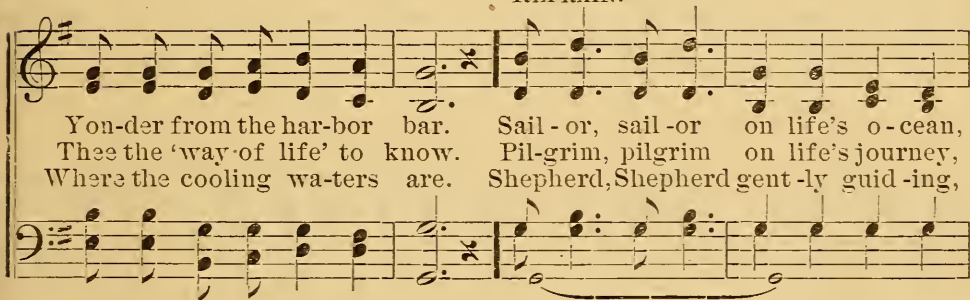


1. Sail - or on the o - cean sail-ing, sail-ing, See the bea-con  
 2. Pil-grim on the high-way go-ing, go-ing, On thy jour-ney  
 3. Shepherd who Thy flock art guid-ing, guid-ing, Lead them in - to

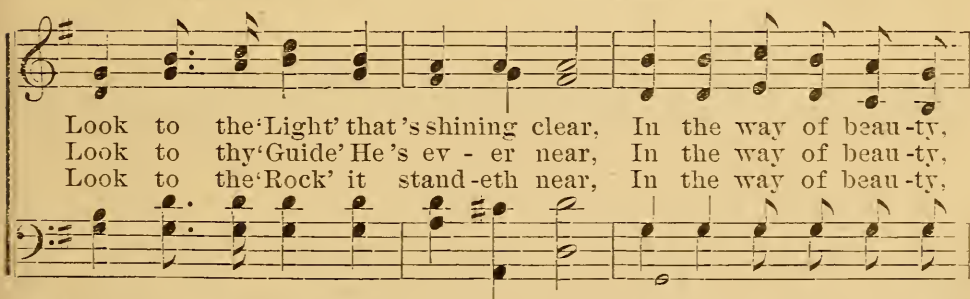


light a - far, Bless-ed ones thy craft are hail-ing, hail-ing,  
 here be - low, There's a perfect Guide'e'er showing, showing  
 pas-tures fair; By the bless-ed 'Rock' be hid-ing, hid-ing,

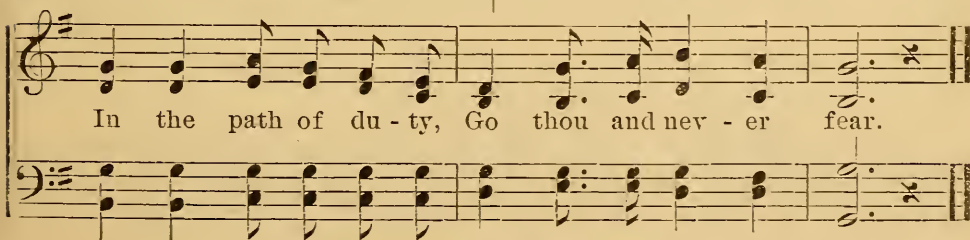
## REFRAIN.



Yon-der from the har-bor bar. Sail - or, sail - or on life's o - cean,  
 Thee the 'way of life' to know. Pil-grim, pilgrim on life's journey,  
 Where the cooling wa-ters are. Shepherd, Shepherd gent-ly guid-ing,



Look to the 'Light' that's shining clear, In the way of beau-ty,  
 Look to thy 'Guide' He's ev - er near, In the way of beau-ty,  
 Look to the 'Rock' it stand-eth near, In the way of beau-ty,



In the path of du - ty, Go thou and nev - er fear.



## No. 48.

## Work on.

Words arranged.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. O toil - er in the vine - yard Faint not for thou shalt reap,  
 2. For thou with joy re - turn - ing, Doubt-less shall come a - gain,  
 3. The day of vine - yard lab - or, But brief may prove to be,  
 4. Ah! who would id - ly lin - ger Or from the vineyard stay,

Most prec - ious seed thou bear - est, Then wherefore dost thou weep.  
 Bear - ing thy sheaves in tri - umph: Thy toil is not in vain.  
 A wond'rous weight of glo - ry 'Tis in re - serve for thee.  
 With such a prize be - fore Him Let all "go work to - day."

## CHORUS.

Work on, work on, The harvest is passing a - way,  
 Work on, work on, work on,

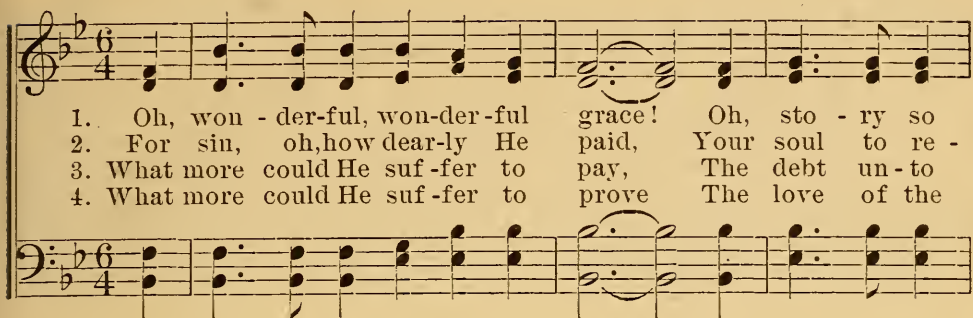
Work on, work on, The Mas - ter is leading the way.  
 Work on, work on,

# No. 49. What more could He do?

*Good*

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

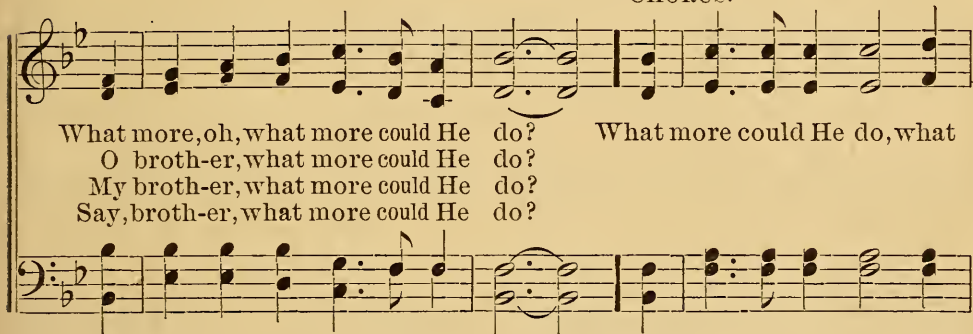


1. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful grace! Oh, sto - ry so  
 2. For sin, oh, how dear - ly He paid, Your soul to re -  
 3. What more could He suf - fer to pay, The debt un - to  
 4. What more could He suf - fer to prove The love of the

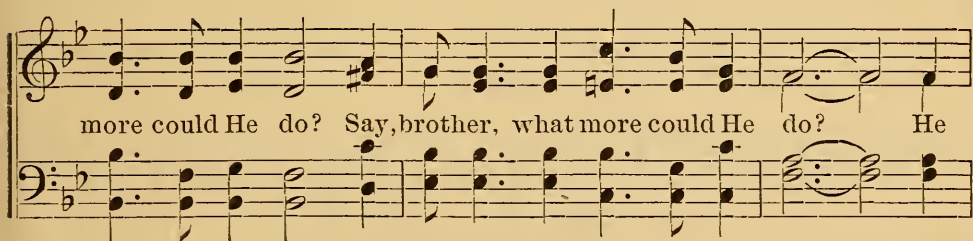


sweet and so true, Of Je - sus who died in our place!  
 deem from its woe! A full sat - is - fac - tion He made,  
 righteousness due, For mer - cy to op - en the way,  
 Fa - ther for you, Thy heart with con - tri - tion to move,

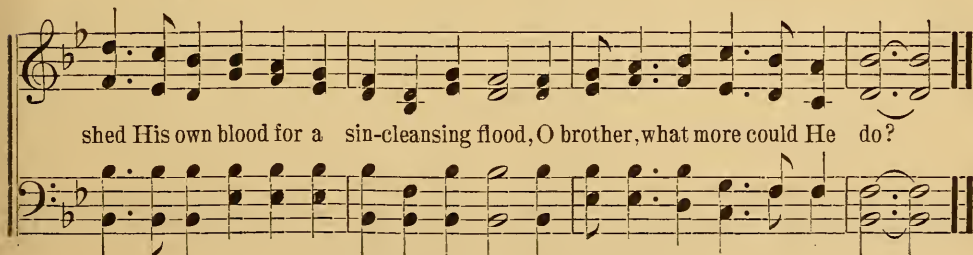
## CHORUS.



What more, oh, what more could He do? What more could He do, what  
 O broth - er, what more could He do?  
 My broth - er, what more could He do?  
 Say, broth - er, what more could He do?



more could He do? Say, brother, what more could He do? He



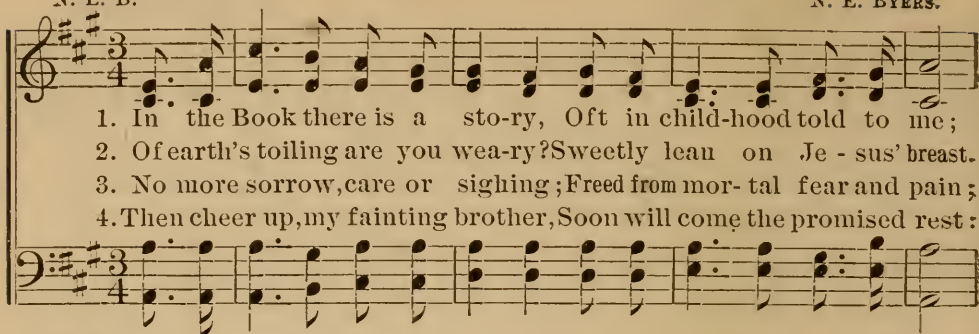
shed His own blood for a sin - cleansing flood, O brother, what more could He do?

# No. 50. The Rest Beyond.

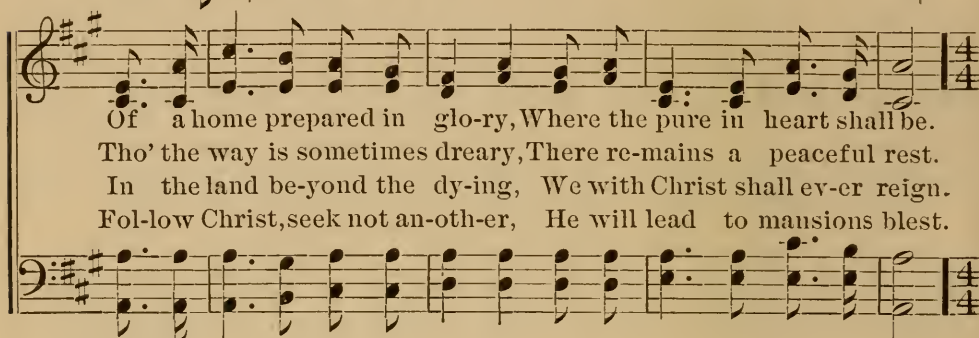
"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.

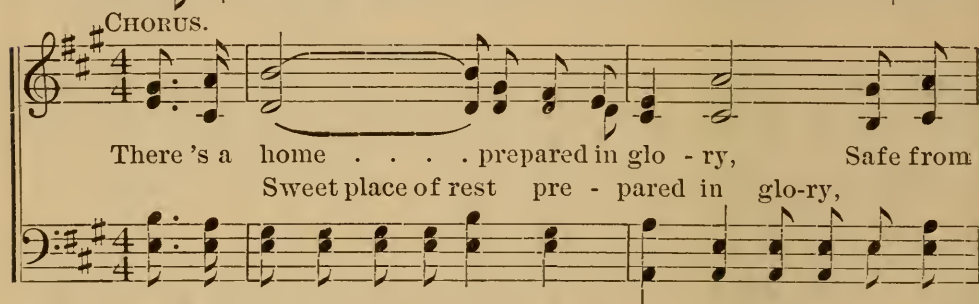


1. In the Book there is a sto-ry, Oft in child-hood told to me;  
 2. Of earth's toiling are you wea-ry? Sweetly lean on Je - sus' breast.  
 3. No more sorrow, care or sighing; Freed from mor- tal fear and pain;  
 4. Then cheer up, my fainting brother, Soon will come the promised rest:

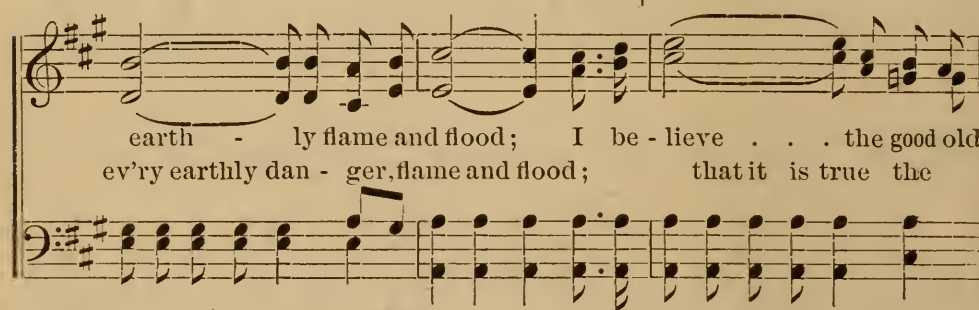


Of a home prepared in glo-ry, Where the pure in heart shall be.  
 Tho' the way is sometimes dreary, There re-mains a peaceful rest.  
 In the land be-yond the dy-ing, We with Christ shall ev-er reign.  
 Fol-low Christ, seek not an-oth-er, He will lead to mansions blest.

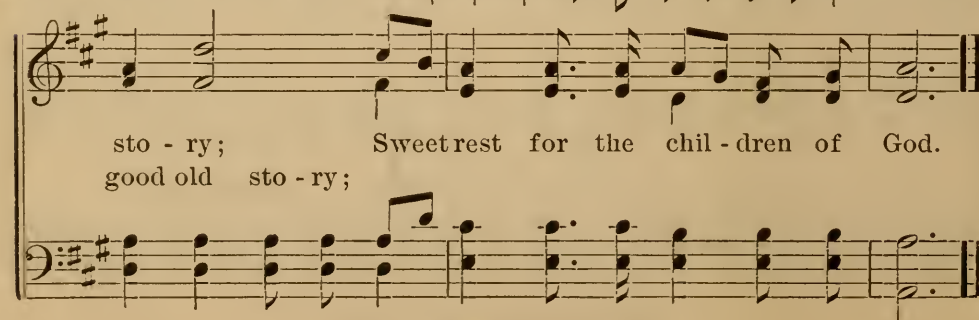
CHORUS.



There's a home . . . prepared in glo - ry, Safe from  
 Sweet place of rest pre - pared in glo-ry,



earth - ly flame and flood; I be - lieve . . . the good old  
 ev'ry earthly dan - ger, flame and flood; that it is true the



sto - ry; Sweet rest for the chil - dren of God.  
 good old sto - ry;



## No. 51.

## Vale of Beulah.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. I am pass-ing down the val-ley that they say is so lone,  
 2. Not a shad-ow, not a shad-ow ev-er dark-ens the way,  
 3. So I jour-ney with re-joic-ing toward the cit-y of Light,



But I find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o-ver-grown.  
 For a radiance of rare glo-ry shines up-on it all day.  
 While each day my joy is deep-er and the path grows more bright.



'Tis to me the vale of Beau-lah, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful way,  
 And the mus-ic sweet-ly chant-ed by the heav-en-ly throng,  
 And I near the op-en port-als of the Kingdom a-bove,



FINE.



For the Sav-iour walks be-side me, my com-pan-ion all day.  
 Floats in ca-dence down the val-ley, and it cheers me a-long.  
 For this high-way leads to Ca-naan, to the King-dom of love.



D.S.

For the love-ly land of Ca-naan in the dis-tance I see.  
 CHORUS.

D.S.



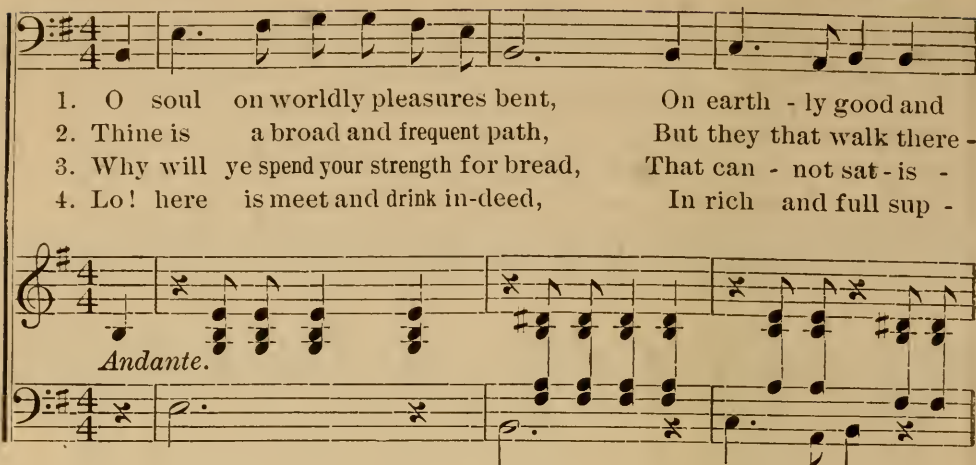
Vale of Beau-lah! Vale of Beau-lah! Thou art prec-ious to me.



# No. 52 The Wages of Sin is Death.

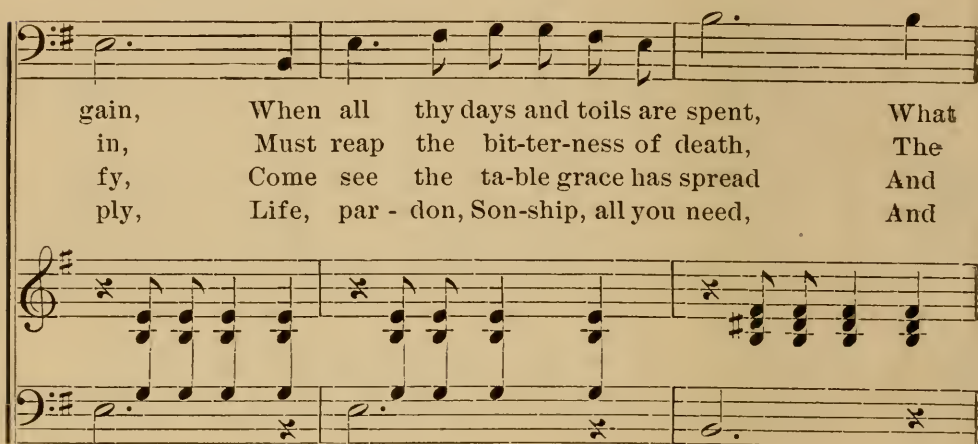
Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

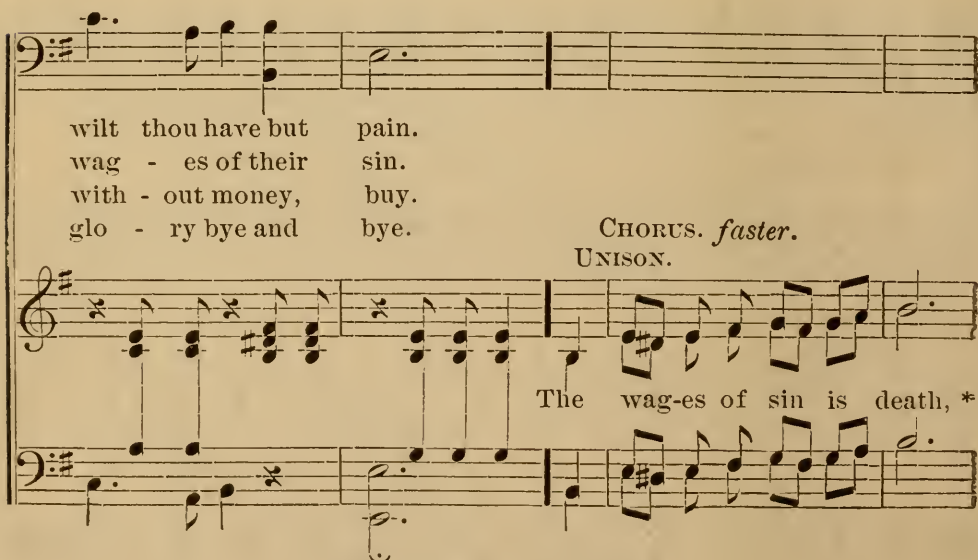


1. O soul on worldly pleasures bent, On earth - ly good and  
 2. Thine is a broad and frequent path, But they that walk there -  
 3. Why will ye spend your strength for bread, That can - not sat - is -  
 4. Lo! here is meet and drink in-deed, In rich and full sup -

*Andante.*



gain, When all thy days and toils are spent, What  
 in, Must reap the bit-ter-ness of death, The  
 fy, Come see the ta-ble grace has spread And  
 ply, Life, par - don, Son-ship, all you need, And



wilt thou have but pain.  
 wag - es of their sin.  
 with - out money, buy.  
 glo - ry bye and bye.

CHORUS. *faster.*  
 UNISON.  
 The wag-es of sin is death, \*

Copyright, 1889, by D. B. TOWNER.

\* When sung by mixed voices use the chorus marked No. 2.

# The Wages of Sin is Death.

Is death, is death, But the gift of God is e - ter - nal life

Is e - ter - nal life, To all who will re - ceive it.

5

Thy sins may be like scarlet red  
And guilt thy steps persue,  
Judgment be frowning overhead  
And death thy portion due;

6

Let tears of penitence be shed  
And cry forgive, forgive,  
And by the drops that Jesus bled  
Thy soul shall surely live.

## CHORUS No. 2. for mixed voices.

*rall.* . . . *a tempo.*

Is death, is death, But the gift of God is e - ter - nal life, Is e -

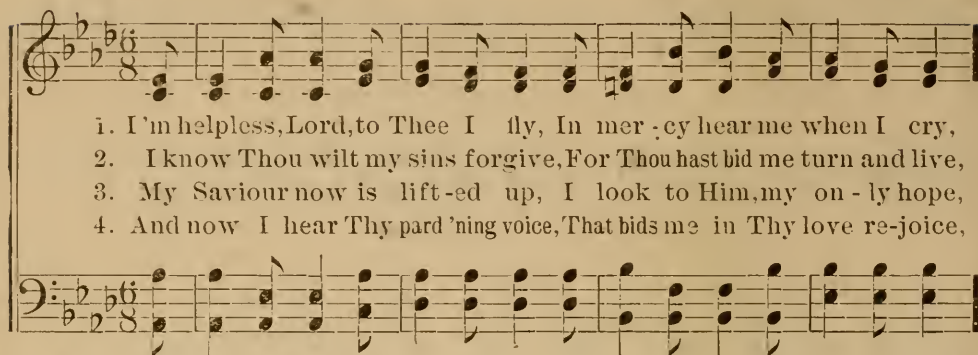
ter - nal life, To all who will re - ceive it.



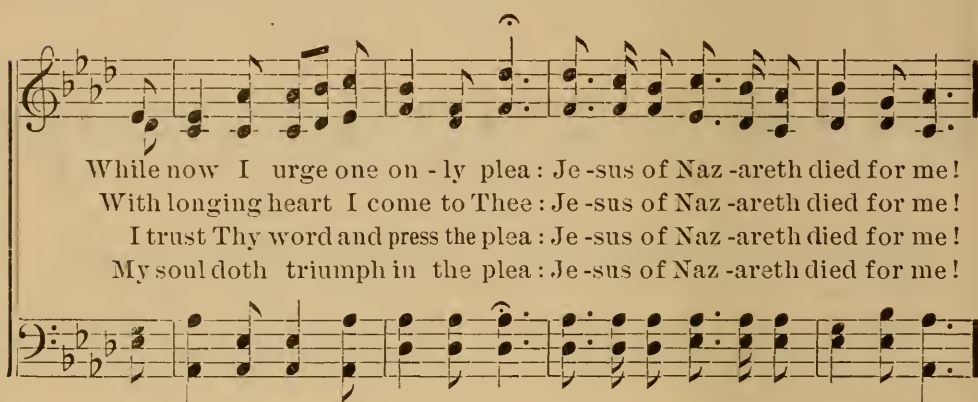
# No. 53. Jesus of Nazareth died for me.

WM. H. CLARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

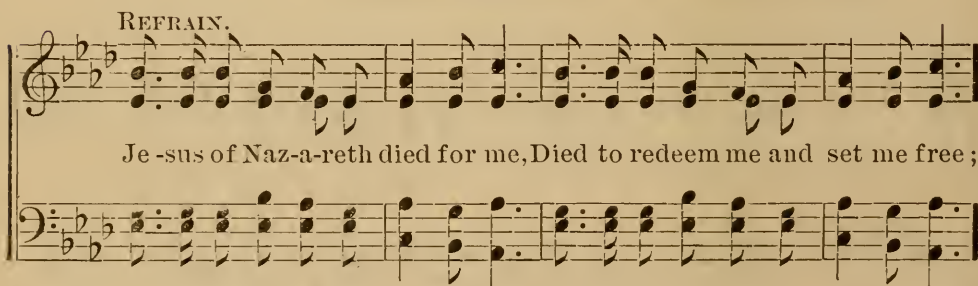


1. I'm helpless, Lord, to Thee I fly, In mer-cy hear me when I cry,  
2. I know Thou wilt my sins forgive, For Thou hast bid me turn and live,  
3. My Saviour now is lift-ed up, I look to Him, my on-ly hope,  
4. And now I hear Thy pard'ning voice, That bids me in Thy love re-joice,

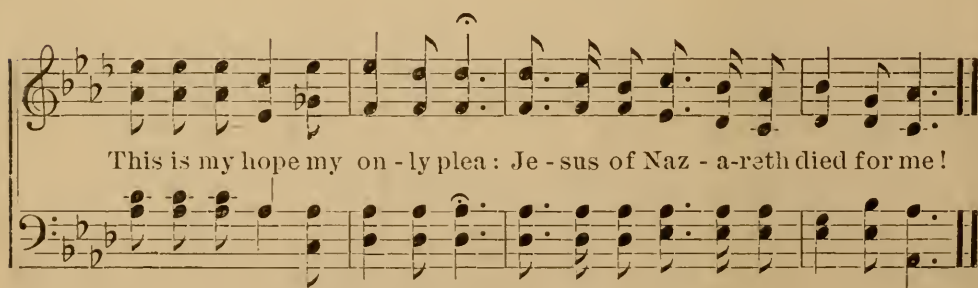


While now I urge one on-ly plea : Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!  
With longing heart I come to Thee : Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!  
I trust Thy word and press the plea : Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!  
My soul doth triumph in the plea : Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!

REFRAIN.



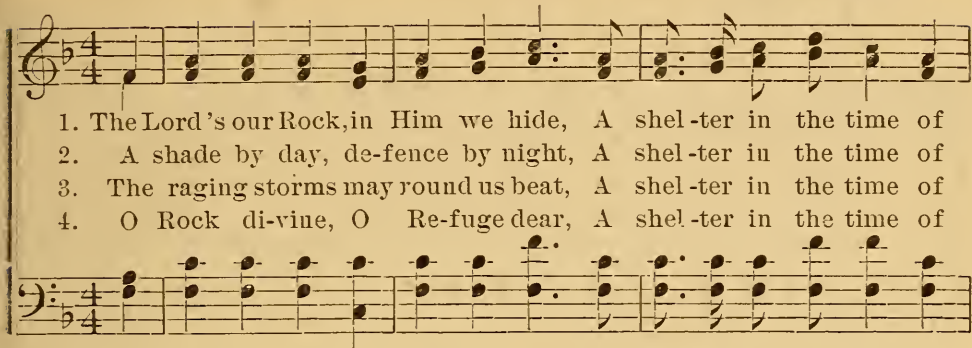
Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me, Died to redeem me and set me free ;



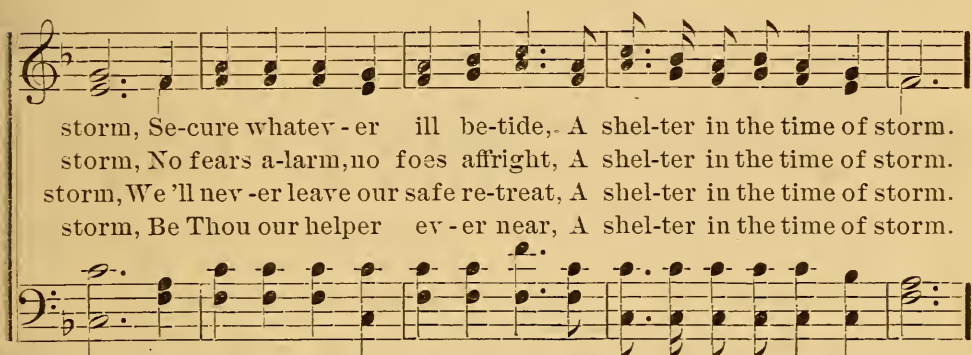
This is my hope my on-ly plea : Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me !

# No. 54. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Arr. from an IRISH FISHERMAN'S SONG.

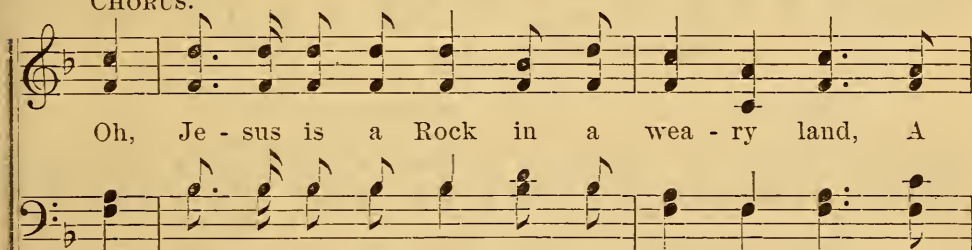


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of  
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of  
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of  
4. O Rock di-vine, O Re-fuge dear, A shel-ter in the time of



storm, Se-cure whatev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
storm, No fears a-larm, no foes affright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
storm, We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
storm, Be Thou our helper ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

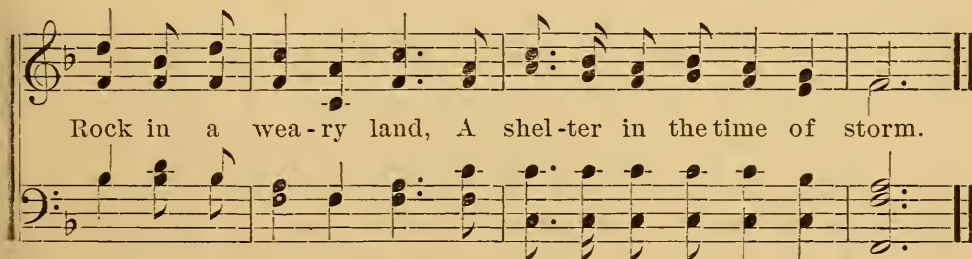
## CHORUS.



Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A



wea-ry land, a wea-ry land. Oh, Je-sus is a



Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

# No. 55. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;  
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un-to God! to God!  
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;"  
He is of great . . . . compas-sion, And of wondrous love;  
"Look un-to Me, . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET.

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let.  
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,  
He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

*p ritard.*

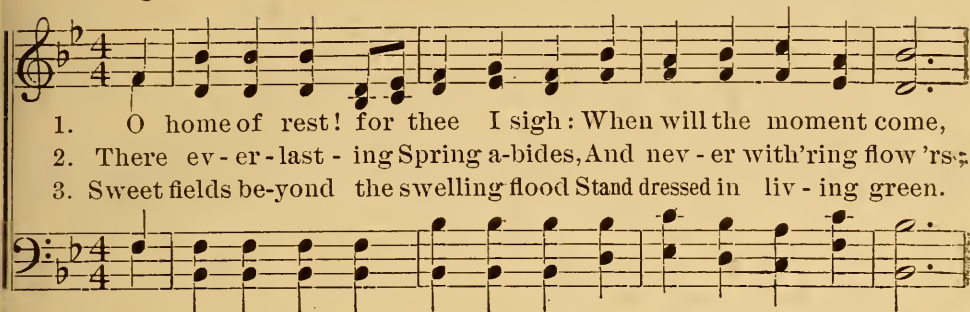
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!  
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.



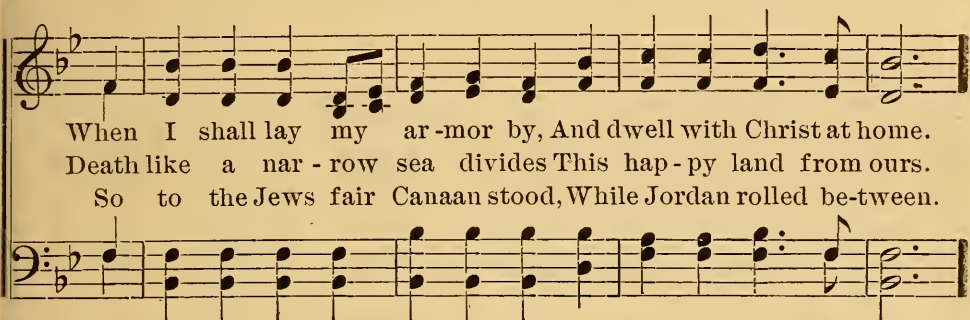
# No. 56. I long to be There.

Arranged.

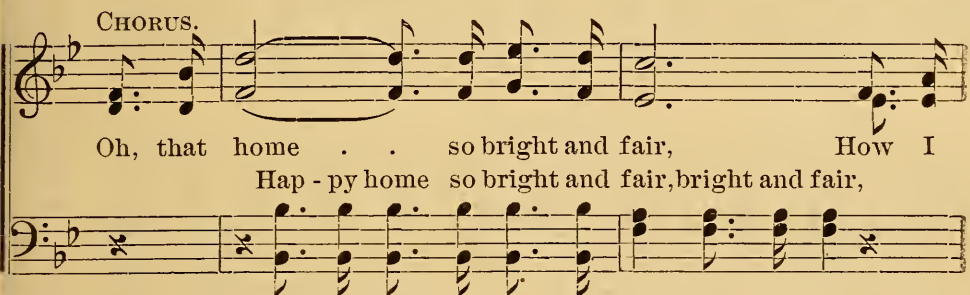
D. B. TOWNER.



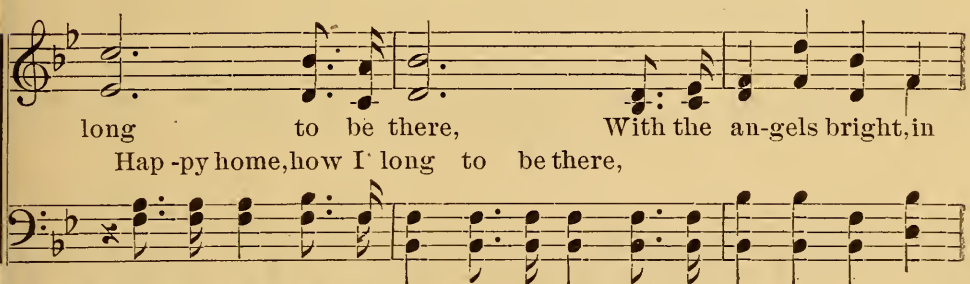
1. O home of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the moment come,  
2. There ev - er - last - ing Spring a-bides, And nev - er with'ring flow'rs;  
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green.



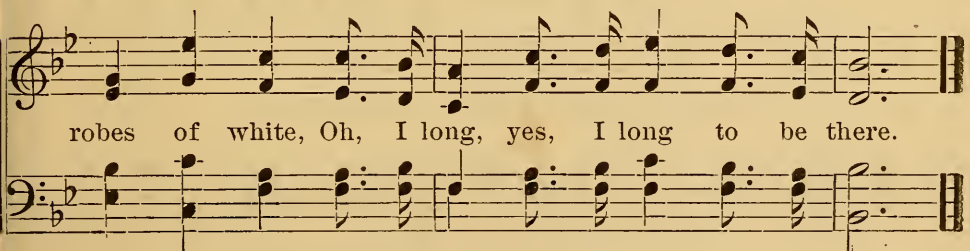
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.  
Death like a nar - row sea divides This hap-py land from ours.  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled be-tween.



CHORUS.  
Oh, that home . . . so bright and fair, How I  
Hap - py home so bright and fair, bright and fair,



long to be there, With the an-gels bright, in  
Hap - py home, how I' long to be there,



robes of white, Oh, I long, yes, I long to be there.

# No. 57. Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

E. A. HOFFMANN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. 'Tis the hallowed hour of pray'r, And we trust-ing - ly bring All our  
2. 'Tis the prec-ious hour of pray'r, And we humb-ly en-treat: Fa-ther,  
3. 'Tis the sa-cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav-en a-bove; Soul to

fears and doubtings there, Sin and want, ev - ery - thing; For we  
breathe the Spir - it now As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our  
soul is breathing here The com - munion of love; Ev - ery

know that God de-lights A glad wel-come to give, And the  
lips with pow'r of song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be -  
heart is sweet - ly filled With a peace most pro-found; Oh, the

CHORUS.  
blessings that we ask for We shall free-ly receive. Precious hour of pray'r,  
stow the ben - e - diction Of Thy peace from a-bove.  
place is like to Heaven Where such true joys abound!

# Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

*rit.*

hallowed hour of pray'r, Sacred season of communion, It is sweet to be there!

## No. 58. May I come in?

D. B. TOWNER.

*Pleadingly.*

1. Be - hold me stand - ing at the door, And hear me  
 2. I fought for thee with death's dark wave, I burst the  
 3. I wore the cru - el thorns for thee, I lis - ten  
 4. There's sure - ly room with - in thy breast For one more  
 5. I would not have thee beat in vain My Fa - ther's

plead - ing ev - er - more, With gen - tle voice a -  
 dun - geons of the grave, I would my right - ful  
 long and pa - tient - ly, To hear thy foot - steps  
 lov - ing than the rest: More lov - ing far than  
 door, and plead in pain When heav - en all its

bove the din, "May I come in?" May I come in?  
 guer - don win, "May I come in?" May I come in?  
 from with - in, "May I come in?" May I come in?  
 earth - ly kin, "May I come in?" May I come in?  
 joys be - gin, "May I come in?" May I come in?

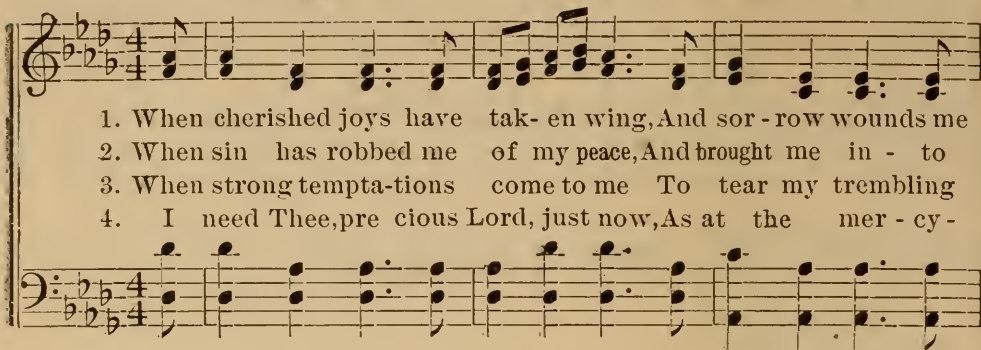


## No. 59.

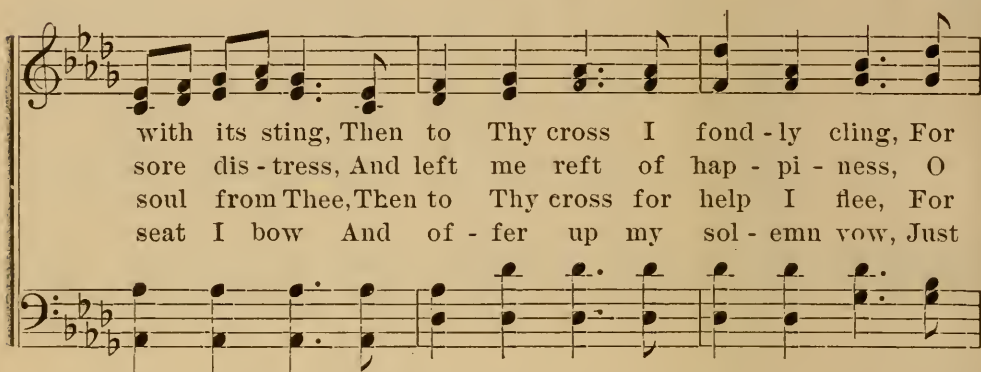
## I need Thee, Lord.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.

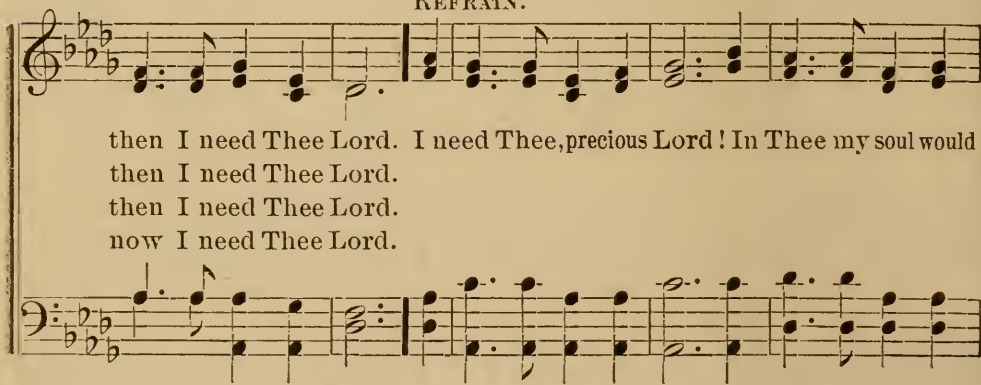


1. When cherished joys have tak-en wing, And sor-row wounds me  
 2. When sin has robbed me of my peace, And brought me in - to  
 3. When strong tempta-tions come to me To tear my trembling  
 4. I need Thee, pre-cious Lord, just now, As at the mer-cy -

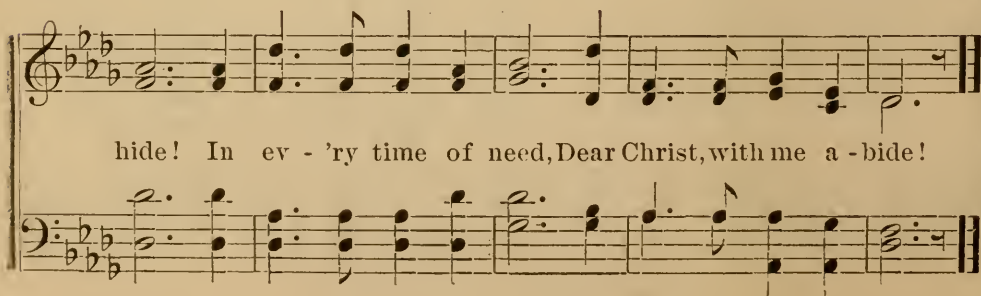


with its sting, Then to Thy cross I fond-ly cling, For  
 sore dis-tress, And left me reft of hap-pi-ness, O  
 soul from Thee, Then to Thy cross for help I flee, For  
 seat I bow And of-fer up my sol-emn vow, Just

## REFRAIN.



then I need Thee Lord. I need Thee, precious Lord! In Thee my soul would  
 then I need Thee Lord.  
 then I need Thee Lord.  
 now I need Thee Lord.



hide! In ev-'ry time of need, Dear Christ, with me a-bide!

## No. 60.

## Thine Alone.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

R. T. OWEN.

1. By grace redeemed thro' Thy blood, O Lord, I am Thine, Thine a -  
 2. I am dead to sin but a - live to Thee, And I'm Thine, Thine a -  
 3. What peace it brings to my heart to know I am Thine, Thine a -  
 4. Thy name I love and Thy ser-vice choose, I am Thine, Thine a -

lone. Oh may my will with Thine own ac-cord For I'm  
 lone. Thy bonds are my glo-rious lib - er - ty, I am  
 lone. To watch and wait or to will and do, I am  
 lone. Now make me meet for my Mas - ter's use For I'm

## CHORUS.

Thine, Thine a - lone. Lord Thou hast bought me, I am not my own,  
 Thine, Thine a - lone.  
 Thine, Thine a - lone.  
 Thine, Thine a - lone.

Thy precious blood to my heart is whispering, Thine, Thine a - lone.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers  
 2. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem But with Thine own life blood  
 3. Fierce must be the conflict Strong may be the foe, But the King's own army  
 4. Cho-sen to be soldiers In an a-lien land, Chosen, call'd and faithful

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?  
 For Thy di - a-dem; With Thy blessing filling Each who comes to Thee,  
 None may o - verthrow; Round His standard ranging Vic-t'ry is se-cure,  
 For our Captain's band; In the service roy - al, Let us not grow cold,

*D.S. By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace divine,*

*rit.* FINE. CHORUS.  
 Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mercy  
 Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.  
 For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure.  
 Let us be right loy-al, Noble, true and bold.

*We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.*

*D.S.*  
 By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.

By permission.



Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

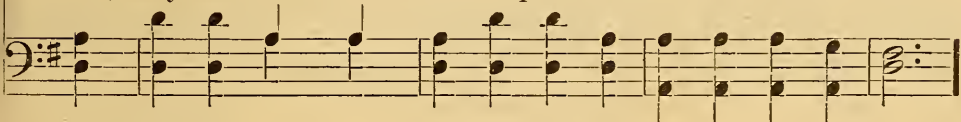
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Once more we've met in Je-sus' name, In this ap-point-ed place,
2. To-geth-er we have read God's word, To-geth-er joined in prayer,
3. To-geth-er la-bored with our might The wan-der-er to guide
4. How sweet has been this tran-quil hour, How sweet this feast of love;



And by the Ho - ly Spirit's flame Have seen our Saviour's face.  
 Our hearts in tune - ful praise out-pour'd, And breathed ce - les - tial air.  
 From sin and dark - ness in - to light, Where joys supreme a - bide.  
 Oh, may we ev - er feel the power That cometh from a - bove.

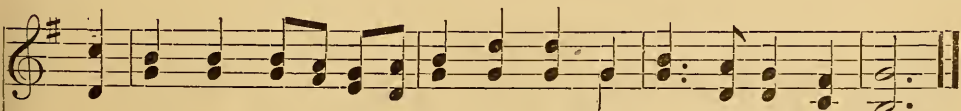


## CHORUS.

Dear Sa - - viour watch,



Dear Sa-viour watch with ten-der care Be - tween us while we part,



Oh, keep us from the tempter's snare And bind us heart to heart.

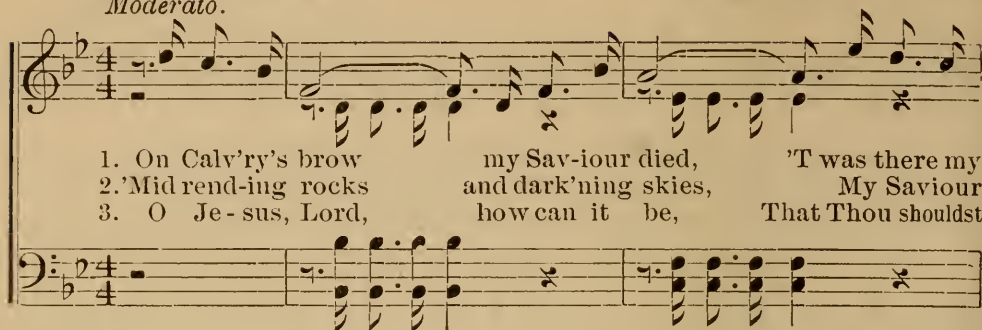


## No. 63.

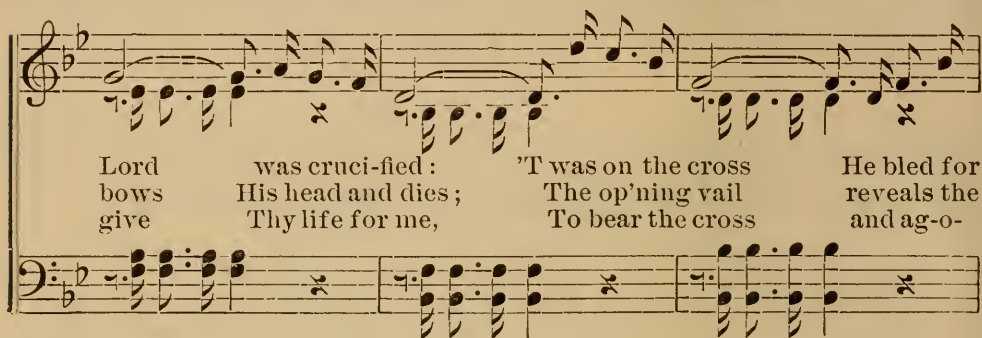
## On Calvary's Brow.

W. M'K. DARWOOD.  
*Moderato.*

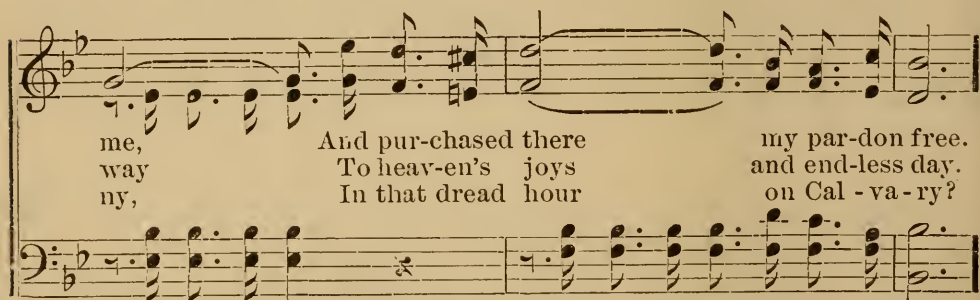
JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. On Calv'ry's brow                      my Sav-iour died,                      'T was there my  
2. 'Mid rend-ing rocks                      and dark'ning skies,                      My Saviour  
3. O Je-sus, Lord,                      how can it be,                      That Thou shouldst

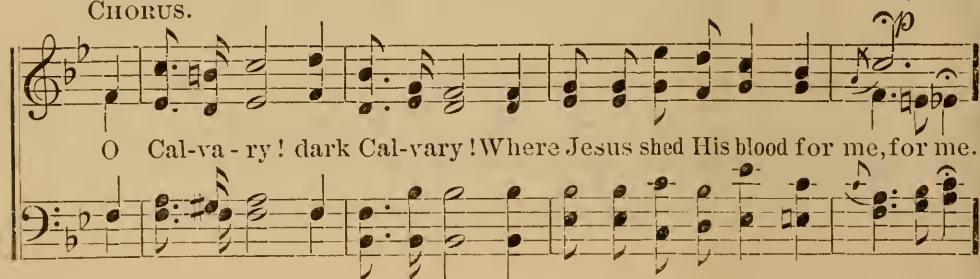


Lord                      was cruci-fied :                      'T was on the cross                      He bled for  
bows                      His head and dies ;                      The op'ning veil                      reveals the  
give                      Thy life for me,                      To bear the cross                      and ag-o-

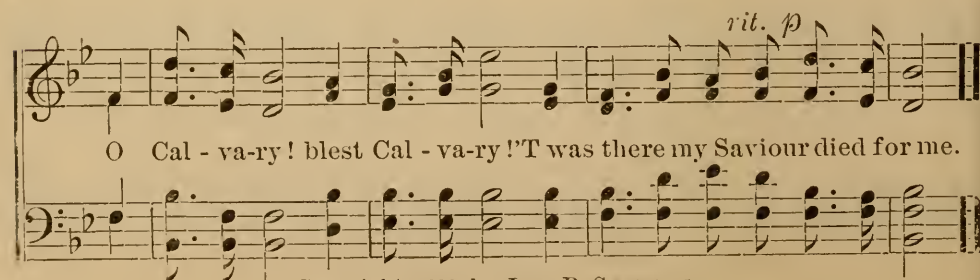


me,                      And pur-chased there                      my par-don free.  
way                      To heav-en's joys                      and end-less day.  
ny,                      In that dread hour                      on Cal - va - ry?

## CHORUS.



O Cal - va - ry ! dark Cal - vary ! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me.



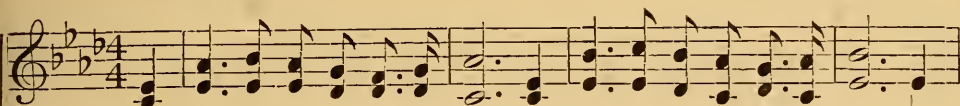
O Cal - va - ry ! blest Cal - va - ry ! 'T was there my Saviour died for me.

## No. 64.

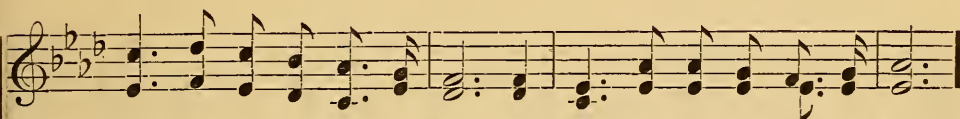
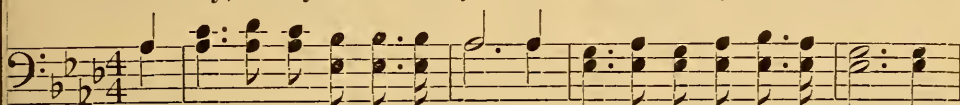
## To-day.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. To-day, to-day the Father waits His loving fa-vor to bestow : While
2. To-day, to-day the Son repeats His gracious "whosoever will" And
3. To-day, to-day the Spirit pleads, And shall He seek your soul in vain ; Not
4. To-day, to-day the "Bride says come" And leads the way to Calva-ry, Now,



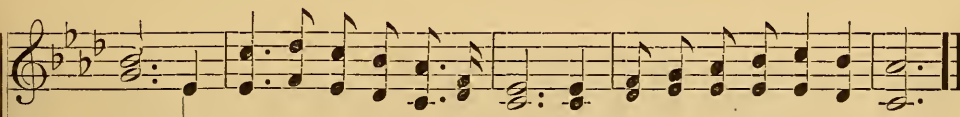
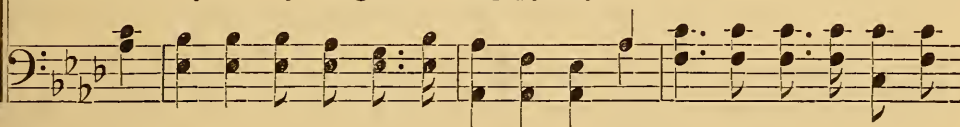
mer-cy op-ens wide her gate, That lov-ing fa-vor you may know.  
 oh, how sweetly He entreats, Come, soul, beloved, there's mercy still.  
 al-ways so He in-tercedes, But goes and nev-er comes a-gain.  
 while the ransomed gather home Come trembling sinner hith-er flee.



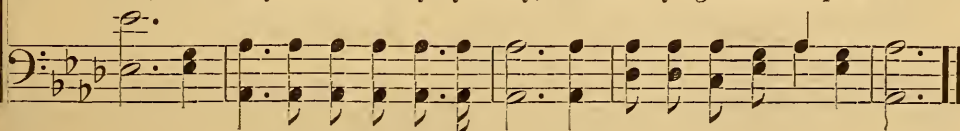
## CHORUS.



To-day, oh, glad to-day, While life and hope and grace a -  
 To-day, to-day, oh, glad and hap-py day,



bide, Come seek your God while yet you may, While mercy's gate stands open wide.

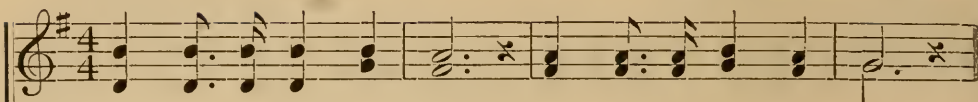




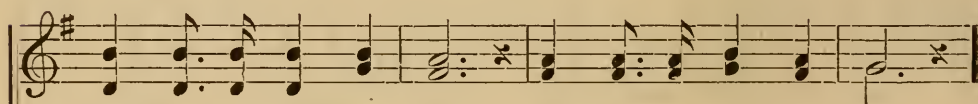
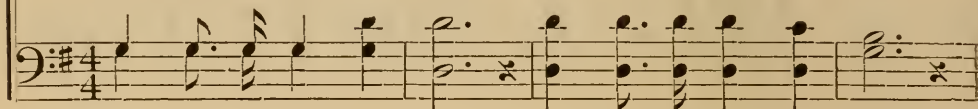
# No. 65. Jesus will let you in.

A. S. K.

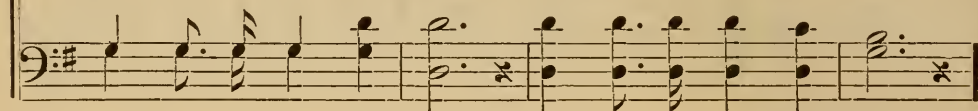
A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



1. Come to our Fa-ther's house, Come, ere the day be gone;
2. Look at the wea-ry way; Look where thy feet have trod;
3. Dark-er thy path-way grows; Soon will the night come down;
4. Fly from the fields of sin; Fly for thy life to-day;
5. Here will thy soul find rest, Safe from each an-gry blast;



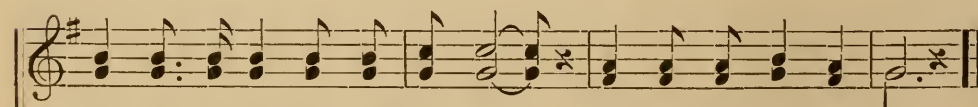
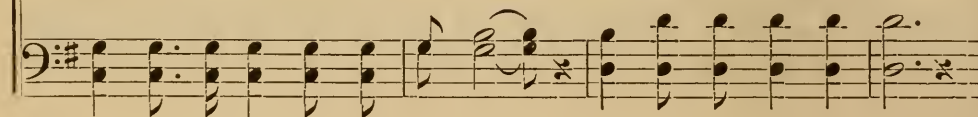
Tem-pests are gath'ring fast: Dark-ness is com-ing on.  
Find-ing no rest nor peace,—Wand'ring a-way from God.  
Fierce-ly the lightnings flash; Dark-er the tem-pests frown.  
Fly to our Fa-ther's house; En-ter the nar-row way.  
Here find a per-fect peace,—Joys that for-ev-er last.



## REFRAIN.



Fly for the tempest is com-ing, Sweeping the fields of sin,



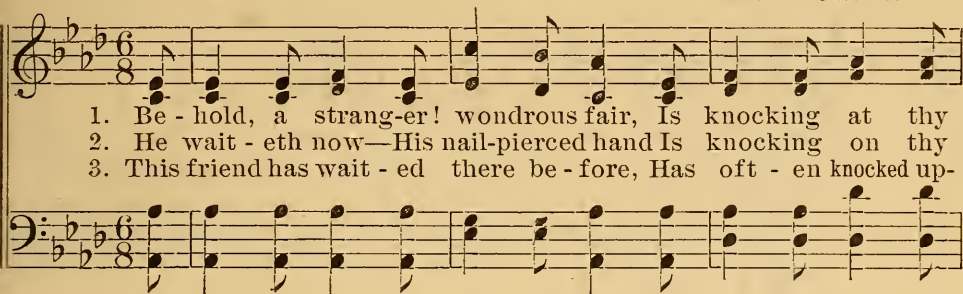
Knock at the por-tals of mer-cy, Je-sus will let you in



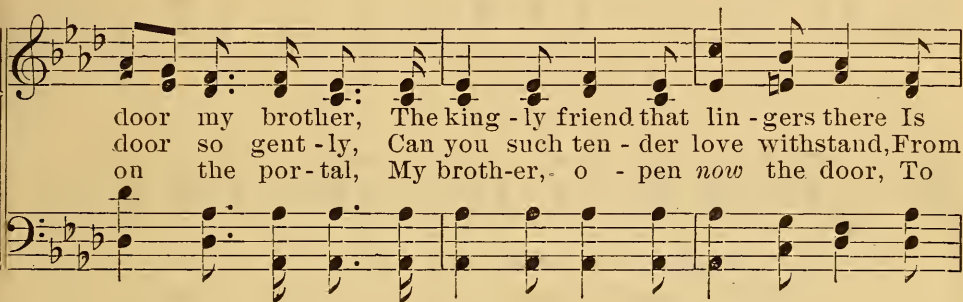
# No. 66. Let the Stranger in.

HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

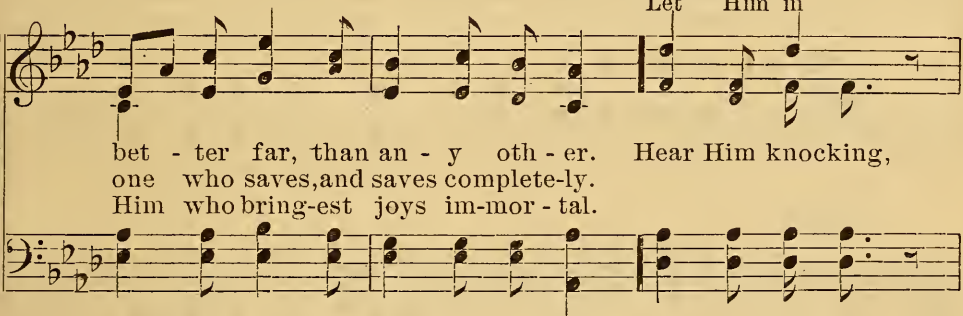


1. Be - hold, a strang-er! wondrous fair, Is knocking at thy  
 2. He wait - eth now—His nail-pierced hand Is knocking on thy  
 3. This friend has wait - ed there be - fore, Has oft - en knocked up-

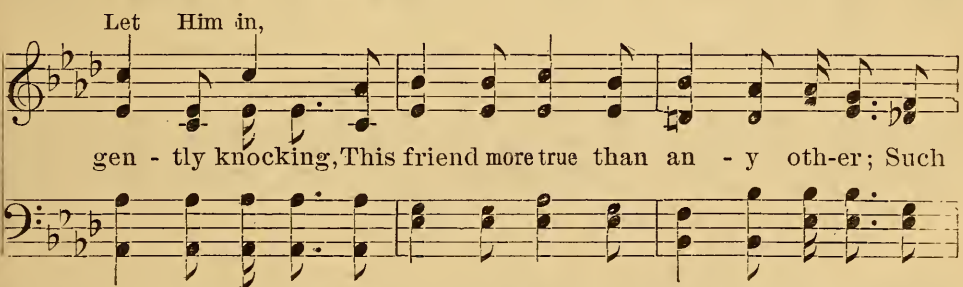


door my brother, The king - ly friend that lin - gers there Is  
 door so gent - ly, Can you such ten - der love withstand, From  
 on the por - tal, My broth-er, o - pen now the door, To

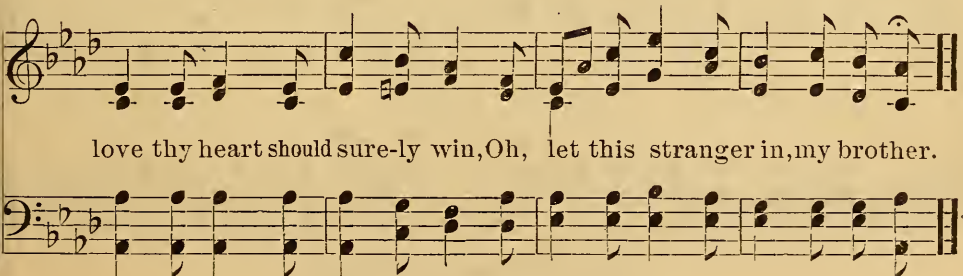
CHORUS.  
 Let Him in



bet - ter far, than an - y oth - er. Hear Him knocking,  
 one who saves, and saves complete-ly.  
 Him who bring-est joys im-mor - tal.



Let Him in,  
 gen - tly knocking, This friend more true than an - y oth-er; Such

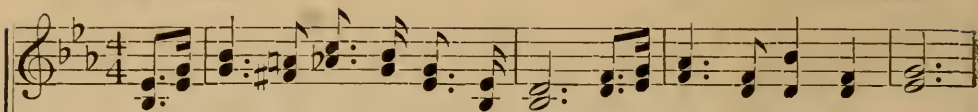


love thy heart should sure-ly win, Oh, let this stranger in, my brother.

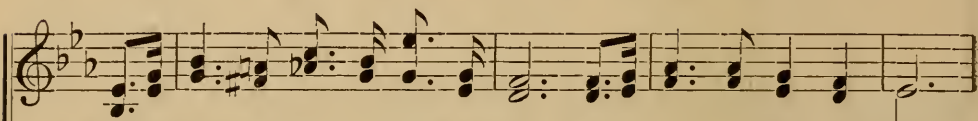
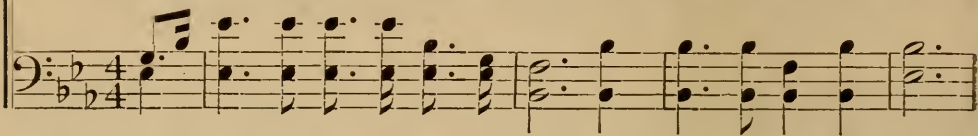
# No. 67 What Joy the Gospel Brings.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

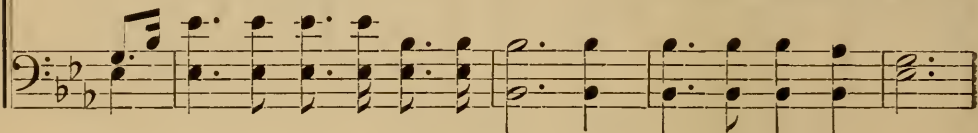
D. B. TOWNER.



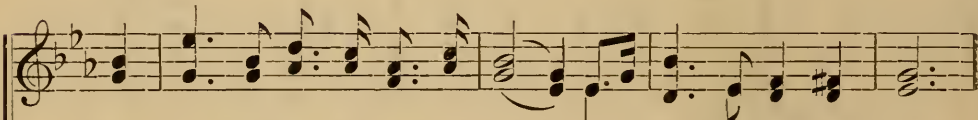
1. The gos-pel comes like cloudless morn, Af - ter the dreary night,
2. It falls up-on the heart like rain, When flowers droop and die,
3. It brings new life in - to the dead, And op - ens pris - on doors,
4. It helps to bear each weary cross, To meek - ly suf - fer wrong,



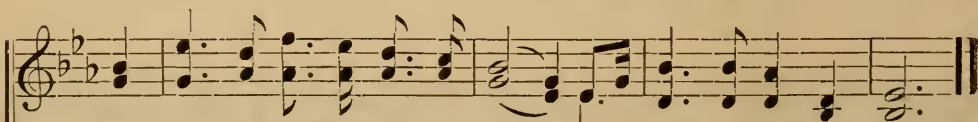
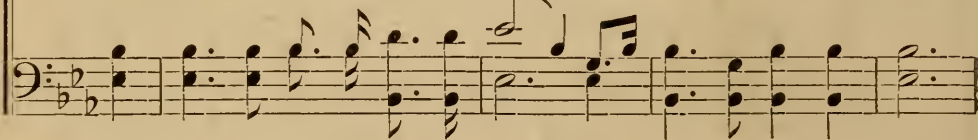
When glittering gems the fields adorn, And all is fair and bright.  
It makes the des-ert bloom a - gain, Be - neath a sum - mer sky.  
It lifts the sorrow drooping head, And con - so - la - tion bears.  
It com - pensates for ev - 'ry loss, And fills our mouths with song.



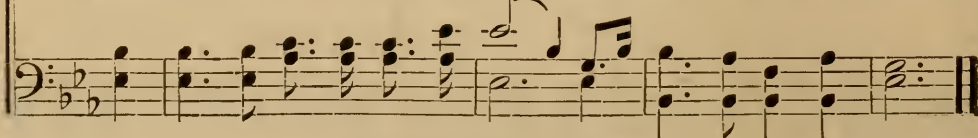
## CHORUS.



What joy, what joy the gos - pel brings To this sad world be - low,



With heal - ing in its gol - den wings, It ban - ish - es our woe.

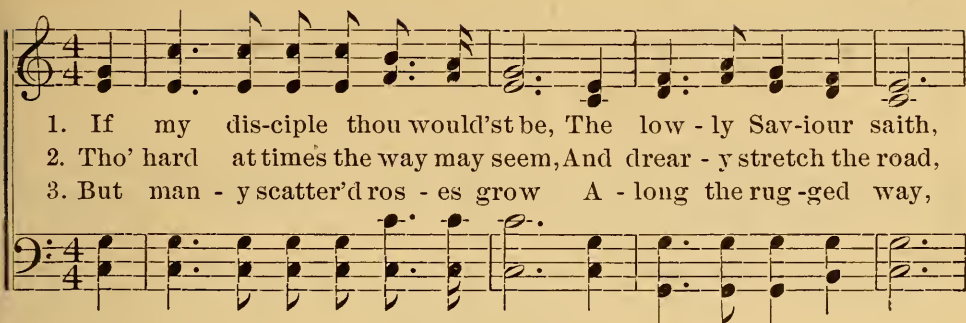




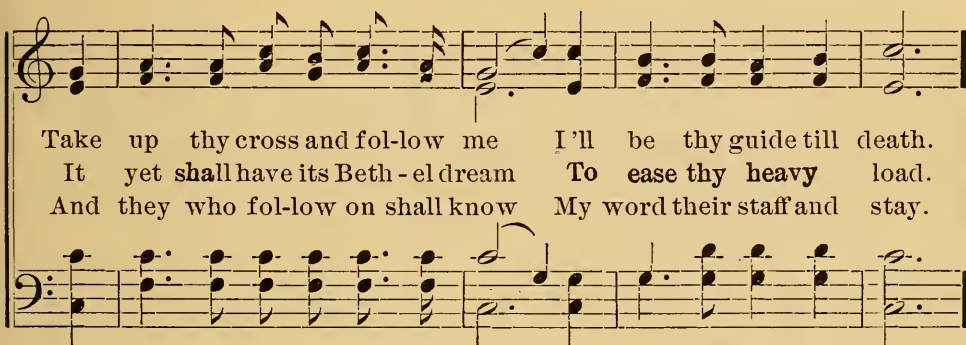
# No. 68. Take up Thy Cross.

N. E. B.

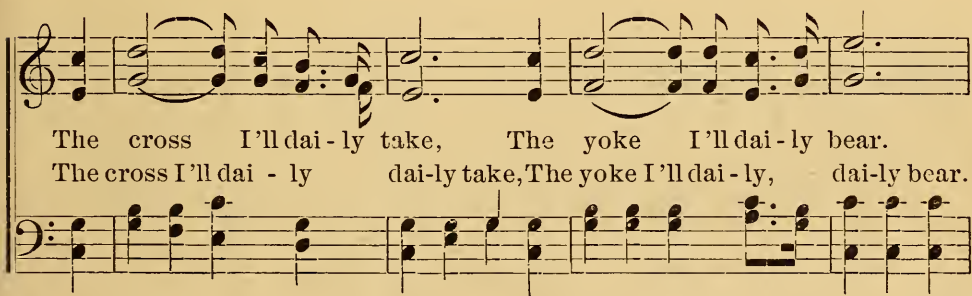
N. E. BYERS.



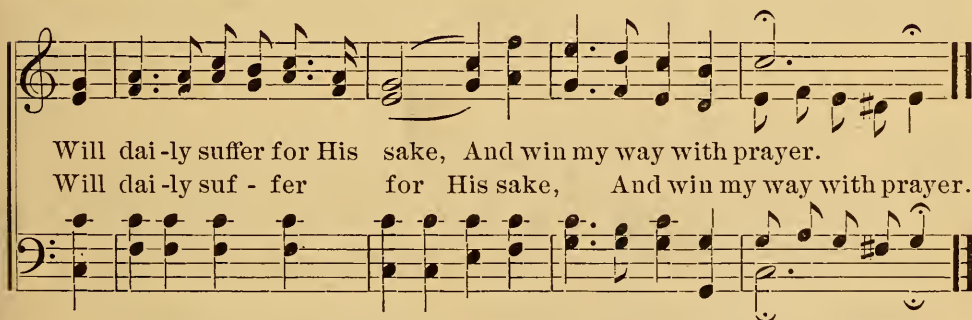
1. If my dis-ciple thou would'st be, The low - ly Sav-iour saith,  
 2. Tho' hard at times the way may seem, And drear - y stretch the road,  
 3. But man - y scatter'd ros - es grow A - long the rug-ged way,



Take up thy cross and fol-low me I'll be thy guide till death.  
 It yet shall have its Beth-el dream To ease thy heavy load.  
 And they who fol-low on shall know My word their staff and stay.



The cross I'll dai-ly take, The yoke I'll dai-ly bear.  
 The cross I'll dai - ly dai-ly take, The yoke I'll dai-ly, dai-ly bear.



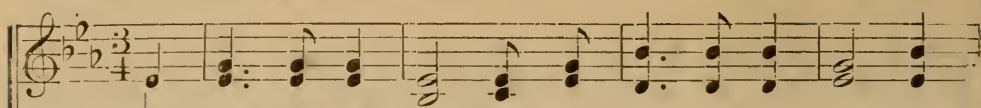
Will dai-ly suffer for His sake, And win my way with prayer.  
 Will dai-ly suf - fer for His sake, And win my way with prayer.

4 My brother, will you come with me 5 He knows that man is only dust  
 And follow this dear Lord? And so he goes before:  
 On earth His true disciple be And if we make His name our trust  
 And win the great reward. He'll never give us o'er.

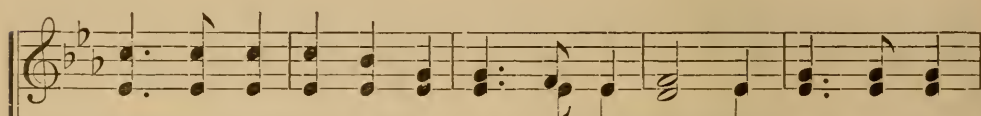
# No. 69. Oh, where will you be?

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

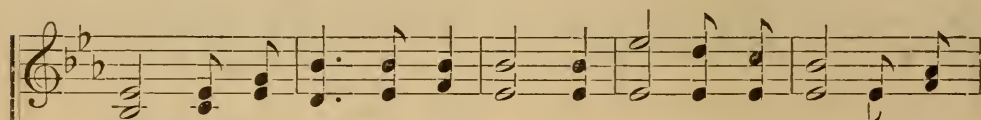
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Oh, where will you be when e - ter - ni - ty dawns? When  
2. Oh, where will you be when the Judge is en - throned? And  
3. Oh, where will you be when He bids them de - part? And  
4. Oh, where will you be while e - ter - ni - ties roll? In

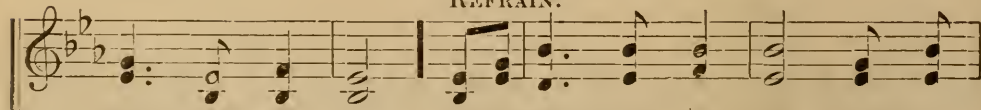


Christ un - to judgment re - turn - eth a - gain? And clad in the  
sin - ners as - sem - ble be - fore Him to know The is - sues of  
forth from His presence the sons of des - pair, Shall each to his  
man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light? Or far from the



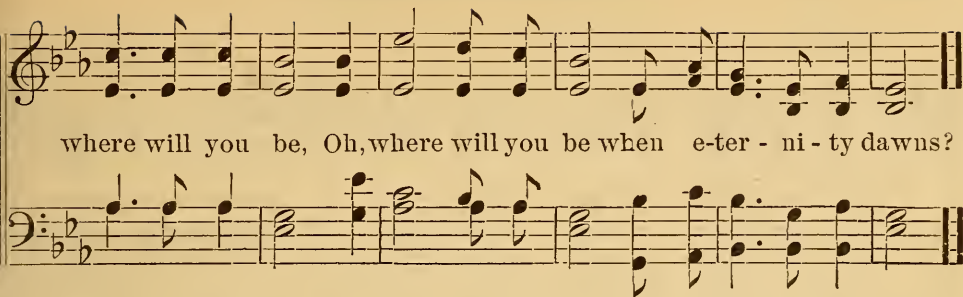
flesh from their caverns of gloom, Shall is - sue at last, all the  
life and the fate of the soul, Its sad con - dem - na - tion; its  
pris - on e - ter - nal de - scend? Will you, oh, will you in their  
smile and the joy of the Lord O sin - ner, de - cide it, de -

## REFRAIN.



chil - dren of men. Then, where will you be, broth - er  
por - tion of woe.  
mis - e - ry share?  
cide it to - night.

Oh, where will you be?



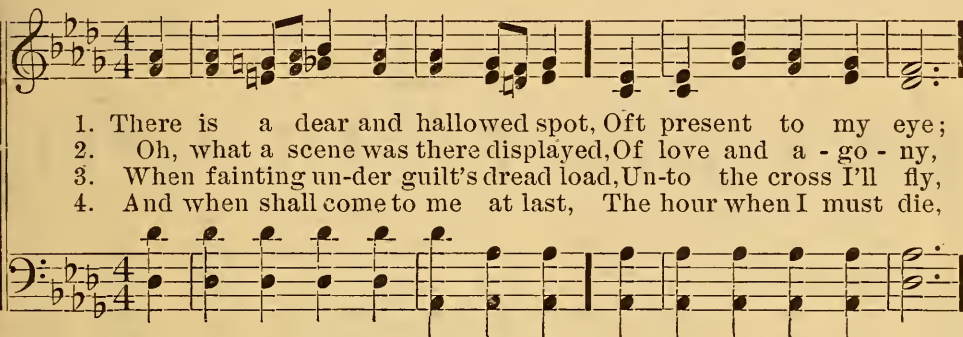
where will you be, Oh, where will you be when e-ter - ni - ty dawns?

## No. 70.

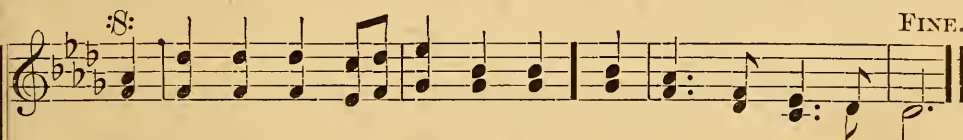
## Calvary.

Words arr.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

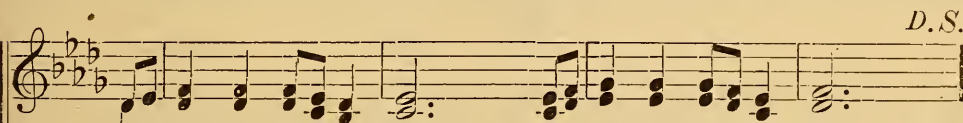


1. There is a dear and hallowed spot, Oft present to my eye;
2. Oh, what a scene was there displayed, Of love and a - go - ny,
3. When fainting un - der guilt's dread load, Un - to the cross I'll fly,
4. And when shall come to me at last, The hour when I must die,



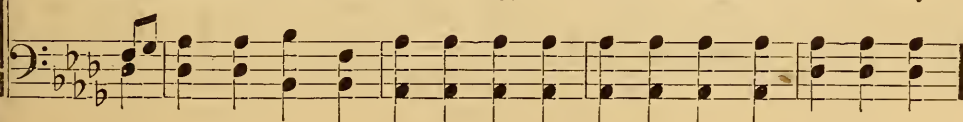
FINE.

By saints it ne'er can be for-got; That place is Cal - va - ry.  
When our Re-deem - er bow'd His head, And died on Cal - va - ry.  
And trust the mer - it of that blood Which flow'd on Cal - va - ry.  
With life's depart - ing rays I'll cast, A look at Cal - va - ry.



D.S.

That place is Cal - va - ry, That place is Cal - va - ry.  
That place, that place is Cal - va - ry, That place, that place is Cal - va - ry.  
And died on Cal - va - ry, And died on Cal - va - ry.  
And died for me on Cal - va - ry, And died for me on Cal - va - ry.  
Which flow'd on Cal - va - ry, Which flow'd on Cal - va - ry.  
Which flow'd for me on Cal - va - ry, Which flow'd for me on Cal - va - ry.  
A look at Cal - va - ry, A look at Cal - va - ry.  
I'll cast a look at Cal - va - ry, I'll cast a look at Cal - va - ry.



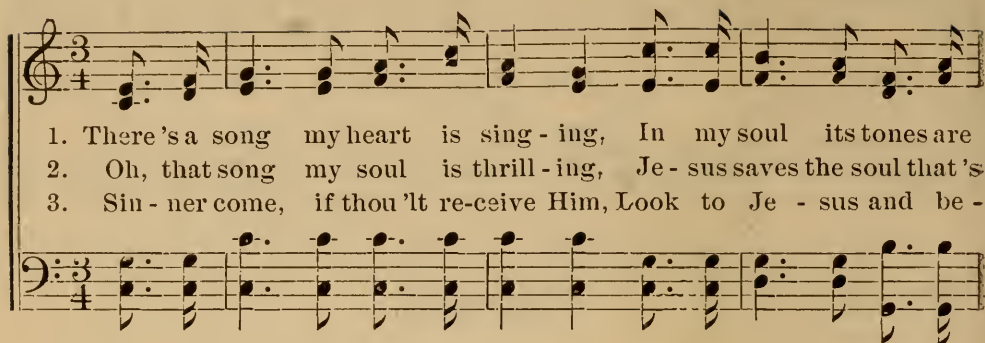


# No. 71.

# Power to save.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

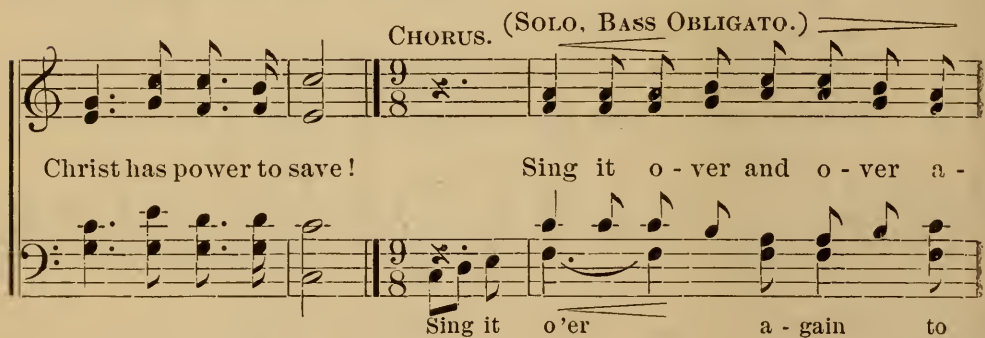


1. There's a song my heart is sing - ing, In my soul its tones are  
 2. Oh, that song my soul is thrill - ing, Je - sus saves the soul that's  
 3. Sin - ner come, if thou'lt re - ceive Him, Look to Je - sus and be -

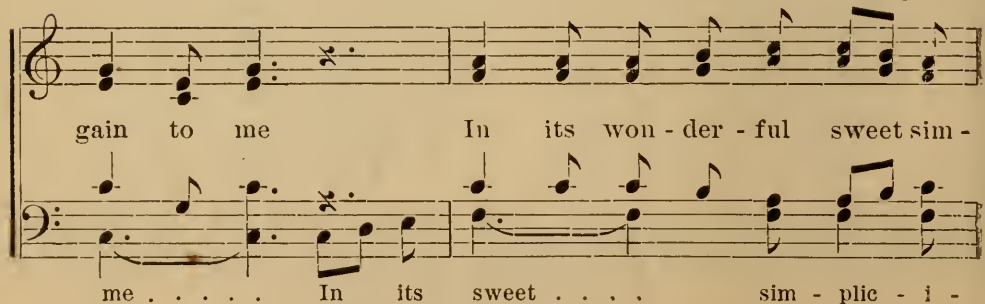


ring - ing, Peace and rest and joy 't is bring - ing, Je - sus  
 will - ing, Prec - ious truth my heart 't is fill - ing, Je - sus  
 lieve Him, ; All your life and serv - ice give Him, Je - sus

CHORUS. (SOLO, BASS OBLIGATO.)



Christ has power to save ! Sing it o - ver and o - ver a -  
 Sing it o'er a - gain to



gain to me In its won - der - ful sweet sim -  
 me . . . . . In its sweet . . . . . sim - plic - i -

Power to save.

plic - i - ty, Tell it o'er . . . the o - cean  
 Tell it o'er the o - cean

ty,

wave, Je - sus Christ . . has power to save.  
 wave, Je - sus Christ has power to save.

No. 72. Silver Street. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - monious to mine ear, Heav'n  
 2. Grace first contrived the way To save re - bel - lious man, And  
 3. Grace led my wand'ring feet To tread the heav-enly way And  
 4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It

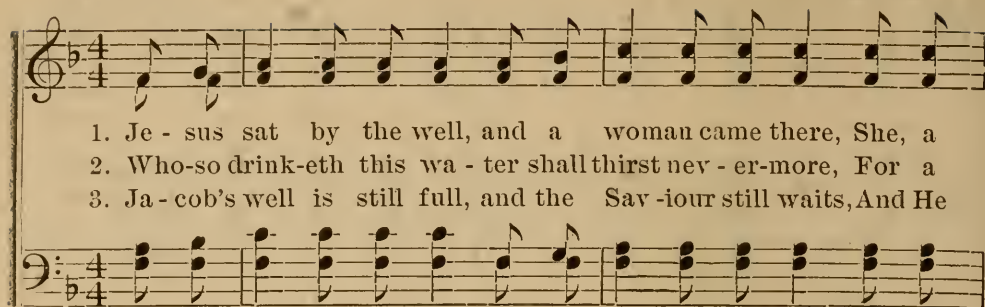
with the ech - o shall re - sound And all the earth shall hear.  
 all the steps that grace dis - play Which drew the wond'rous plan.  
 new sup - plies each hour I meet While press-ing on to God.  
 lays in heav'n the top - most stone And well deserved the praise..

## No. 73.

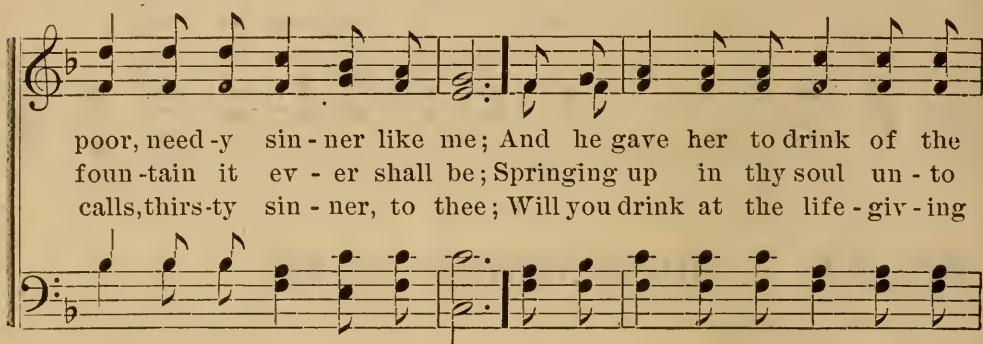
## Jacob's Well.

A. S. K.

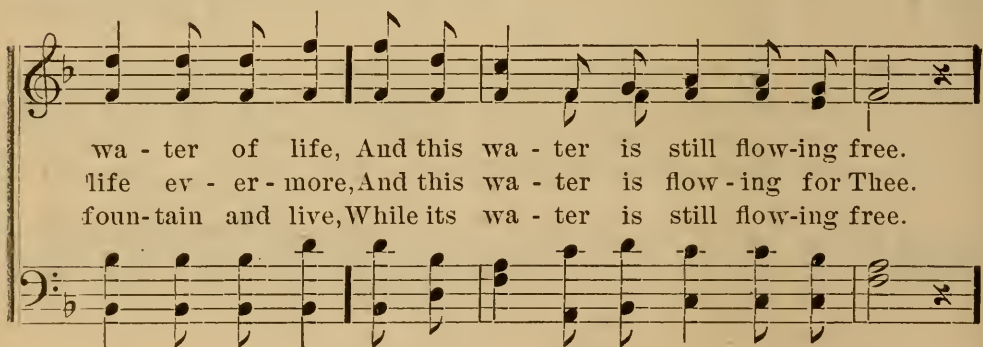
A. S. KIEFFER.



1. Je - sus sat by the well, and a woman came there, She, a  
2. Who-so drink-eth this wa - ter shall thirst nev - er-more, For a  
3. Ja - cob's well is still full, and the Sav-iour still waits, And He

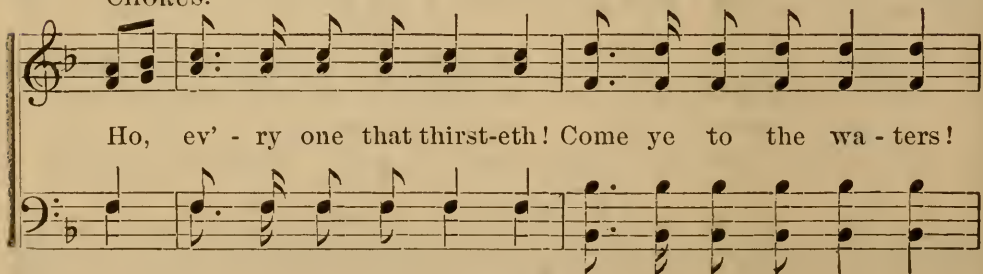


poor, need-y sin - ner like me; And he gave her to drink of the  
foun-tain it ev - er shall be; Springing up in thy soul un - to  
calls, thirs-ty sin - ner, to thee; Will you drink at the life - giv - ing



wa - ter of life, And this wa - ter is still flow-ing free.  
life ev - er - more, And this wa - ter is flow - ing for Thee.  
foun-tain and live, While its wa - ter is still flow-ing free.

## CHORUS.



Ho, ev' - ry one that thirst-eth! Come ye to the wa - ters!



# Jacob's Well.

Come ye to the wa-ters, flowing so free! Come, oh,  
Oh, come ye to the wa-ters,

come, Oh, come ye to the wa-ters, flowing so free.  
Come ye to the wa-ters,

## No. 74. Blessed Saviour! Thee I love.

(SPANISH HYMN.)

GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

1. Bless-ed Sa-viour! Thee I love, All my oth-er joys a-bove,  
*D.C.—Ev-er let my glo-ry be, Bless-ed Sav-iour, on-ly Thee.*

All my hopes in Thee a-bide, Thou my hope and naught be-side,

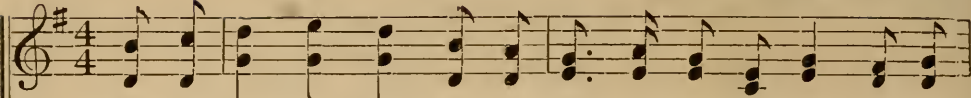
2

Once again beside the cross  
All my gain I count but loss,  
Earthly pleasures fade away,  
Clouds they are that hide my day,  
Hence, vain shadows, let me see  
Jesus crucified for me.

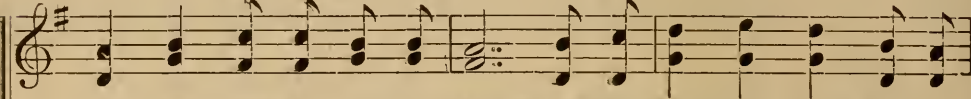
3

Blessed Saviour! Thine am I,  
Thine to live, and Thine to die,  
Height, or depth, or earthly power,  
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more,  
Ever shall my glory be,  
Blessed Saviour, only Thee.

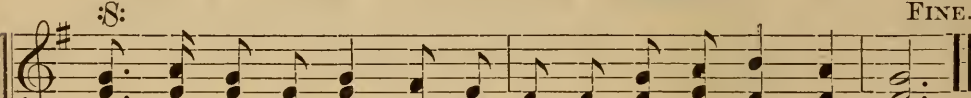
T. C. O'KANE. By per.



1. We are on the deep, we are sail - ing to our home In the  
 2. We are on the deep, see our sails how full they swell, And our  
 3. Are you on the deep, in the sin - ner's bark so frail? You will




land be - yond the shores of time, Where the wea - ry rest, and no  
 stand - ard float - ing proud - ly high; 'T is the blood - stain'd ban - ner of  
 per - ish—leave without de - lay; Come on board with us, and at

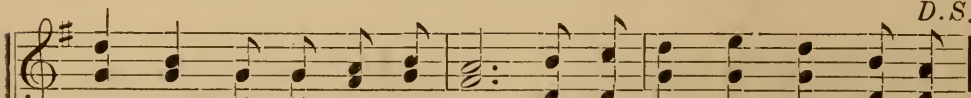


sor - rows ev - er come, In that brighter, bet - ter, hap - pier clime.  
 King Im - man - u - el, We will sail be - neath it—"live or die."  
 once for glo - ry sail, And be saved while you are called to - day.

*D.S.—Safe at an - chor ride, In the port on Canaan's peaceful shore.*



In the old ship Zi - on we are sail - ing on the tide; Tho' the



waves may dash, and bil - lows roar, "We will stand the storm," we will

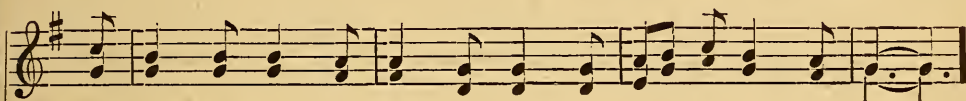
# No. 76. O, How I Love Jesus.

CHARLES WESLEY.

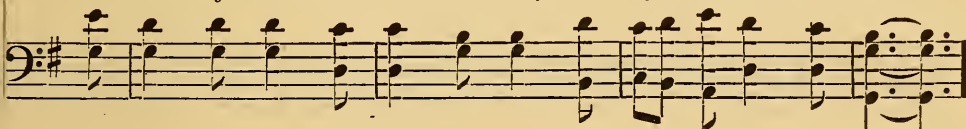
Music Arranged.



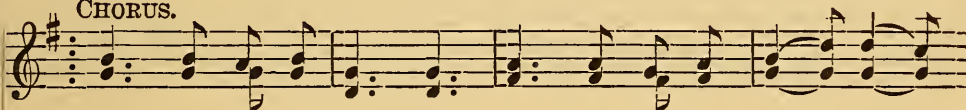
1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;
3. O, that the world might taste and see The rich - es of his grace;
4. His on - ly right - eous - ness I show; His sav - ing truth pro - claim;



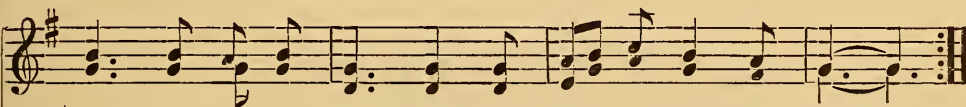
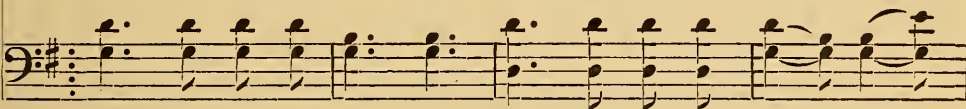
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.  
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear, It turns their hell to heav'n.  
The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind em - brace.  
'Tis all my business here be - low, To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"



## CHORUS.



{ O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!  
{ How can I for - get thee! How can I for - get my Lord?



O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause he first loved me, }  
How can I for - get thee? Dear Lord re - mem - ber me. }

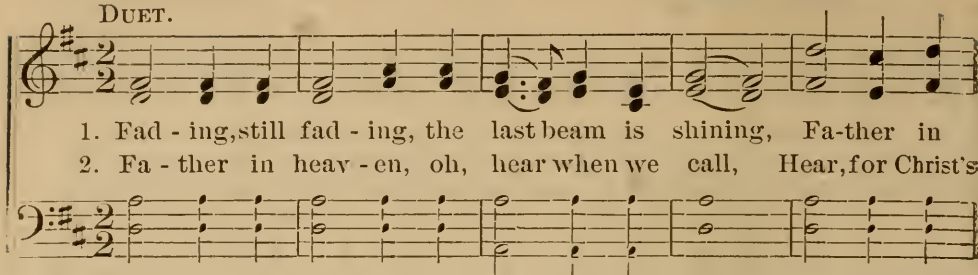




# No. 77. Fading, still fading.

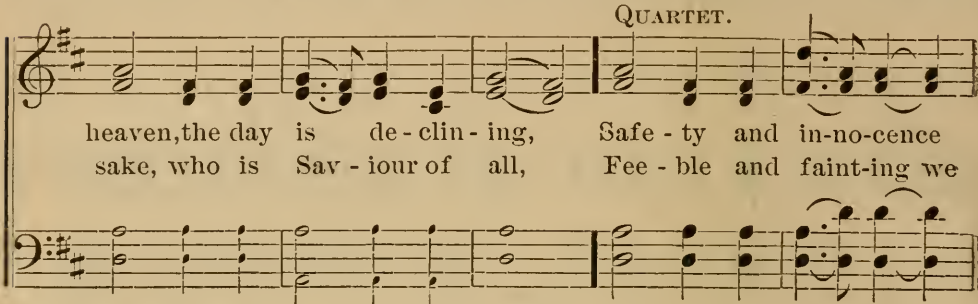
Arr. for this work.

## DUET.

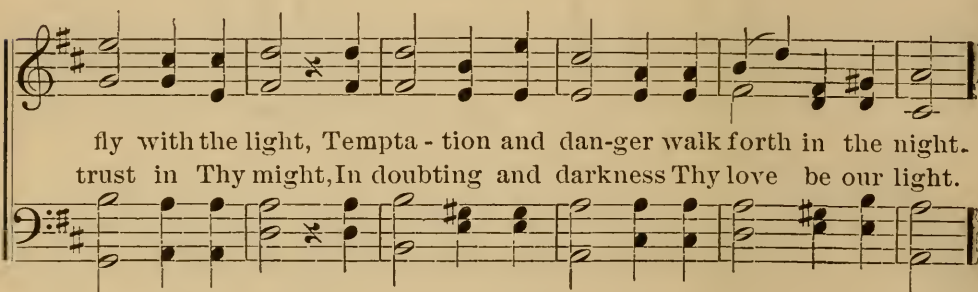


1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining, Fa - ther in  
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, oh, hear when we call, Hear, for Christ's

## QUARTET.

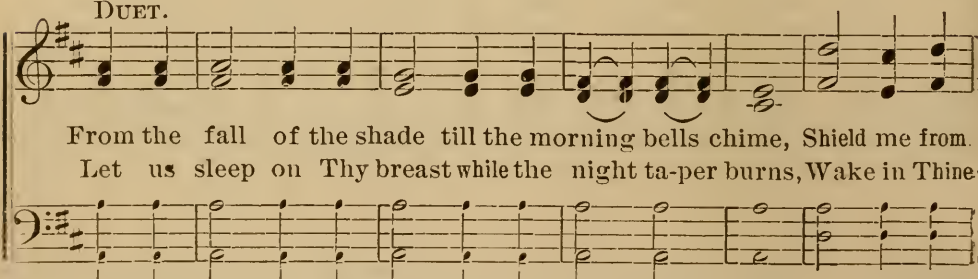


heaven, the day is de - clin - ing, Safe - ty and in - no - cence  
sake, who is Sav - iour of all, Fee - ble and faint - ing we



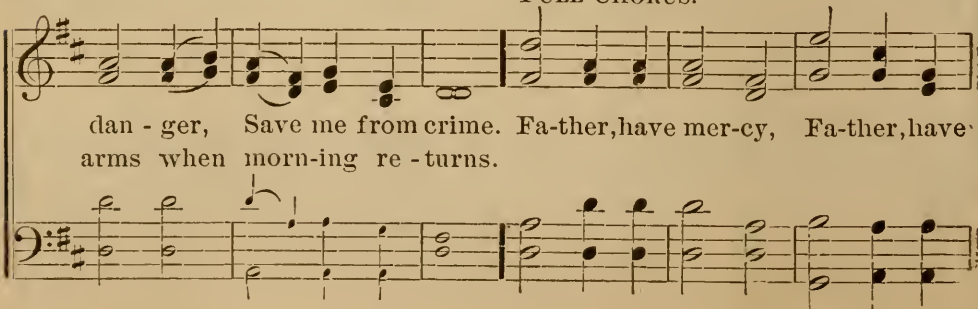
fly with the light, Tempta - tion and dan - ger walk forth in the night.  
trust in Thy might, In doubting and darkness Thy love be our light.

## DUET.



From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from.  
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night ta - per burns, Wake in Thine.

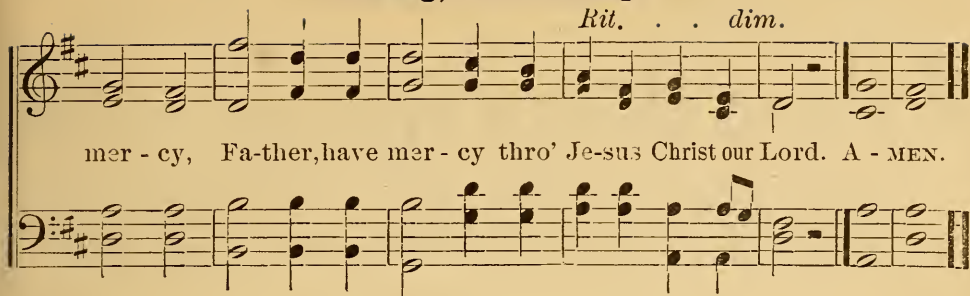
## FULL CHORUS.



dan - ger, Save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have  
arms when morn - ing re - turns.

Fading, still fading.

*Rit. . . dim.*



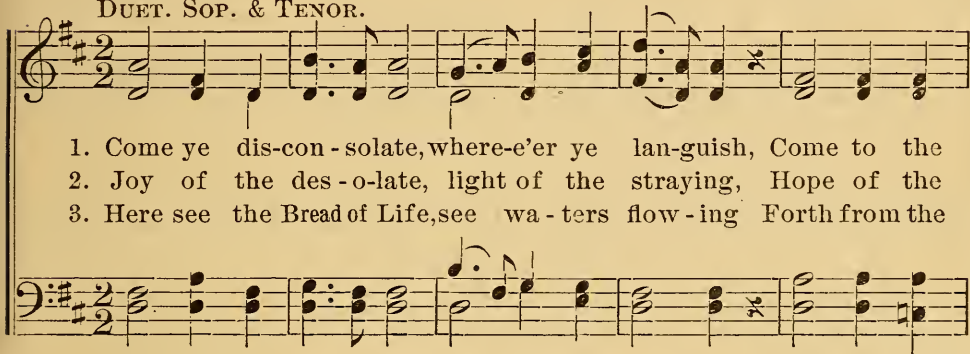
mer - cy, Fa-ther, have mer - cy thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. A - MEN.

## No. 78. Come, ye disconsolate.

T. MOORE.


S. WEBBE Arr.

DUET. SOP. & TENOR.

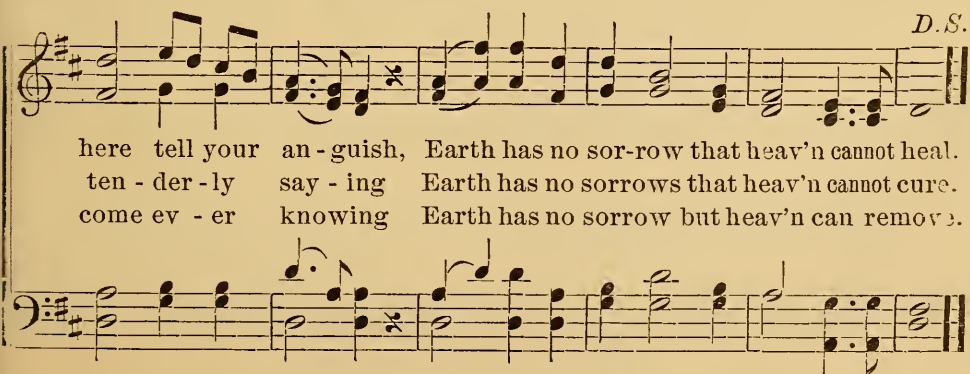


1. Come ye dis-con-solate, where-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the  
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the straying, Hope of the  
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

DUET SOP. & ALTO, D.S. FULL CHO.



mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel, Here bring your wound-ed hearts,  
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er,  
throne of God, pure from a-bove, Come to the feast of love,

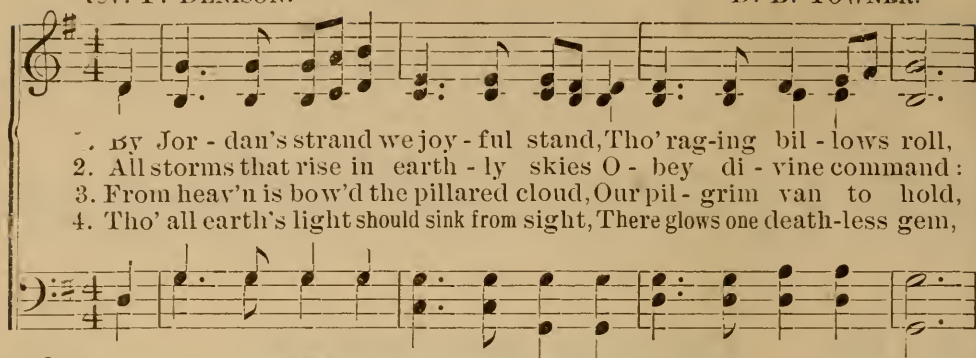


here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.  
ten-der-ly say-ing Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot cure.  
come ev-er knowing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

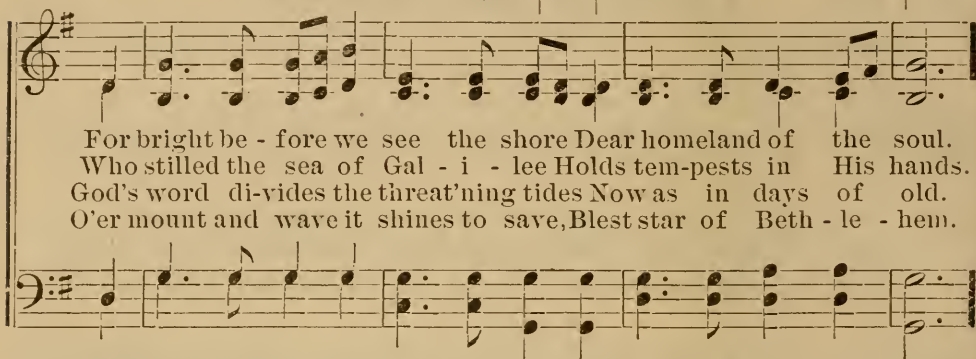
# No. 79. By Jordan's Strand.

Rev. F. DENISON.

D. B. TOWNER.

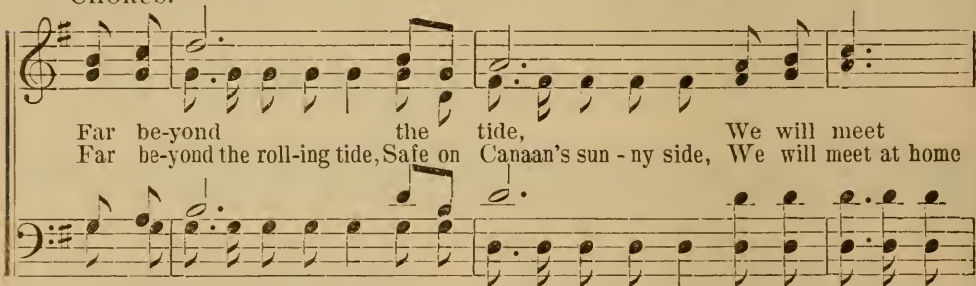


1. By Jor - dan's strand we joy - ful stand, Tho' rag - ing bil - lows roll,  
 2. All storms that rise in earth - ly skies O - bey di - vine command :  
 3. From heav'n is bow'd the pillared cloud, Our pil - grim van to hold,  
 4. Tho' all earth's light should sink from sight, There glows one death-less gem,

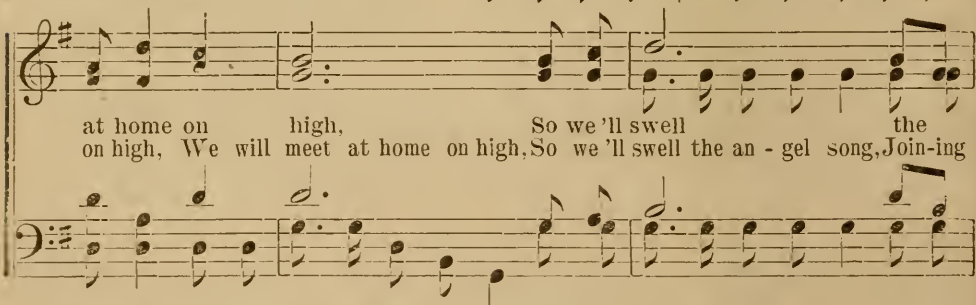


For bright be - fore we see the shore Dear homeland of the soul.  
 Who stilled the sea of Gal - i - lee Holds tem - pests in His hands.  
 God's word di - vides the threat'ning tides Now as in days of old.  
 O'er mount and wave it shines to save, Blest star of Beth - le - hem.

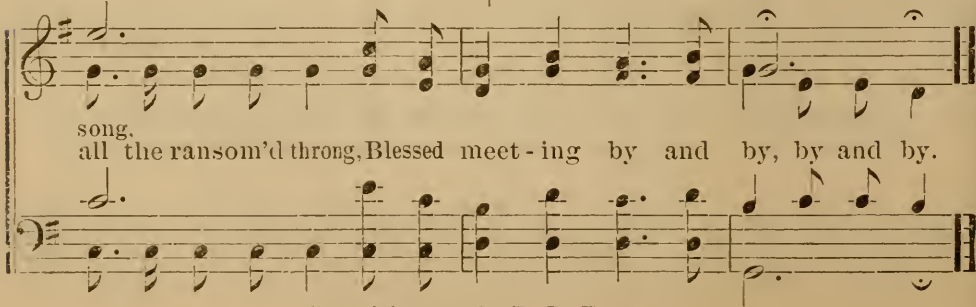
## CHORUS.



Far be - yond the tide, We will meet  
 Far be - yond the roll - ing tide, Safe on Canaan's sun - ny side, We will meet at home



at home on high, So we'll swell the  
 on high, We will meet at home on high, So we'll swell the an - gel song, Join - ing



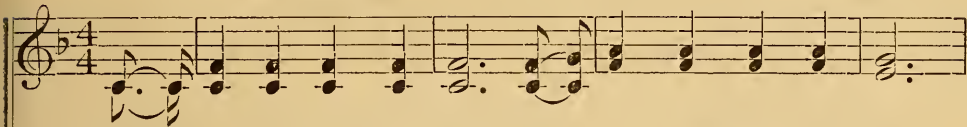
song,  
 all the ransom'd throng, Blessed meet - ing by and by, by and by.



# No. 80. We are on our Journey Home.

Rev. CHARLES BEECHER.

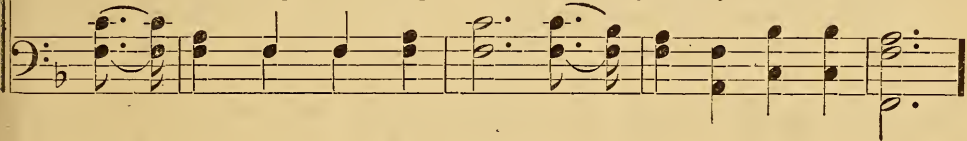
J. J. HUSBAND. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.



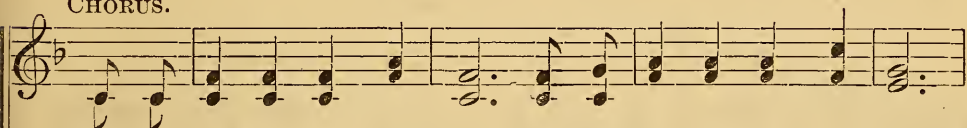
1. We are on our jour-ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone;
2. We can see that dis-tant home, Tho' clouds rise dark be-tween;
3. O glo-ry shin-ing far From the nev-er set-ting sun,



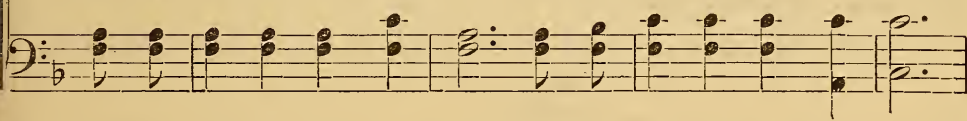
We shall meet a-round His throne, When He makes His people one.  
Faith views the ra-diant dome, And a lus-tre flash-es keen.  
O trembling morn-ing star! Our journey's al-most done.



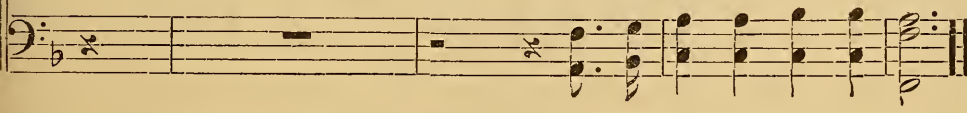
## CHORUS.



We are on our jour-ney home, We are on our jour-ney home,



To the new, to the new, To the new Je-ru-sa-lem.



4 O holy, heavenly home!

O rest eternal there!

When shall the exiles come

Where they cease from earthly care.

5 Our hearts are breaking now,

Those mansions fair to see,

O Lord! Thy heavens bow,

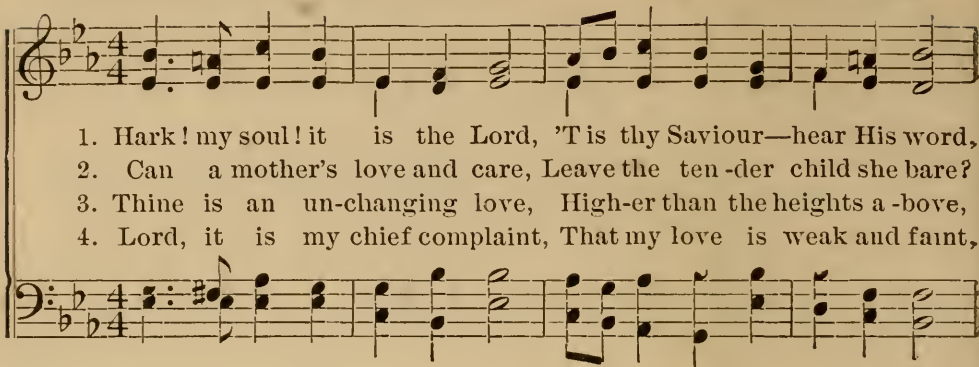
And raise us up with Thee,

## No. 81.

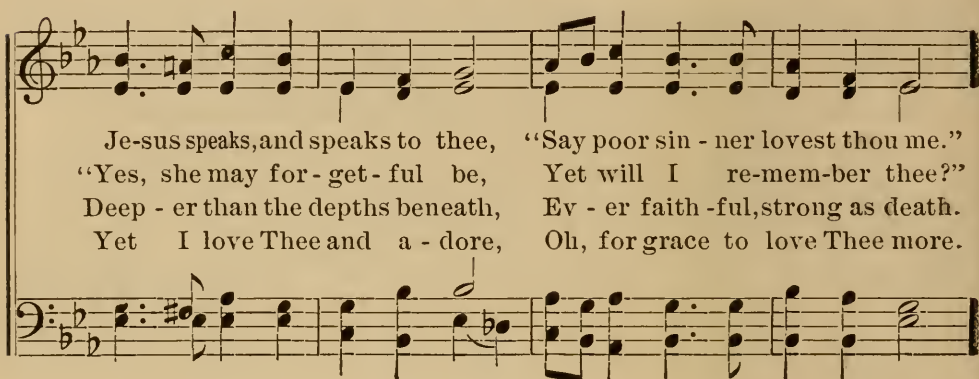
## Wond'rous Love.

Words arranged by ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

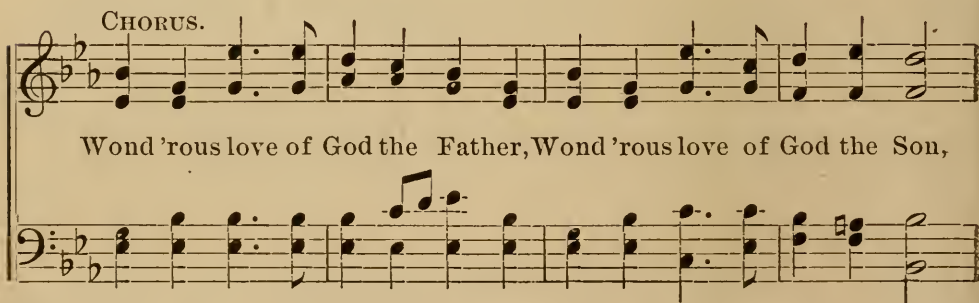


1. Hark! my soul! it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word,  
 2. Can a mother's love and care, Leave the ten-der child she bare?  
 3. Thine is an un-changing love, High-er than the heights a-bove,  
 4. Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint,

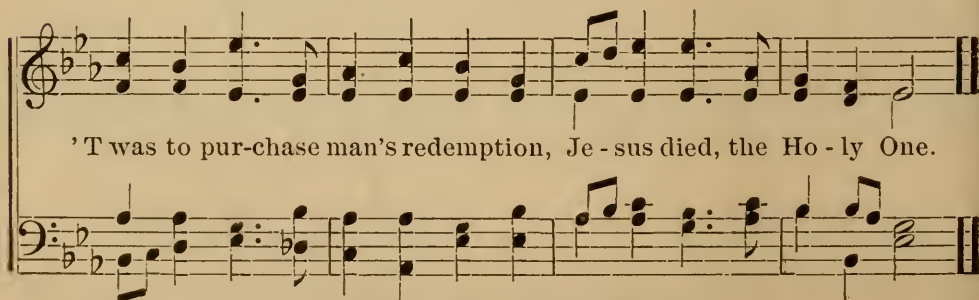


Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say poor sin-ner lovest thou me."  
 "Yes, she may for-get-ful be, Yet will I re-mem-ber thee?"  
 Deep-er than the depths beneath, Ev-er faith-ful, strong as death.  
 Yet I love Thee and a-dore, Oh, for grace to love Thee more.

CHORUS.



Wond'rous love of God the Father, Wond'rous love of God the Son,



'T was to pur-chase man's redemption, Je-sus died, the Ho-ly One.

# No. 82. Jesus is mighty to save.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

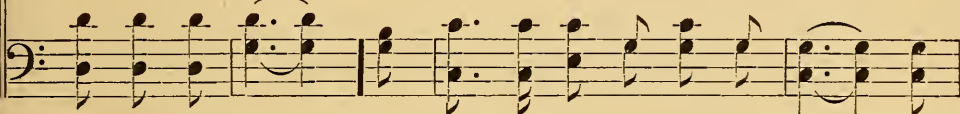
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



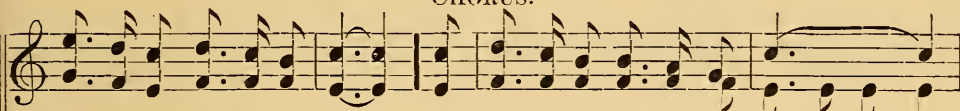
1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal -
2. From the darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the
3. Oh, the rap - tu - rous heights of His love, The meas - ure - less
4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my



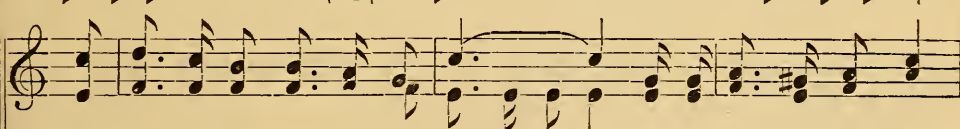
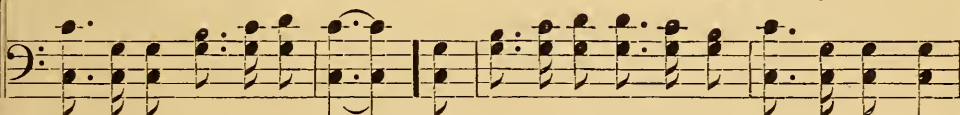
va - tion are free; And all may be wash'd and for - given, And  
light of His love, He has brought me, and made me an heir, To  
depths of His grace. My soul all His fullness would prove, And  
heav - en be - low, And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His



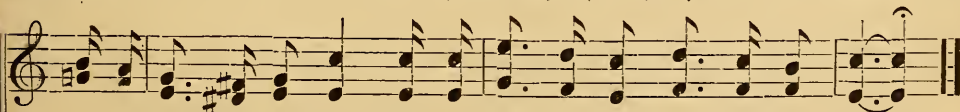
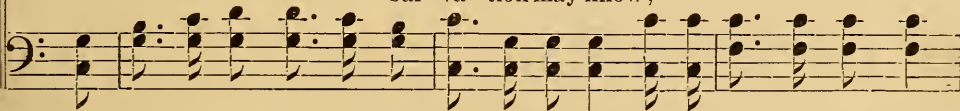
## CHORUS.



Je - sus can save even me. Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save, . . . .  
kingdoms and mansions a - bove.  
live in His lov - ing embrace.  
blood that makes whiter than snow. is might - y to save,



And all His sal - va - tion may know, . . . On His bo - som I lean,  
sal - va - tion may know;



And His blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whiter than snow.



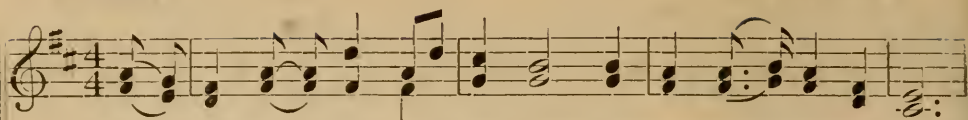


## No. 83.

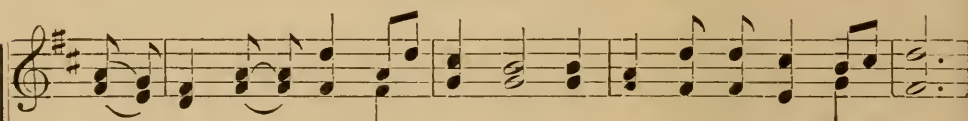
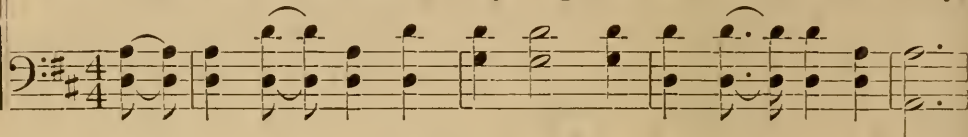
## The Royal Way.

Words arr.

D. A. NIEL.

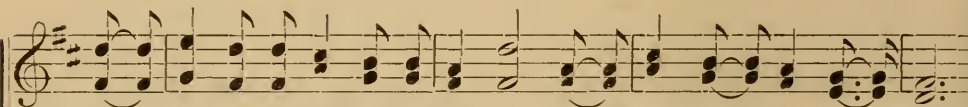
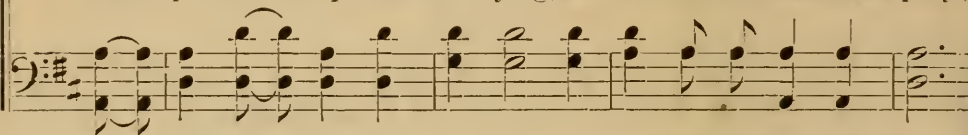


1. We may spread our couch with ros - es, And sleep thro' the summer day ;
2. To one who is rear'd in splen-dor, The cross is a heav-y load ;
3. We say we will walk to - mor-row The path we re-fuse to - day ;
4. The world and the flesh de - ny - ing, The word of the Lord o - bey,



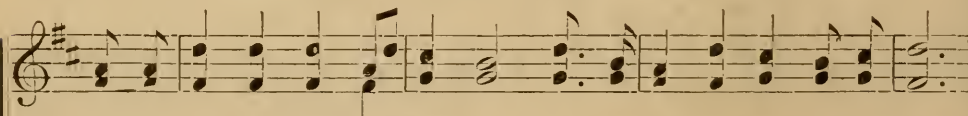
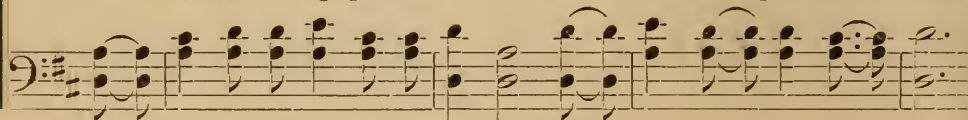
But the soul that in sloth re - pos - es Is not in the nar - row way.  
And the feet that are soft and ten-der, Will shrink from the thorny road.

And still with our lukewarm sor-row We shrink from the nar-row way.  
On His promise and presence re - lying, Be faithful and watch and pray ;

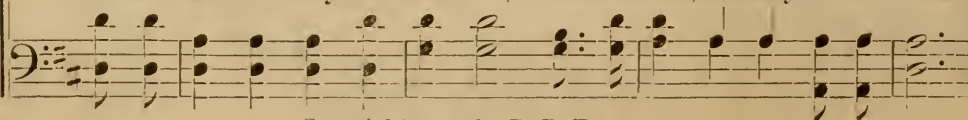


If we follow the chart that is giv - en, We need not be at a loss ;  
But the chains of the soul must be riv - en, And wealth must be as dross ;

What heeded the chosen e - lev-en, How the fortunes of life might toss ;  
He will make all the rough places e - ven, And calm the deep when me cross,



For the roy - al way to heav - en Is the roy - al way of the cross.  
For the roy - al way to heav - en Is the roy - al way of the cross.  
As they follow'd their Master to heav-en, By the roy - al way of the cross.  
And we'll ask no way to heav - en, But the old, old way of the cross.



## The Royal Way.

For the roy - al way to heav - en    Is the roy - al way of the cross.  
 For the roy - al way to heav - en    Is the roy - al way of the cross.  
 As they follow'd their Master to heav - en    By the roy - al way of the cross.  
 And we'll ask no way to heav - en    But the roy - al way of the cross.

## No. 84.      More Love to Thee.

Mrs. E. P. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

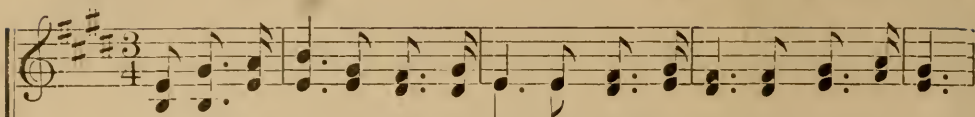
1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
 2. Once earth-ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -  
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain. Sweet are Thy  
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make, On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea;  
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,  
 mes-sengers. Sweet their re - frain; When they can sing with me—  
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

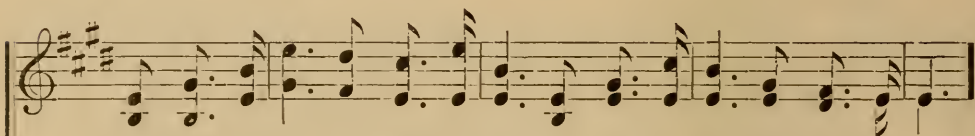
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

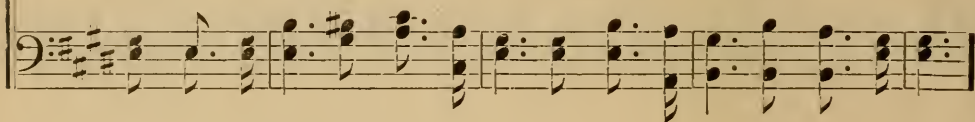
D. B. TOWNER.



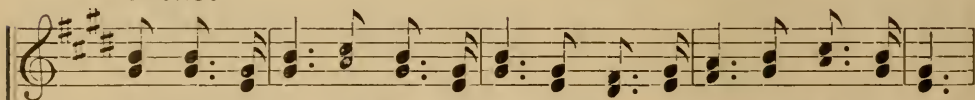
1. Go, work to-day ! the Lord commands ! Go, work to-day ! there's much to do !
2. Go, work to-day ! break up the ground, And scatter far the gos-pel grain,
3. Go, work to-day ! some soul to save, From ev-er-last- ing death and woe,
4. Go, work to-day ! to-morrow's sun May shine upon your lifeless day,



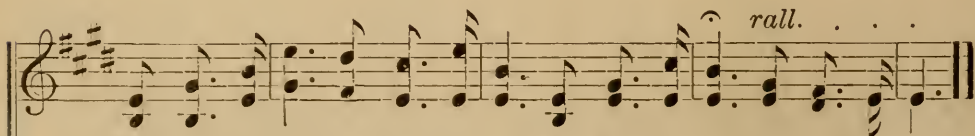
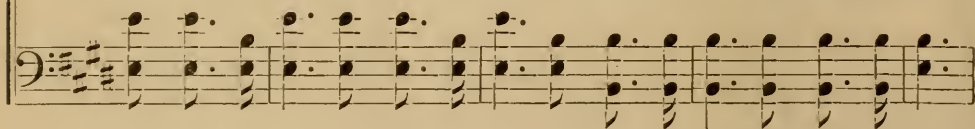
Before you now the Master stands, And speaks these thrilling words to you.  
Go, make a harvest wave around, And flow'rs adorn the desert plain.  
Out thro' the dark devouring wave, Where Christ doth guide the life-boat, go !  
To-day the crown of life is won, Go, work to-day, go, work to-day.



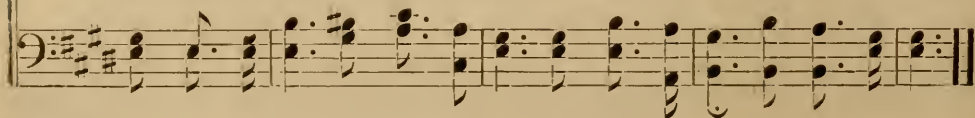
## CHORUS.



Go, work to-day, go, work to-day, The Master's voice now calls to you,



Re-deem the time it glides away, Work with e-ter - ni - ty in view.

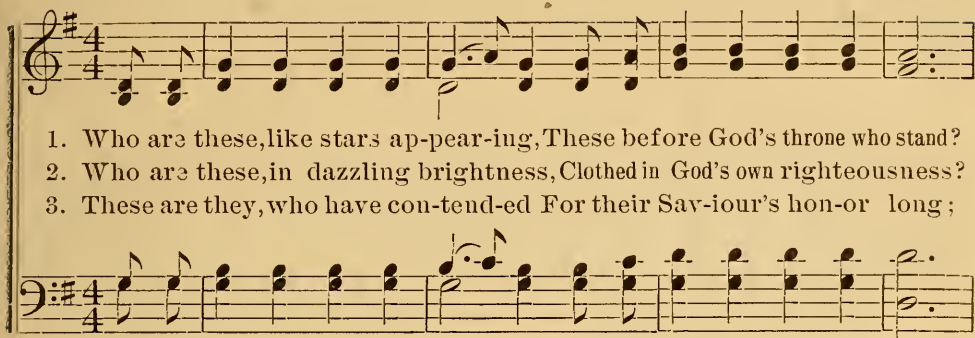




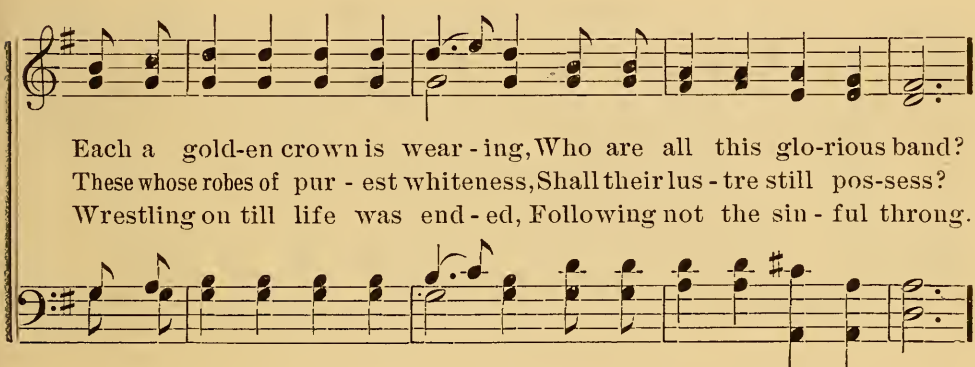
# No. 86. Alleluia! Hark they sing.

THEO. SCHENK.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

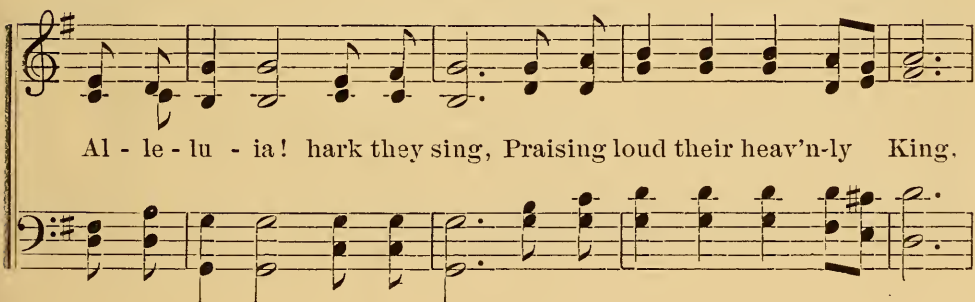


1. Who are these, like stars ap-pear-ing, These before God's throne who stand?  
2. Who are these, in dazzling brightness, Clothed in God's own righteousness?  
3. These are they, who have con-tend-ed For their Sav-iour's hon-or long;

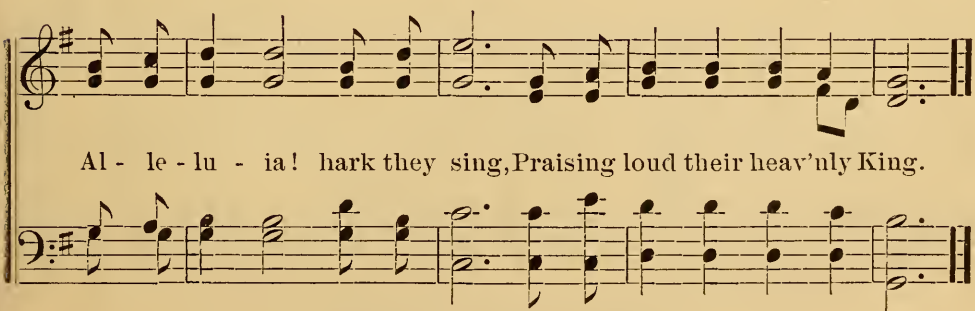


Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing, Who are all this glo-rious band?  
These whose robes of pur-est whiteness, Shall their lus-tre still pos-sess?  
Wrestling on till life was end-ed, Following not the sin-ful throng.

## CHORUS



Al-le-lu-ia! hark they sing, Praising loud their heav'n-ly King.

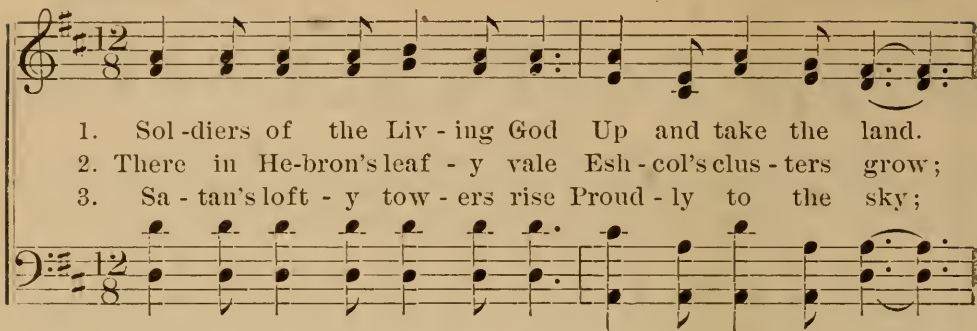


Al-le-lu-ia! hark they sing, Praising loud their heav'nly King.

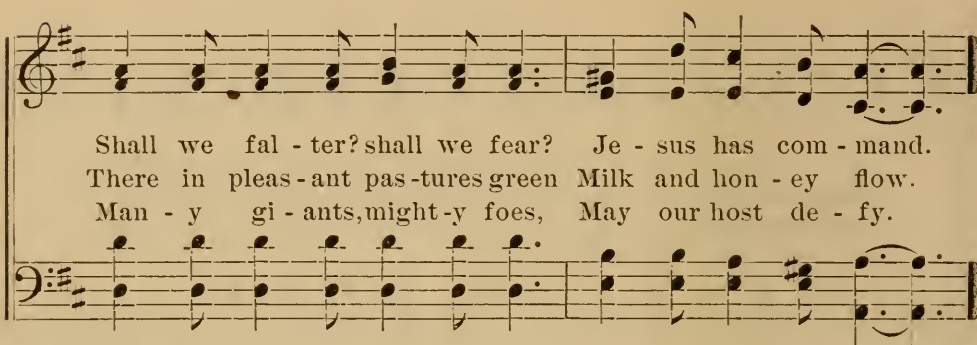
# No. 87. Conquering Canaan.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

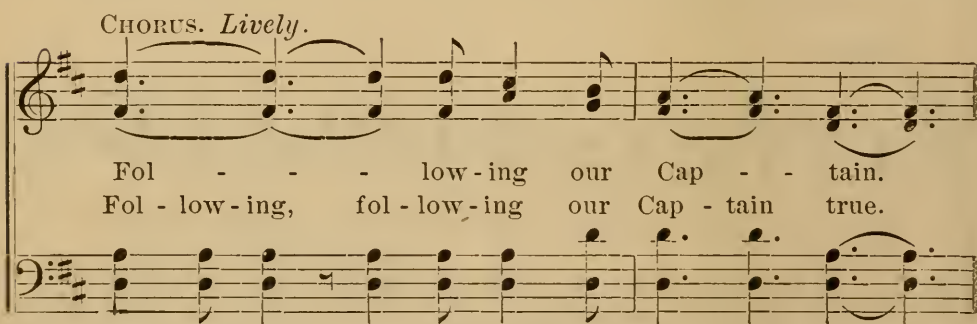


1. Sol - diers of the Liv - ing God Up and take the land.  
 2. There in He-bron's leaf - y vale Esh - col's clus - ters grow;  
 3. Sa - tan's loft - y tow - ers rise Proud - ly to the sky;

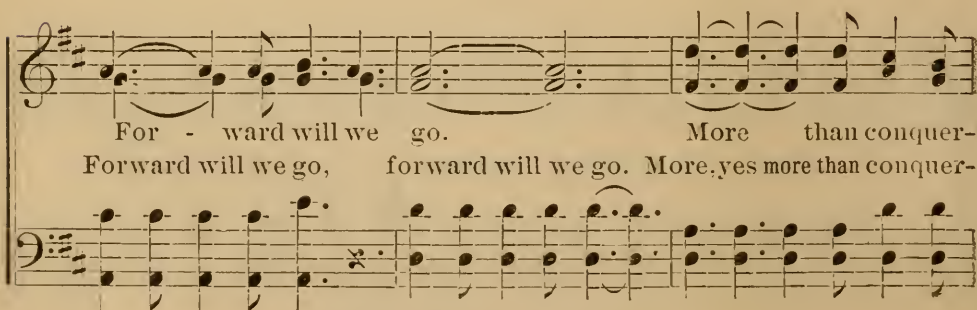


Shall we fal - ter? shall we fear? Je - sus has com - mand.  
 There in pleas - ant pas - tures green Milk and hon - ey flow.  
 Man - y gi - ants, might - y foes, May our host de - fy.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

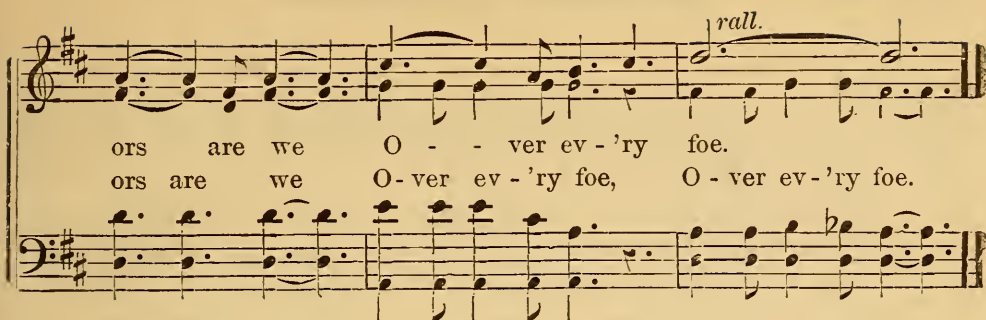


Fol - - - low - ing our Cap - - tain.  
 Fol - low - ing, fol - low - ing our Cap - tain true.



For - ward will we go. More than conquer -  
 Forward will we go, forward will we go. More, yes more than conquer -

# Conquering Canaan.



ors are we O - - ver ev - 'ry foe.  
 ors are we O-ver ev - 'ry foe, O - ver ev - 'ry foe.

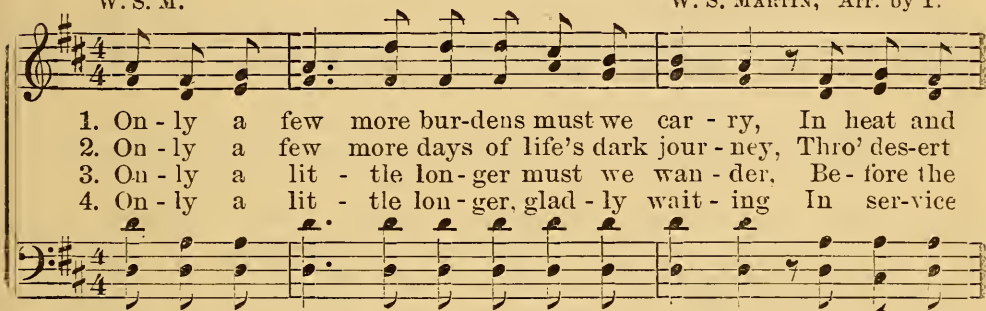
4 If we fully follow on  
 Where our feet have trod,  
 There the Lord will give us rest  
 With the sons of God.

5 Now our Great Commander calls,  
 Hear his voice to-day;  
 Let no heart of unbelief  
 Fear to march away.

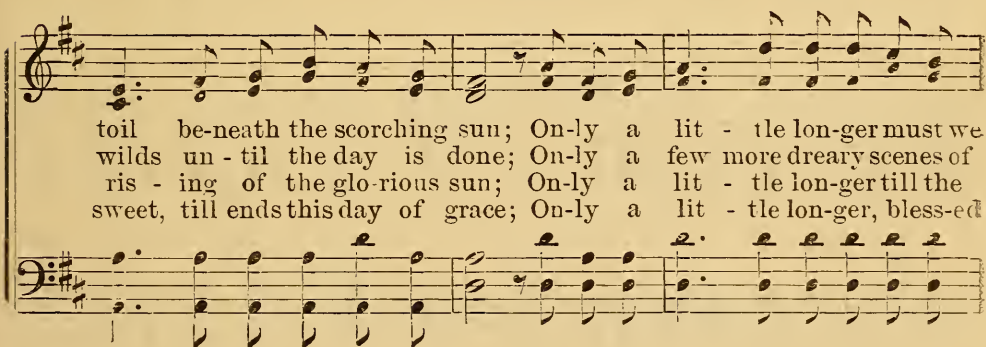
## No. 88. Till He Come.

W. S. M.

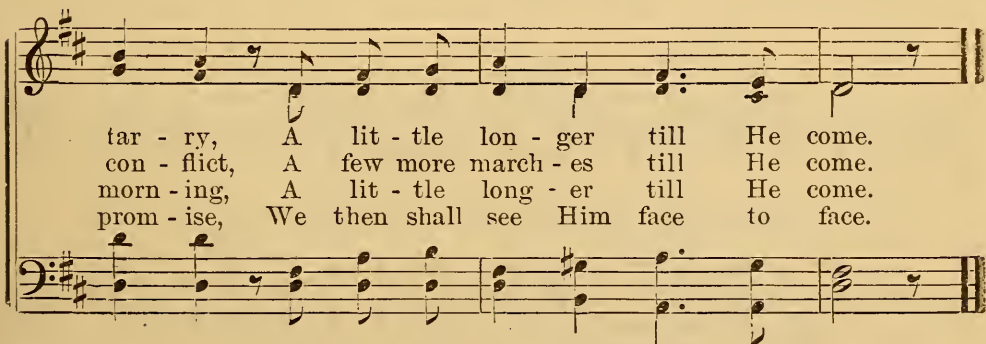
W. S. MARTIN, Arr. by T.



1. On - ly a few more bur - dens must we car - ry, In heat and  
 2. On - ly a few more days of life's dark jour - ney, Thro' des-ert  
 3. On - ly a lit - tle lon - ger must we wan - der, Be - fore the  
 4. On - ly a lit - tle lon - ger, glad - ly wait - ing In ser-vice



toil be-neath the scorching sun; On - ly a lit - tle lon - ger must we  
 wilds un - til the day is done; On - ly a few more dreary scenes of  
 ris - ing of the glo - rious sun; On - ly a lit - tle lon - ger till the  
 sweet, till ends this day of grace; On - ly a lit - tle lon - ger, bless-ed



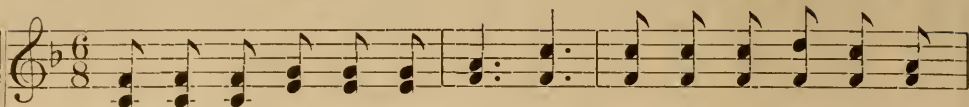
tar - ry, A lit - tle lon - ger till He come.  
 con - flict, A few more march - es till He come.  
 morn - ing, A lit - tle long - er till He come.  
 prom - ise, We then shall see Him face to face.



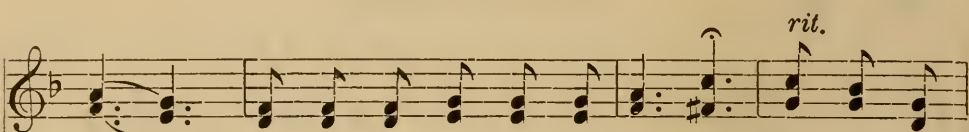
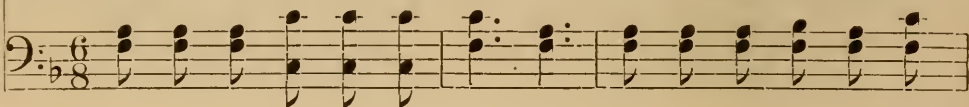
# No. 89. Whisper a Message.

MYRA JUDSON.

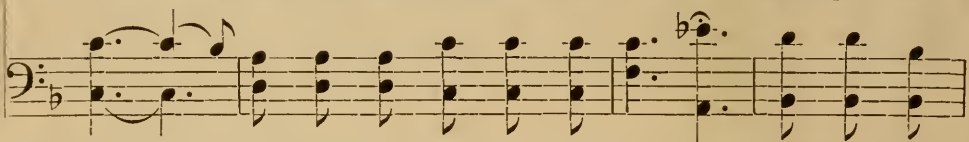
W. H. DOANE.



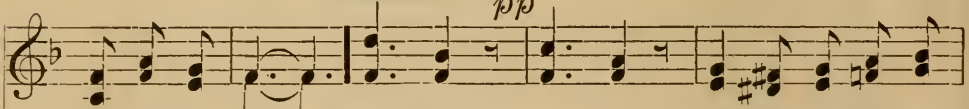
1. Sav-iour, the day is de-clin-ing, Oh, for a moment with
2. All the day long I have la-bored, Now would I tar-ry with
3. Soft as the zeph-yr that mur-mured Ten-der-ly o-ver the
4. Un-der Thy ban-ner of mer-cy, Guard-ed and safe would I



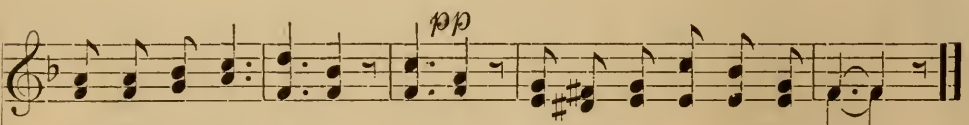
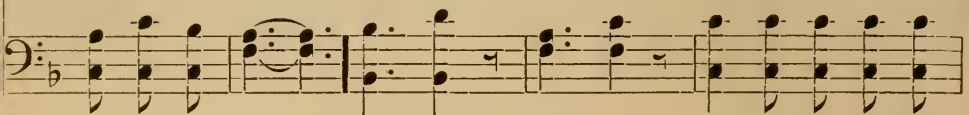
Thee; Come in the hush of the twi-light, Whis-per a  
Thee; Come, for I need Thy re-fresh-ing, Whis-per a  
sea, Come at this hour of de-vot-ion, Whis-per a  
be; Je-sus, my bless-ed Re-deem-er, Whis-per a



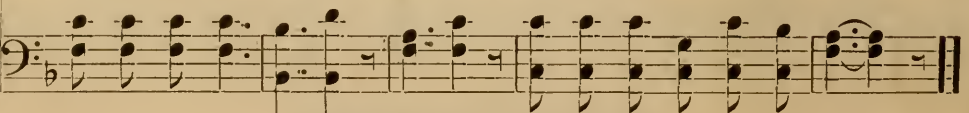
## REFRAIN.



mes-sage to me. Whis-per, whis-per, Soft-ly whis-per Thy



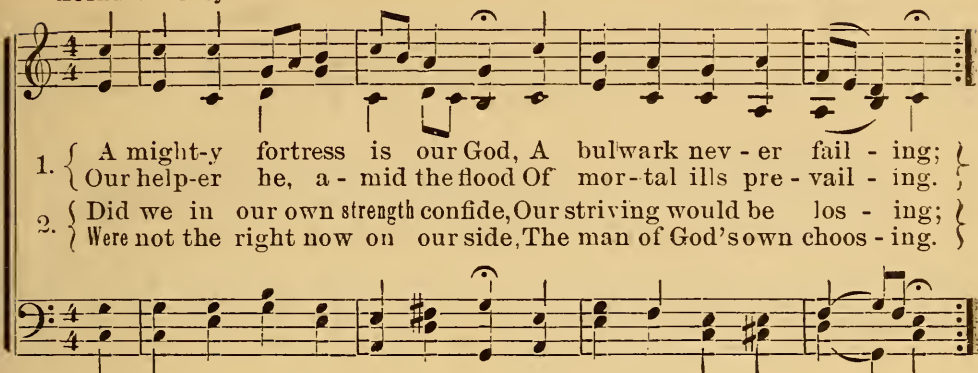
love in my heart; Whis-per, whis-per, Whis-per Thy love in my heart.



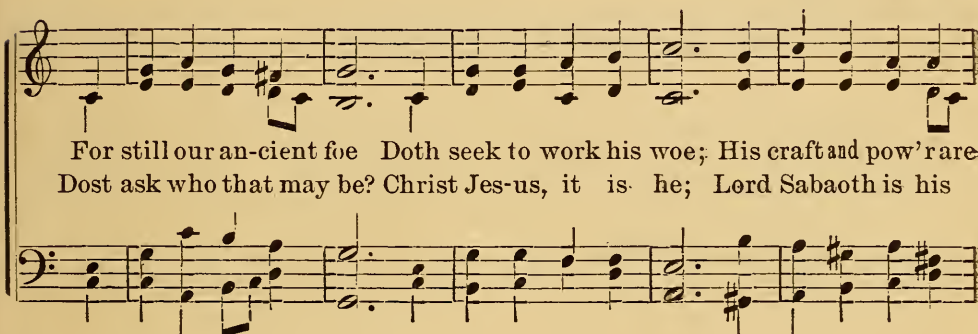
# No. 90. A Mighty Fortress.

LUTHER. Tr. by HEDGE.

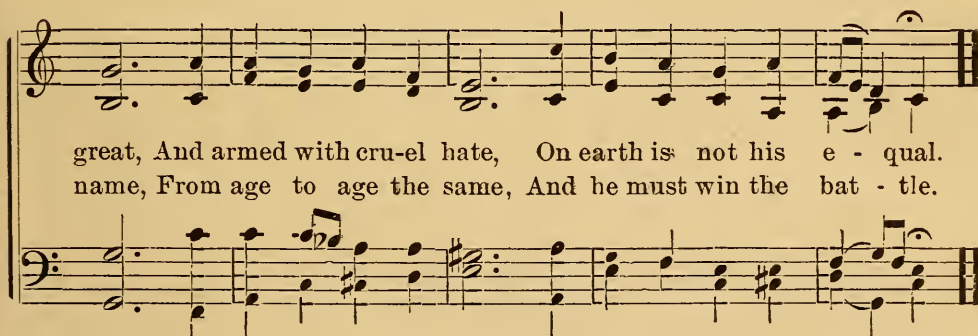
MARTIN LUTHER.



1. { A might-y fortress is our God, A bulwark nev - er fail - ing; }  
 { Our help-er he, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing. }  
 2. { Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing; }  
 { Were not the right now on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. }



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work his woe; His craft and pow'r are  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jes-us, it is he; Lord Sabaoth is his



great, And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
 name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat - tle.

3

And though this world, with devils filled,  
 Should threaten to undo us;  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed  
 His truth to triumph through us.  
 The Prince of darkness grim,—  
 We tremble not for him;  
 His rage we can endure,  
 For lo! his doom is sure,—  
 One little word shall fell him.

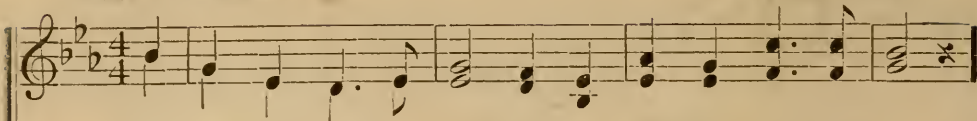
4

That word above all earthly powers—  
 No thanks to them—abideth;  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
 Through him who with us sideth.  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also;  
 The body they may kill;  
 God's truth abideth still,  
 His Kingdom is forever.

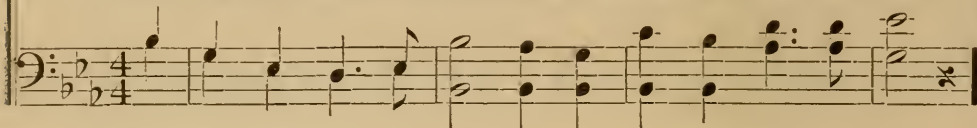
# No. 91. In heavenly Love abiding.

ANNA L. WARING.

MENDELSSOHN.



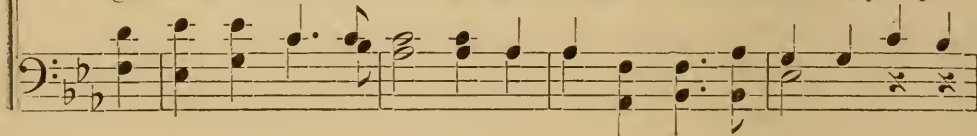
1. In heaven-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear.
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back,
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen,



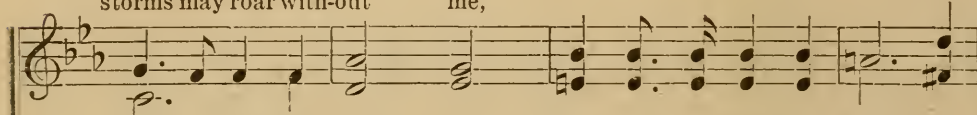
The



And safe is such con- fid - ing, For noth-ing changes here; The storms may  
My Shepherd is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack; His wisdom  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been, My hope I



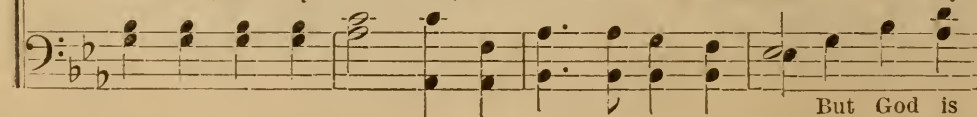
storms may roar with-out me,



roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But  
ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He  
can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free, My



God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed? But  
knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him. He  
Sav-iour, has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me. My




But God is

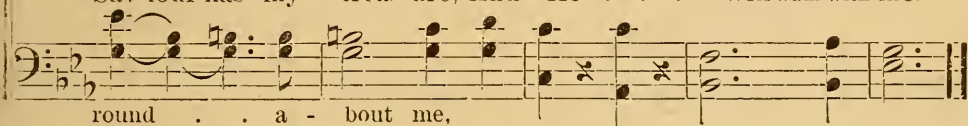


# In heavenly Love abiding.

Can I be dis-mayed.



God is round a - bout me, And can . . . I be dis-mayed.  
 knows the way He tak - eth, And I . . . will walk with Him.  
 Sav-iour has my treas-ure, And He . . . will walk with me.

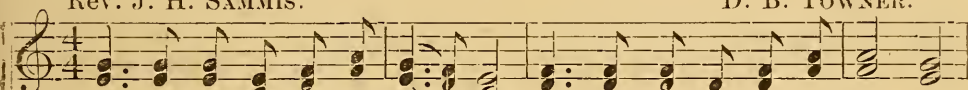


round . . a - bout me,

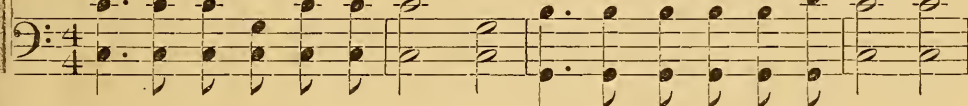
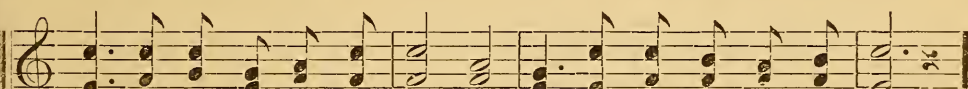
## No. 92 Show us Thy Face

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

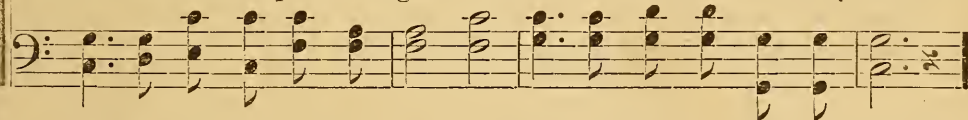
D. B. TOWNER.



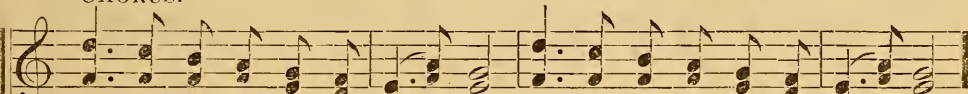
1. Fa - ther in Thy love draw near us, Thro' Thy Son our Saviour hear us.
2. Fa - ther who to life hast brought us, Son of God whose blood has bought us,
3. By the sense of sins for-giv - en, By the Liv-ing Bread from heav-en,


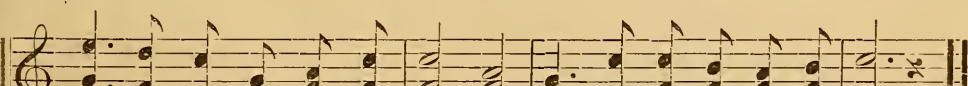
By Thy ho - ly Spir - it cheer us, Gathered in this sa - cred place.  
 Spir-it who hast led and taught us; Mag-ni - fy in us Thy grace.  
 Oh, ful-ful the promise giv - en Un - to them that seek Thy face.



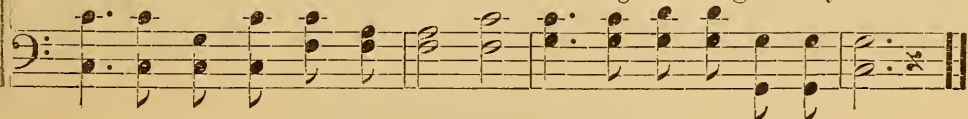
CHORUS.



Gathered in Thy name to meet Thee, Here in low - ly faith to greet Thee.

Show us Fa - ther we en - treat Thee The bright shining of Thy face.

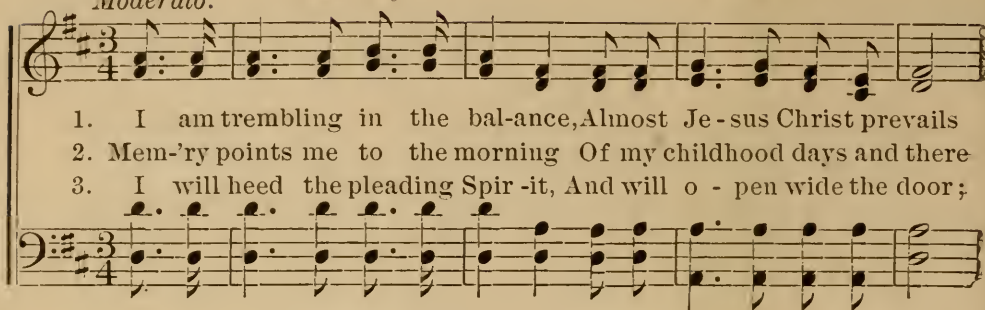


# No. 93. Give your Heart to God To-night.

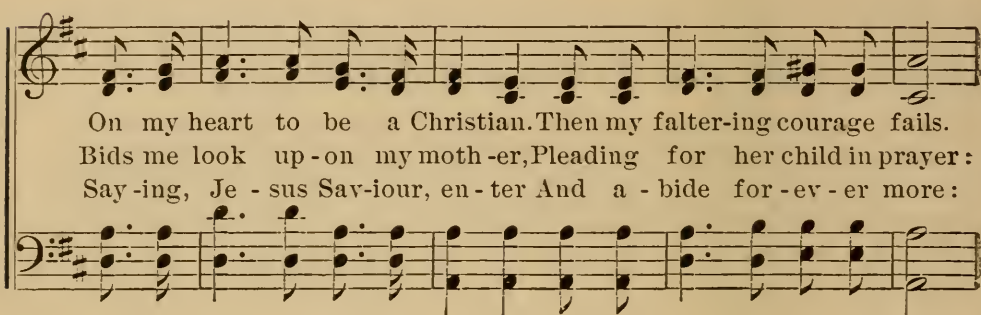
ANNIE WALL

N. E. BYERS.

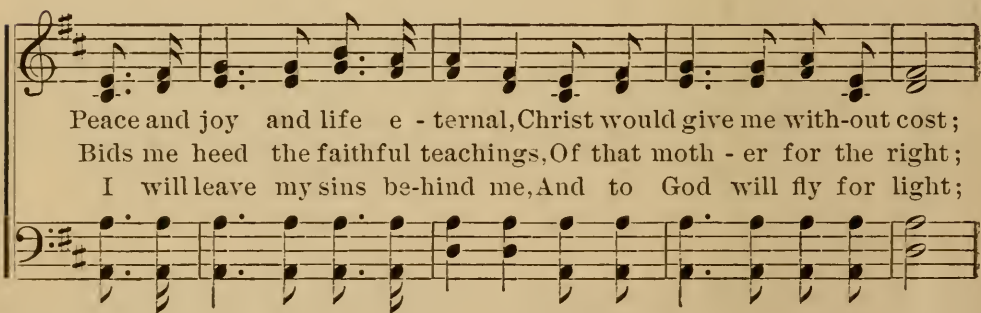
*Moderato.*



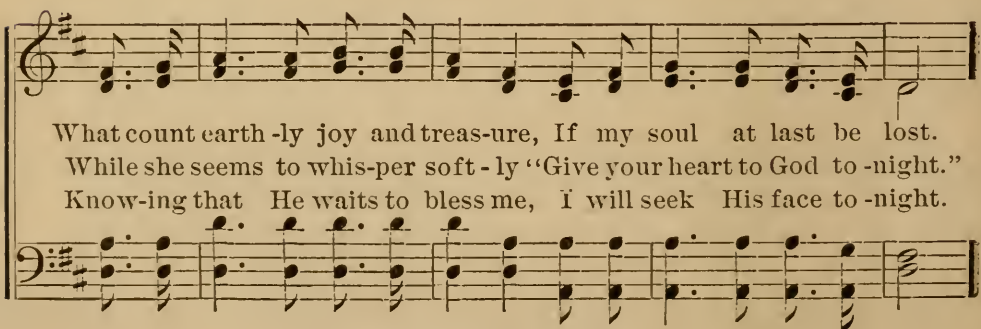
1. I am trembling in the bal-ance, Almost Je-sus Christ prevails  
2. Mem'-ry points me to the morning Of my childhood days and there  
3. I will heed the pleading Spir-it, And will o - pen wide the door;



On my heart to be a Christian. Then my falter-ing courage fails.  
Bids me look up-on my moth-er, Pleading for her child in prayer:  
Say-ing, Je - sus Sav-iour, en - ter And a - bid e for - ev - er more:



Peace and joy and life e - ternal, Christ would give me with-out cost;  
Bids me heed the faithful teachings, Of that moth - er for the right;  
I will leave my sins be-hind me, And to God will fly for light;



What count earth-ly joy and treas-ure, If my soul at last be lost.  
While she seems to whis-per soft-ly "Give your heart to God to-night."  
Know-ing that He waits to bless me, I will seek His face to-night.

# Give your Heart to God To-night.

CHORUS.

*cres.*

Oh, my heart is dark and sin - ful, But in Je - sus Christ is light;

*ad lib.*

And the Spir - it, pleading whispers, "Give your heart to God tonight."

## No. 94. That Means Me.

Rev. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

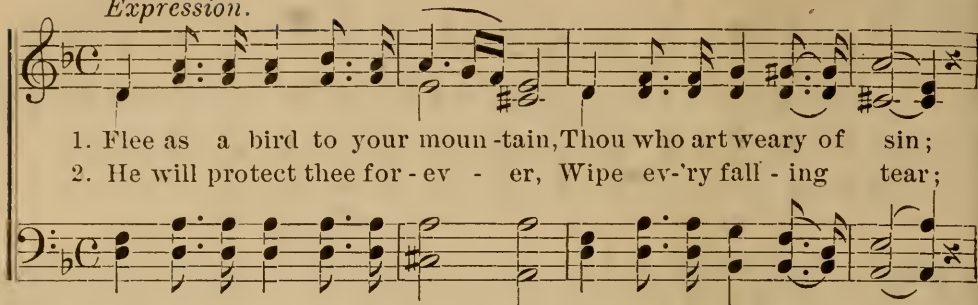
D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus came to seek His lost ones, That means me!
2. Je - sus died to save the guil - ty, That means me!
3. Je - sus now in - vites the wan-d'rer, That means me!

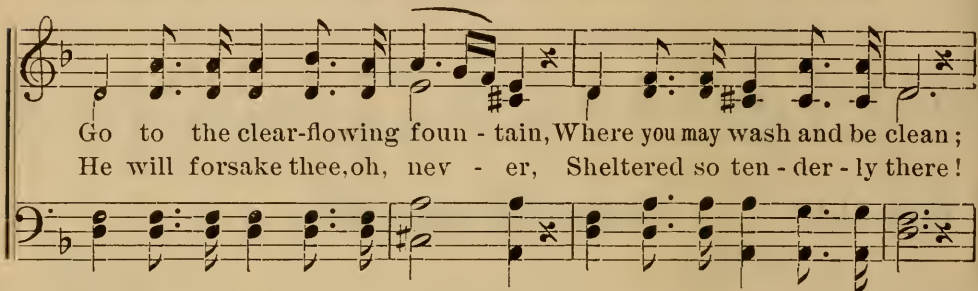
That means me! Came to die up - on the tree Came with grace so  
That means me! Died that all in Him might live Died for all His  
That means me! Life and joy He gives to all, Who up - on His

full and free, Came the sinner's friend to be, That means me.  
life to give, Died all sin - ners to for - give, That means me.  
name will call, Free sal - va - tion, free for all, That means me.

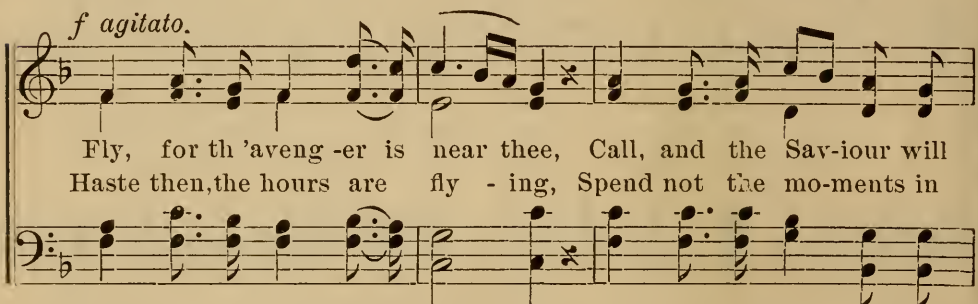


*Expression.*


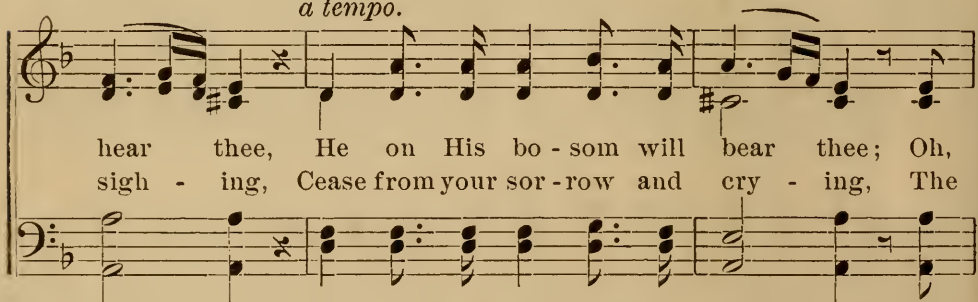
1. Flee as a bird to your moun-tain, Thou who art weary of sin;  
2. He will protect thee for-ev-er, Wipe ev'-ry fall-ing tear;



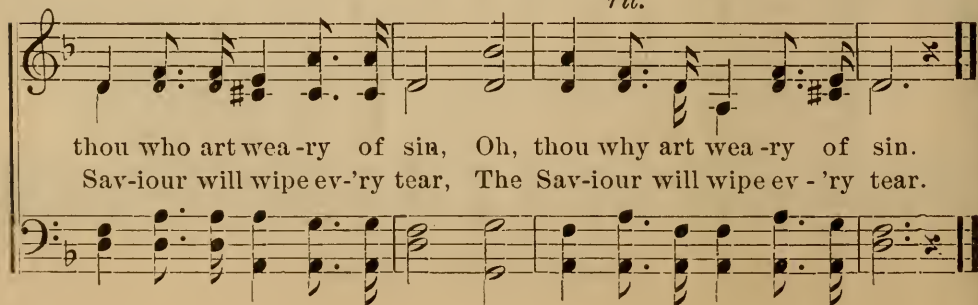
Go to the clear-flowing foun-tain, Where you may wash and be clean;  
He will forsake thee, oh, nev-er, Sheltered so ten-der-ly there!

*f agitato.*


Fly, for th'aveng-er is near thee, Call, and the Sav-iour will  
Haste then, the hours are fly-ing, Spend not the mo-ments in

*a tempo.*


hear thee, He on His bo-som will bear thee; Oh,  
sigh-ing, Cease from your sor-row and cry-ing, The

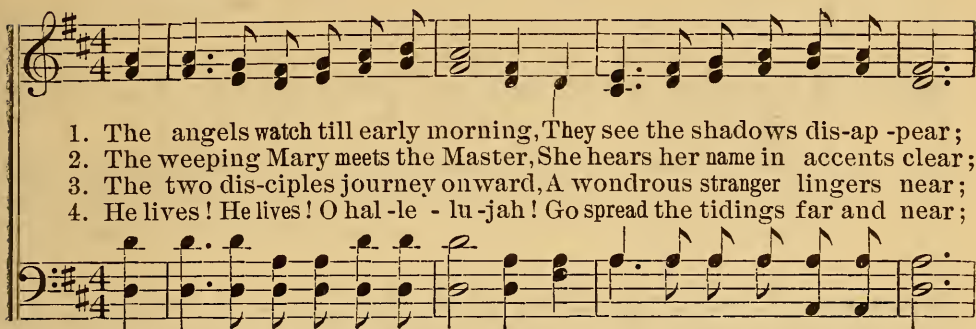
*rit.*


thou who art wea-ry of sin, Oh, thou why art wea-ry of sin.  
Sav-iour will wipe ev'-ry tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev'-ry tear.

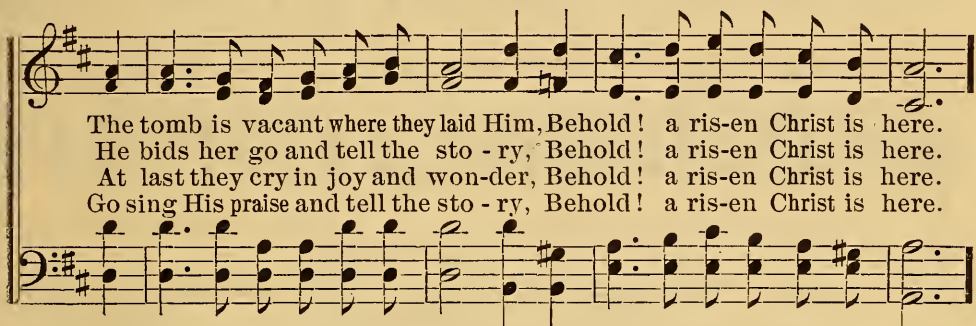
# No. 96. The Mighty to save.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

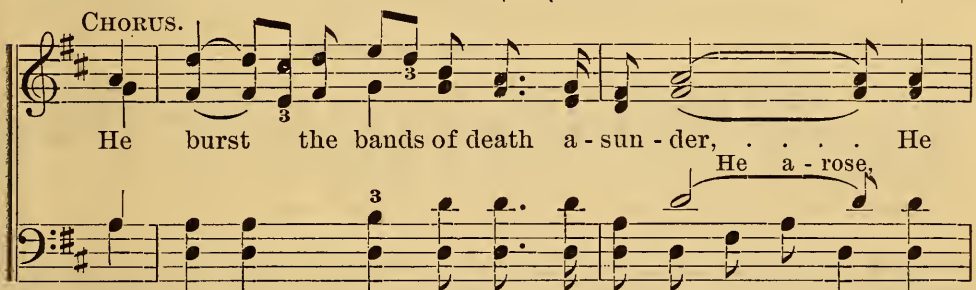


1. The angels watch till early morning, They see the shadows dis-ap-pear ;  
 2. The weeping Mary meets the Master, She hears her name in accents clear ;  
 3. The two dis-ciples journey onward, A wondrous stranger lingers near ;  
 4. He lives ! He lives ! O hal-le - lu-jah ! Go spread the tidings far and near ;

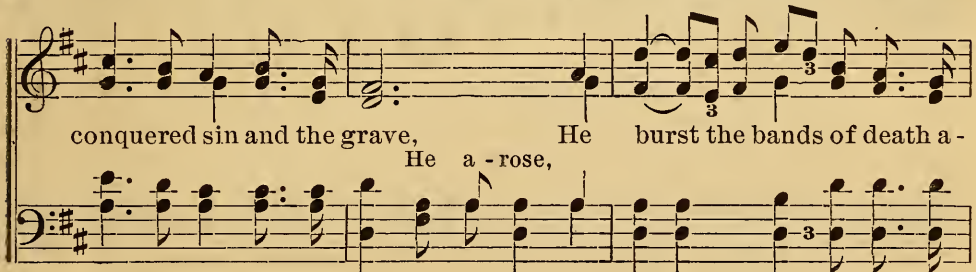


The tomb is vacant where they laid Him, Behold ! a ris-en Christ is here.  
 He bids her go and tell the sto - ry, Behold ! a ris-en Christ is here.  
 At last they cry in joy and won-der, Behold ! a ris-en Christ is here.  
 Go sing His praise and tell the sto - ry, Behold ! a ris-en Christ is here.

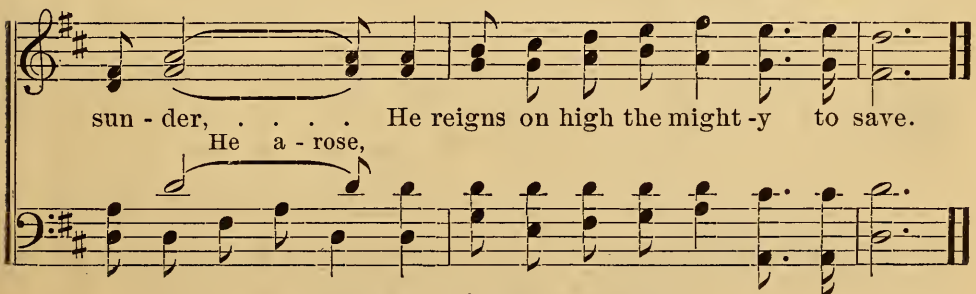
CHORUS.



He burst the bands of death a - sun - der, He a - rose,



conquered sin and the grave, He burst the bands of death a -  
 He a - rose,



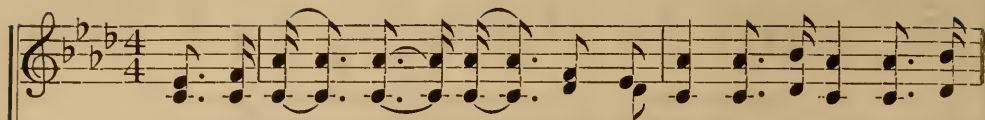
sun - der, He a - rose, He reigns on high the might-y to save.

## No. 97.

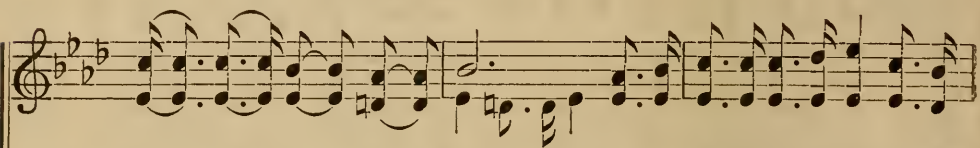
## When He comes.

A. P. COBB.

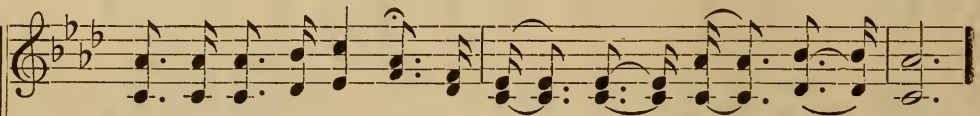
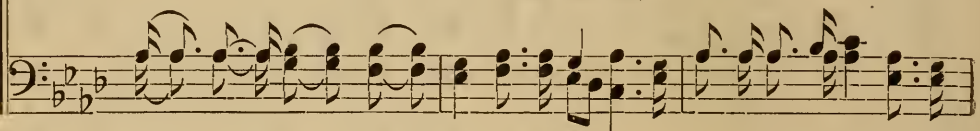
J. H. FILLMORE.



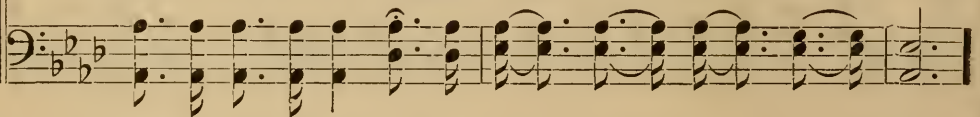
1. Are you ready for your Lord should He come, should He come; Are you  
 2. Oh, there'll be re-joic-ing when He comes, when He comes; If we  
 3. See! the saints en-ter in, when He comes, when He comes; To the



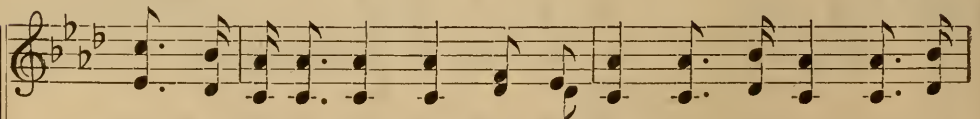
read-y for your summons home, Does your an-xious spirit burn His ap-  
 summer hours,  
 hear Him say-ing, children come, Come ye blessed, enter in I have  
 children come,  
 wedding when the Bridegroom comes, Brightly burning is each light, And in  
 when He comes,



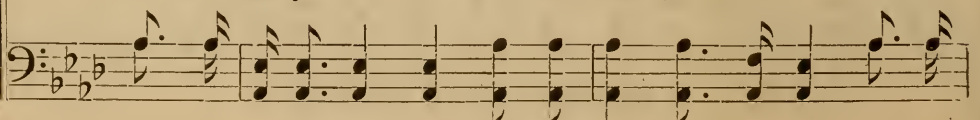
pear-ing to dis-cern? Are you ready if your Lord should come?  
 cleansed you from all sin, Oh, there'll be re-joic-ing when He comes.  
 raiment spotless white, See the saints en-ter in when He comes.



## CHORUS.

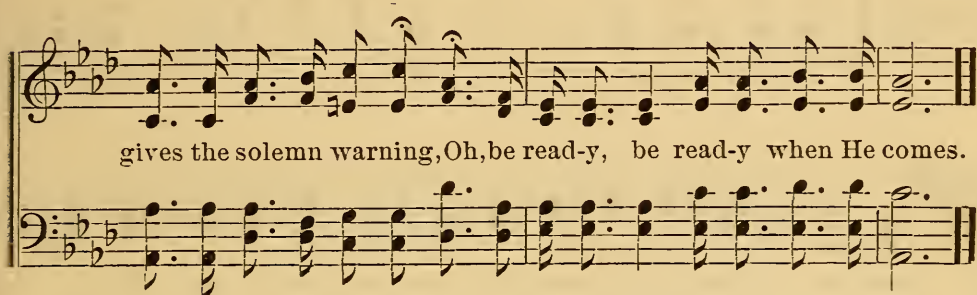
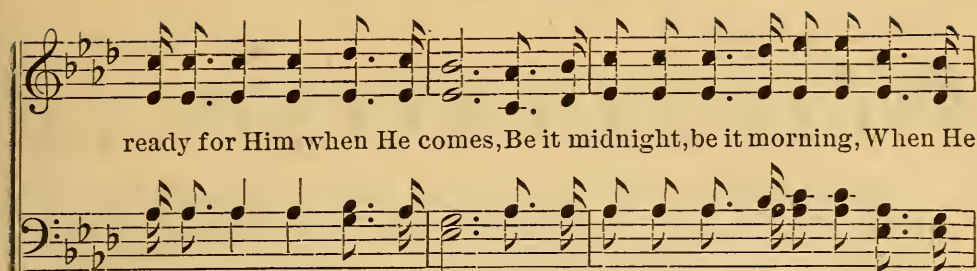


Oh, be read-y for Him when He comes, when He comes, Oh, be





# When He comes.

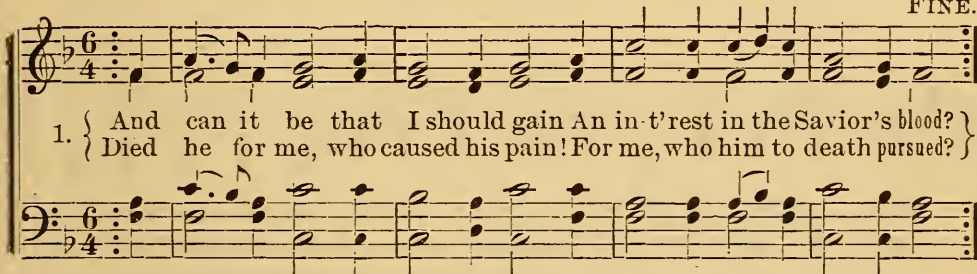


## No. 98. And Can it Be?

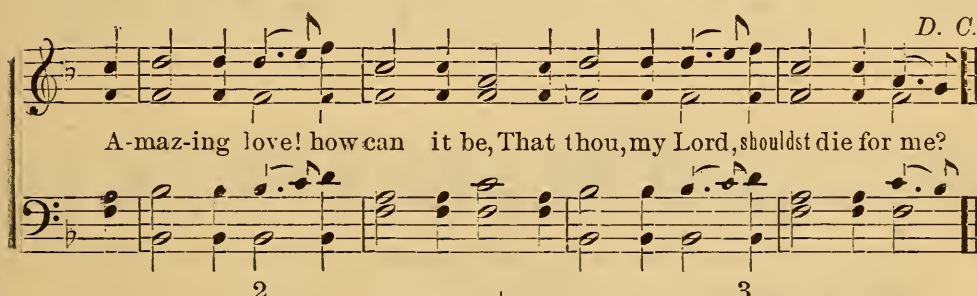
CHARLES WESLEY.

Old Melody.

FINE.



D. C. A-maz-ing love! how can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?



2

3

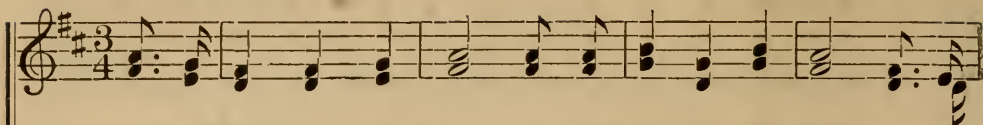
He left his Father's throne above;  
 So free, so infinite his grace!  
 Emptied himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
 For, O my God, it found out me!||

No condemnation now I dread,—  
 Jesus, with all in him, is mine;  
 Alive in him, my living Head,  
 And clothed in righteousness divine  
 ||: Bold I approach th' eternal throne,  
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.:||

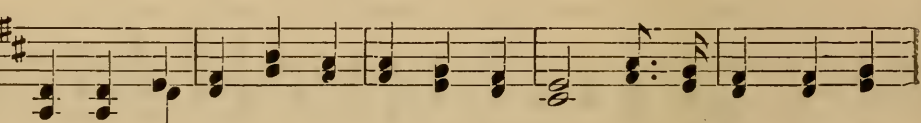
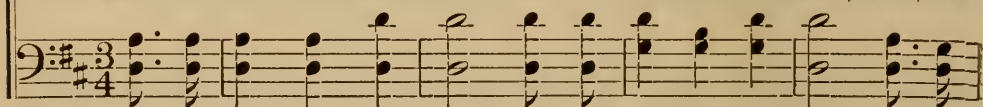
# No. 99. I know I'm redeemed.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

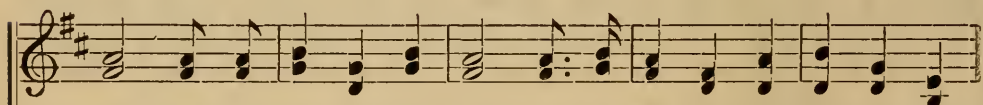
D. B. TOWNER.



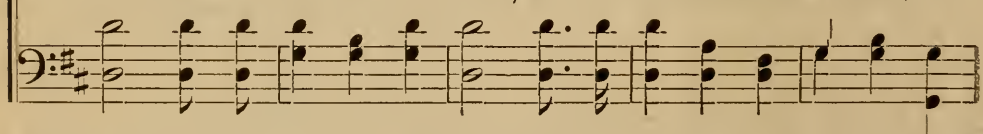
1. Oh, how blest is the man un - to whom He hath said, "Go in  
2. But I was not re-deemed with cor - rupt - i - ble things; Neither  
3. Who is He that con-demns? it is Je - sus that died, Yea, that



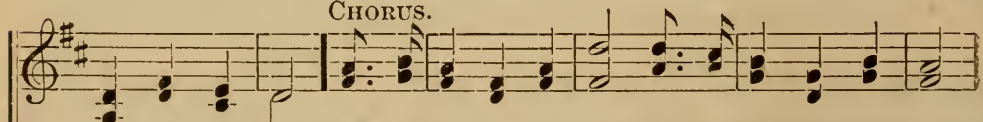
peace, for on Him all thy sins have been laid, Blotted out like a  
sil - ver nor gold such sweet hap-pi-ness brings, By the blood of the  
liv - eth a - gain, and in Him jus - ti - fied, From the fav - or of



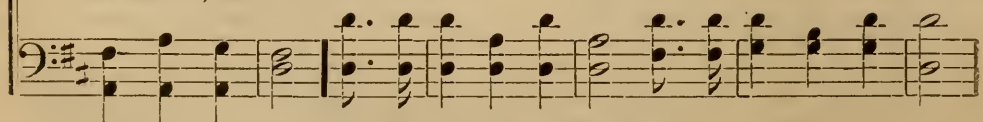
cloud, emptied in - to the sea, I for-give and for-get them: be-  
Lamb, his Be-loved was I bought, Precious blood of the Lamb, without  
God I can nev - er be moved, For a sin-ner He found me, re -



## CHORUS.



lieve and go free. Hal - le - lu - jah! I know I'm redeem'd and forgiv'n!  
blem-ish or spot.  
deem'd me, and lov'd.



I know I'm redeemed.

'T is the word of Jehovah fast settled in heav'n. Halle -lu-jah! I know by as-

sur - ance di-vine, "Whoso -ev - er be - lieveth," I believe and am *Thine*.

## No. 100. Laborers of Christ, arise.

(AHIRA. S. M.)

Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

GREATOREX.

1. Laborers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil, The  
 2. Go where the sick re-cline, Where mourning hearts deplore, And  
 3. By faith, which looks above, With pray'r your constant guest, And  
 4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de-spoil, And

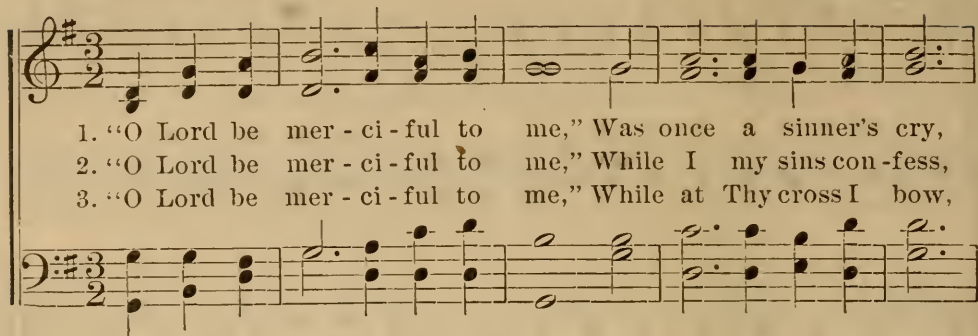
dew of prom-ise from the skies, Al - read - y cheers the soil.  
 where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis - pense your hallowed love.  
 wrap the Saviour's changeless love A man - tle round your breast.  
 the blest gos-pel's sav - ing health, Re - pay your ar - duous toil.



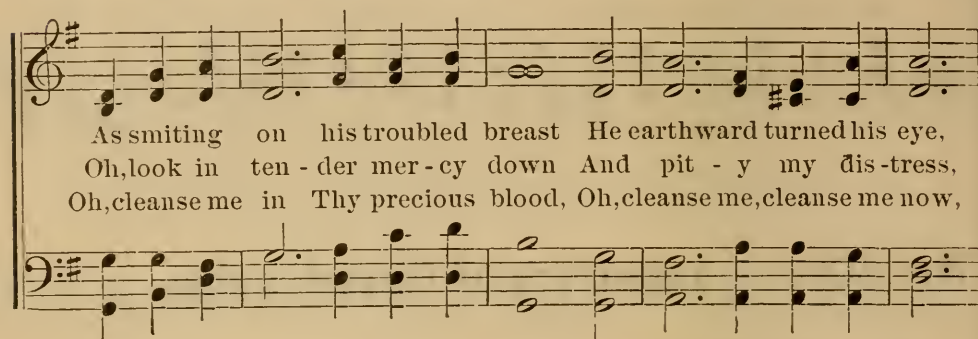
# No. 101.      The Sinner's Cry.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

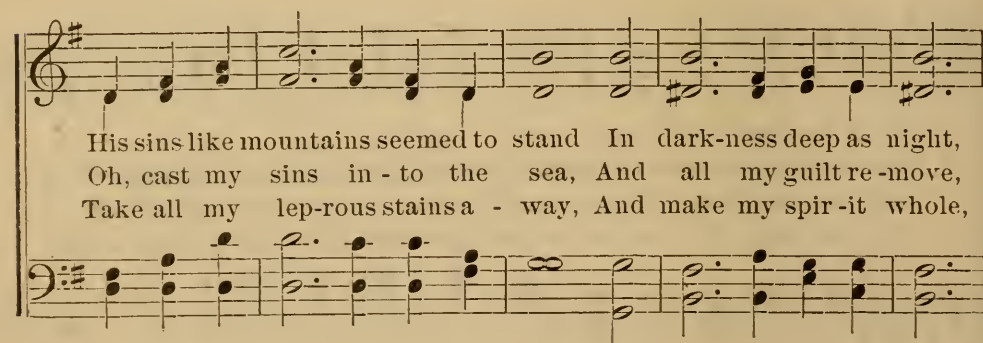
D. B. TOWNER.



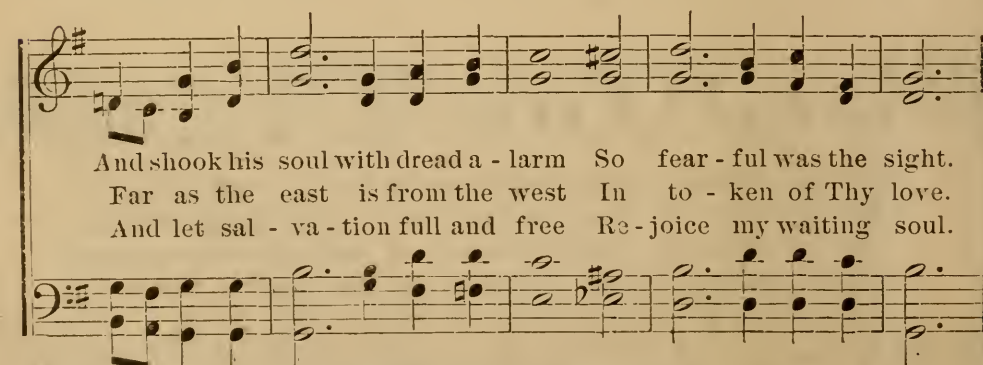
1. "O Lord be mer - ci - ful to me," Was once a sinner's cry,  
2. "O Lord be mer - ci - ful to me," While I my sins con - fess,  
3. "O Lord be mer - ci - ful to me," While at Thy cross I bow,



As smiting on his troubled breast He earthward turned his eye,  
Oh, look in ten - der mer - cy down And pit - y my dis - tress,  
Oh, cleanse me in Thy precious blood, Oh, cleanse me, cleanse me now,



His sins like mountains seemed to stand In dark - ness deep as night,  
Oh, cast my sins in - to the sea, And all my guilt re - move,  
Take all my lep - rous stains a - way, And make my spir - it whole,

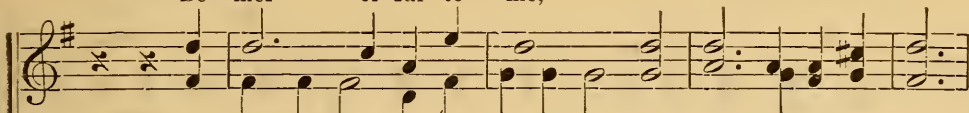


And shook his soul with dread a - larm So fear - ful was the sight.  
Far as the east is from the west In to - ken of Thy love.  
And let sal - va - tion full and free Re - joice my waiting soul.

## The Sinner's Cry.

CHORUS.

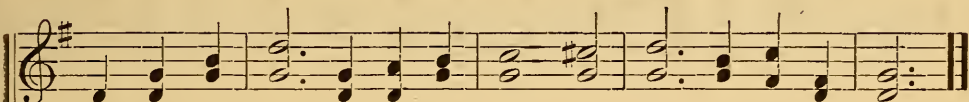
Be mer - ci-ful to me,



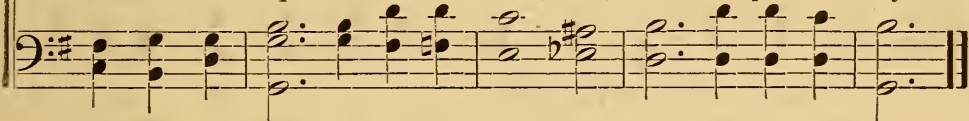
O Lord be mer - ci - ful to me And hear my humble cry,



O Lord be mer - ci - ful to me,



The sin-ner's hope is all in Thee, Oh, do not pass me by.

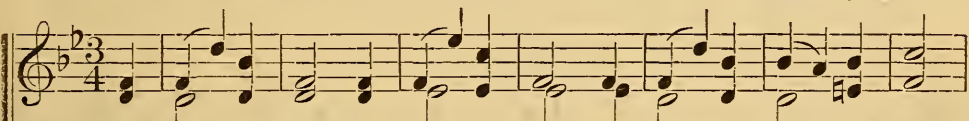


No. 102. There is a Name I love.

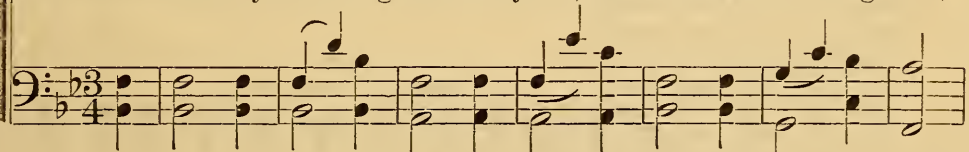
(GEER C. M.)

F. WHITFIELD.

GREATOREX.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth  
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free,  
3. It bids my trembling soul re-joice, And dries each ris-ing tear,



It sounds like mus - ic    in mine ear    The sweetest name   on earth.

It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's per-fect plea.

It tells me in a "still small voice" To trust, and not to fear.



## No. 103.

## Jesus bids you come.

Words arranged.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Just as thou art with - out one trace Of love, or joy, or  
 2. Burdened with guilt wouldst thou be blessed, Trust not the world, it  
 3. Come leave thy bur - den at the cross, Count all thy gains but  
 4. Come, hith - er bring thy bod - ing fears, Thy ach - ing heart, thy  
 5. The Spir - it and the Bride say "come," Re-joic - ing saints re-

in - ward grace, Or meet-ness for the heavenly place: Oh,  
 gives no rest, I bring re - lief to hearts op - pressed; Oh,  
 emp - ty dross, My grace re - pays all earth - ly loss, Oh,  
 burst - ing tears, 'Tis mer - cy's voice sa - lutes thy ears, Oh,  
 ech - o "come" Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come; Thy

## CHORUS.

guilt - y sin - ner come. Come, come, come, Je - sus bids you  
 wear - y sin - ner come.  
 need - y sin - ner come.  
 trembling sin - ner come.  
 Sav - iour bids thee come. Come and wel - come,

come, Come, come, come, Je - sus bids you come.  
 Come and wel - come,



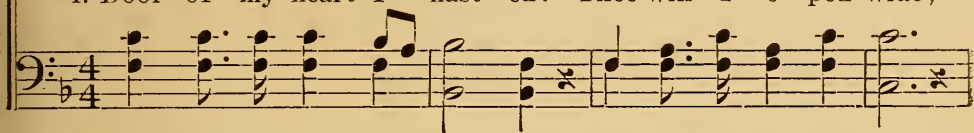
# No. 104. Who at my Door is standing.

Mrs. H. B. C. SLADE.

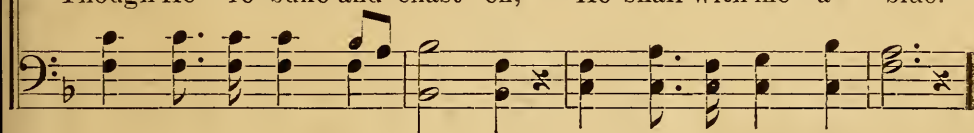
Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient-ly drawing near,
2. Lone-ly with-out He's stay-ing, Lone-ly with-in am I,
3. All thro' the dark hours drear-y, Knocking a-gain is He,
4. Door of my heart I hast-en! Thee will I o-pen wide;



En-trance with-in de-mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?  
While I am still de-lay-ing, Will He not pass me by?  
Je-sus, art Thou not wea-ry Wait-ing so long for me?  
Though He re-buke and chast-en, He shall with me a-bide.



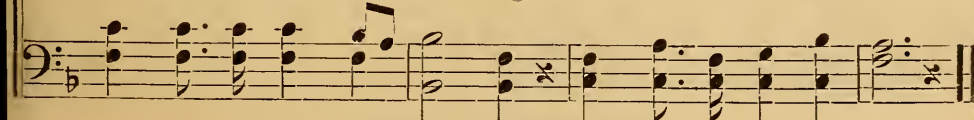
## REFRAIN.



Sweet-ly the tones are fall-ing:— O-pen the door for Me!



If thou wilt heed My call-ing, I will a-bide with thee.



By per. R. M. McINTOSH.

## No. 105.

## If you will.

LAURA PIPPIT.

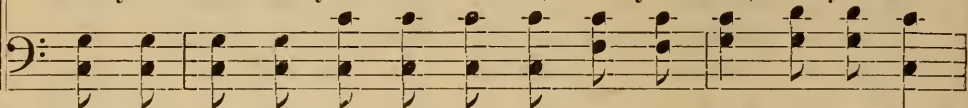
D. A. NIEL.



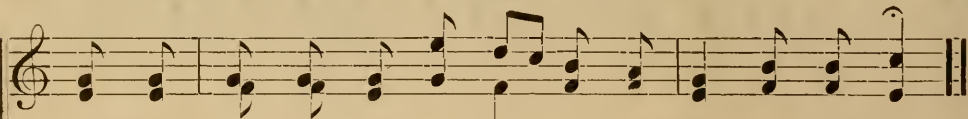
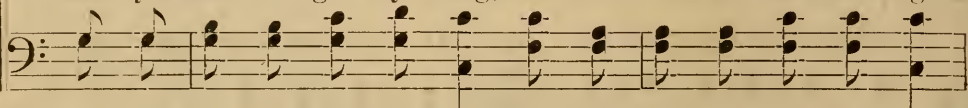
1. You can have your sins for-giv-en, If you will, if you will;
2. You can have the bless-ed Sav-iour, If you will, if you will;
3. You can be an heir of glo-ry, If you will, if you will;
4. You can con-se-crate your all If you will, if you will;
5. You can sing in heaven for-ev-er, If you will, if you will;



You can turn your steps toward heav-en, If you will, if you will.  
 Hon-or Him with your be-hav-ior, If you will, if you will.  
 Tell the same, the old, old sto-ry, If you will, if you will.  
 And be saved from A-dam's fall, If you will, if you will.  
 Meet your friends be-yond the riv-er, If you will, if you will.



You can be a Christ-ian, brave, You can hon-or God who gave  
 You can to the Fa-ther pray, You can walk the shin-ing way,  
 You can be a Christ-ian true, You can ev-er keep in view  
 You can in His love a-bide, And keep whol-ly sanc-ti-fied,  
 Man-y sheaves to glo-ry bring, As an hum-ble of-fer-ing



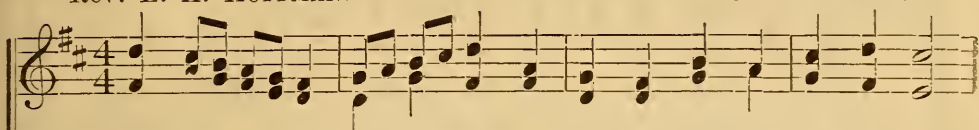
His dear Son your soul to save, If you will, if you will.  
 Lay up treas-ures ev-ery day, If you will, if you will.  
 What the Sav-iour did for you, If you will, if you will.  
 And be saved from all your pride, If you will, if you will.  
 When you come be-fore the King, If you will, if you will.



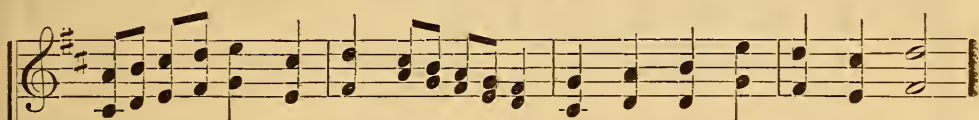
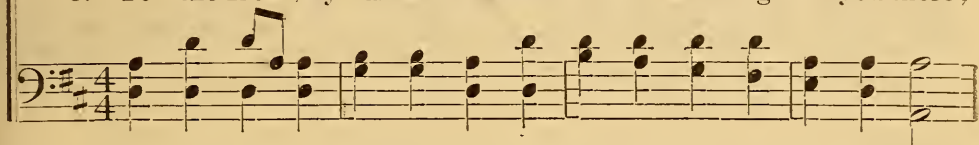
# No. 106. Hark ! the Trump of God.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



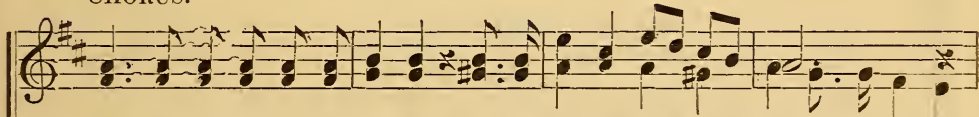
1. Hark ! the trump of God is sounding ! Cor - o - na - tion day is come !
2. Summoned to a home of glo - ry, And a robe of pur - est white,
3. To the front, my faithful comrades ! Christ is wait - ing for you there ;



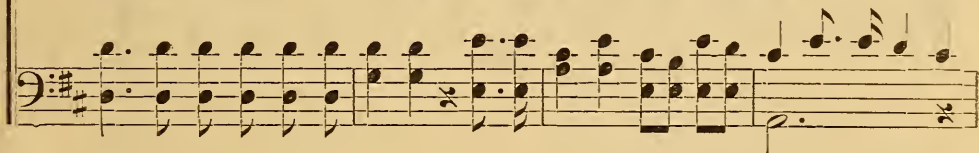
Christ appears to take the faithful To their ev - er - last - ing home.  
Take your place among the ransomed, In the land of peerless light.  
To the front for cor - o - na - tion, Your in - her - it - ance to share.



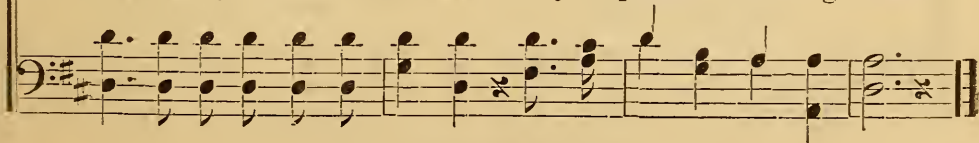
## CHORUS.



Soldiers ! muster to the roll - call ! In - to line at God's command ! into line ! And



answer to your names, and forward To your place at God's right hand.

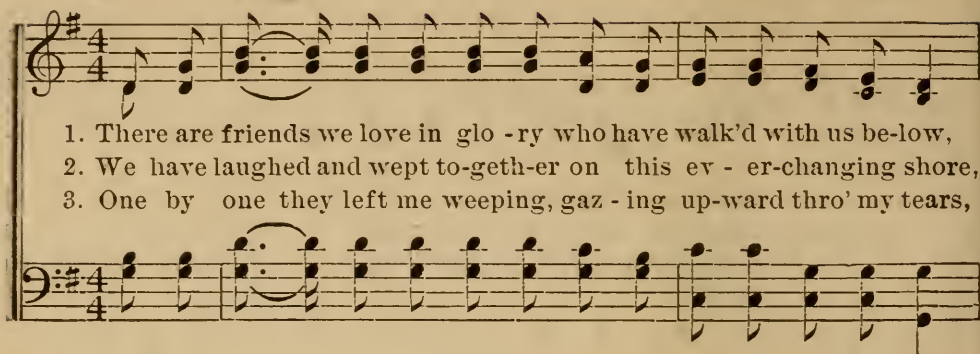




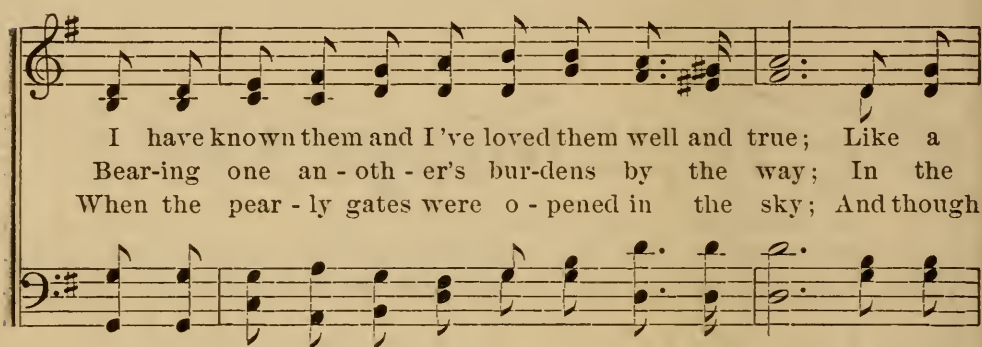
# No. 107. Loved Ones in Glory.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

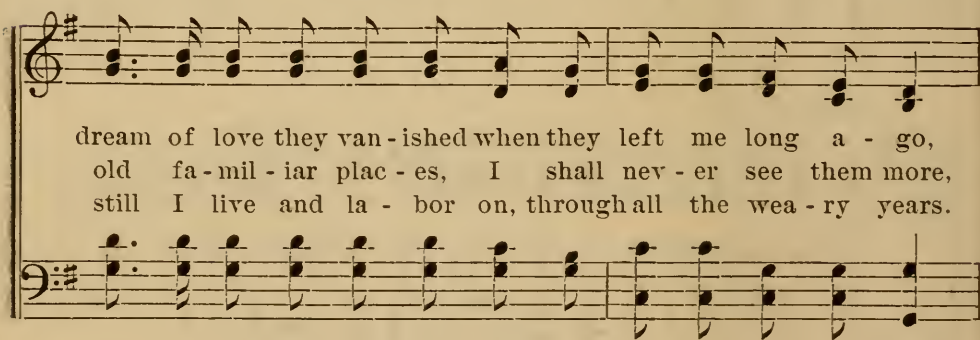
D. B. TOWNER.



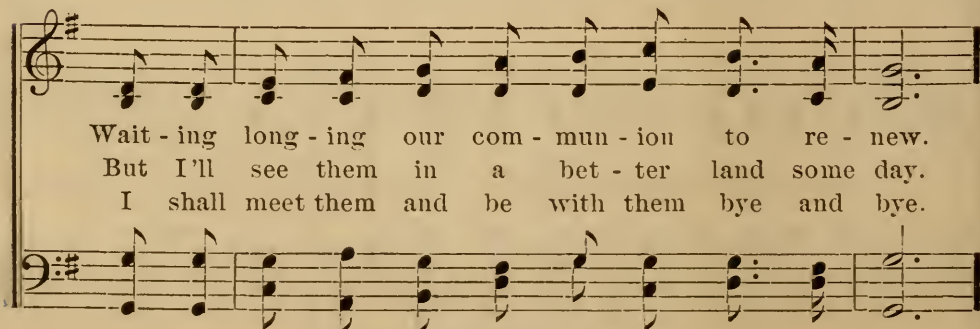
1. There are friends we love in glo - ry who have walk'd with us be-low,  
2. We have laughed and wept to-geth-er on this ev - er-changing shore,  
3. One by one they left me weeping, gaz - ing up-ward thro' my tears,



I have known them and I've loved them well and true; Like a  
Bear-ing one an - oth - er's bur-dens by the way; In the  
When the pear - ly gates were o - pened in the sky; And though



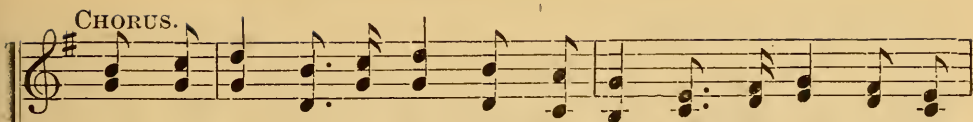
dream of love they van - ished when they left me long a - go,  
old fa - mil - iar plac - es, I shall nev - er see them more,  
still I live and la - bor on, through all the wea - ry years.



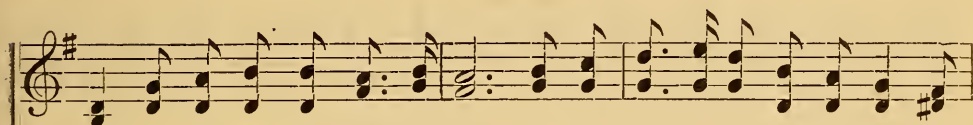
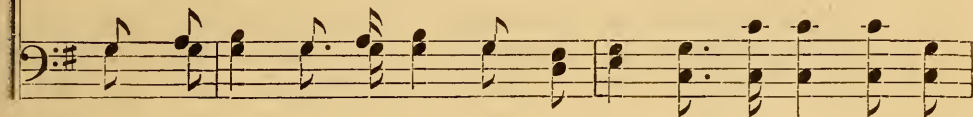
Wait - ing long - ing our com - mun - ion to re - new.  
But I'll see them in a bet - ter land some day.  
I shall meet them and be with them bye and bye.

## Loved Ones in Glory.

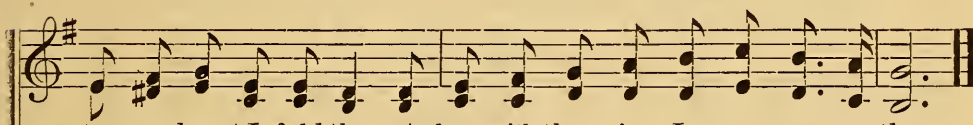
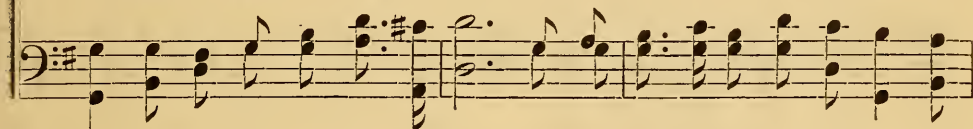
### CHORUS.



They are gone, and I'll know them no more here be-low, But I'll



meet them in glo - ry bright and fair. Oh, the joy when I behold them, When



to my heart I fold them, And rest with them in Je - sus o - ver there.



## No. 108.

## Jesus is mine.

KEY E-FLAT.

1 Fade, fade, each earthly joy,

Jesus is mine :

Break every mortal tie,

Jesus is mine :

Dark is the wilderness,

Earth has no resting place,

Jesus alone can bless,

Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,

Jesus is mine :

Mine is a dawning bright,

Jesus is mine :

All, that my soul has tried,

Left but a dismal void ;

Jesus has satisfied ;

Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,

Jesus is mine :

Here would I ever stay,

Jesus is mine :

Perishing things of clay,

Born but for one brief day,

Pass from my heart away,

Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality !

Jesus is mine :

Welcome, eternity !

Jesus is mine :

Welcome, O loved and blest ;

Welcome, sweet scenes of rest ;

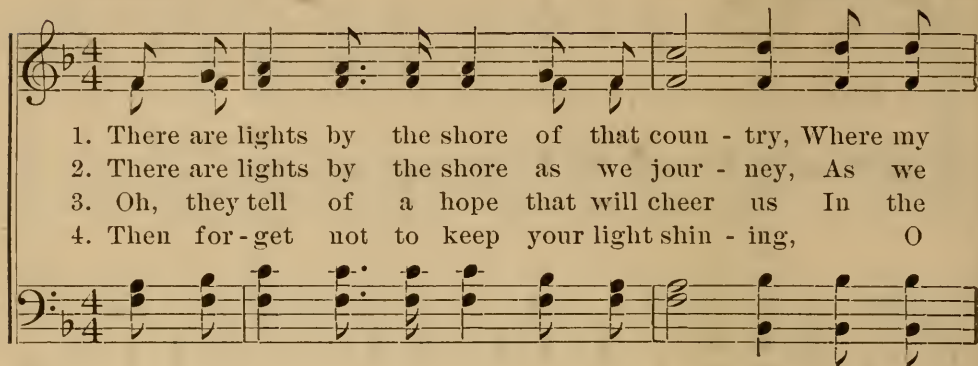
Welcome, my Saviour's breast ;

Jesus is mine.

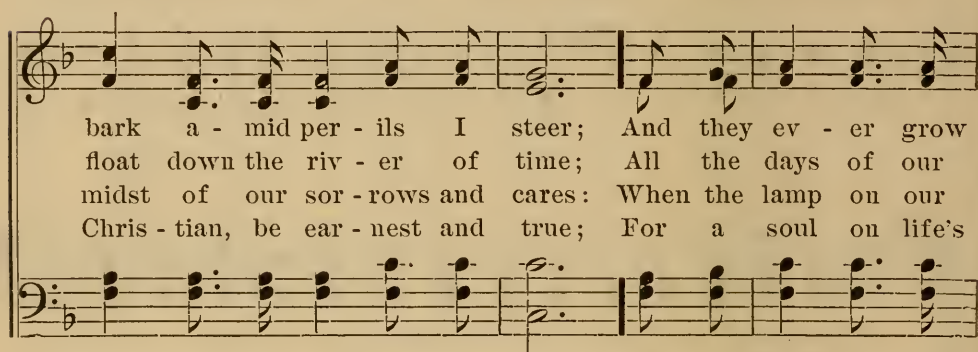
# No. 109. Lights along the Shore.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

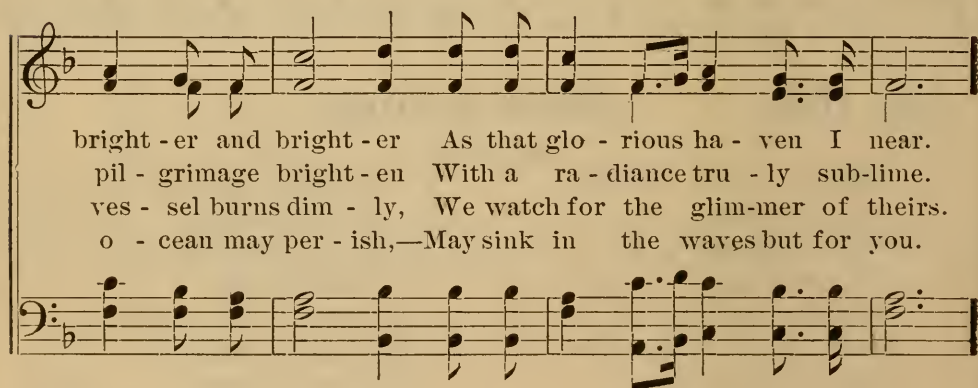
E. ROBERTS, by per.



1. There are lights by the shore of that coun - try, Where my  
2. There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we  
3. Oh, they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the  
4. Then for - get not to keep your light shin - ing, O

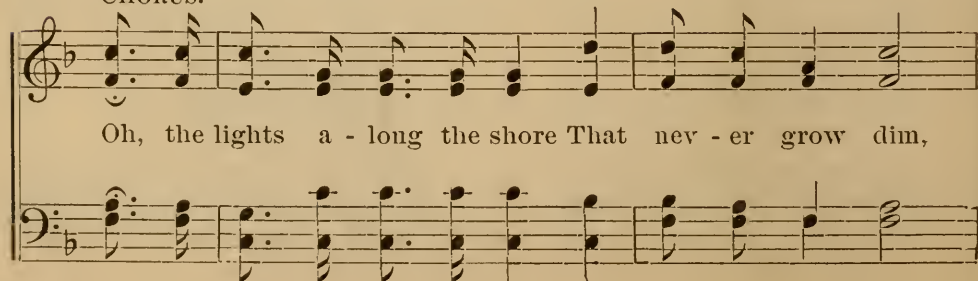


bark a - mid per - ils I steer; And they ev - er grow  
float down the riv - er of time; All the days of our  
midst of our sor - rows and cares: When the lamp on our  
Chris - tian, be ear - nest and true; For a soul on life's



bright - er and bright - er As that glo - rious ha - ven I near.  
pil - grimage bright - en With a ra - diance tru - ly sub - line.  
ves - sel burns dim - ly, We watch for the glim - mer of theirs.  
o - cean may per - ish, — May sink in the waves but for you.

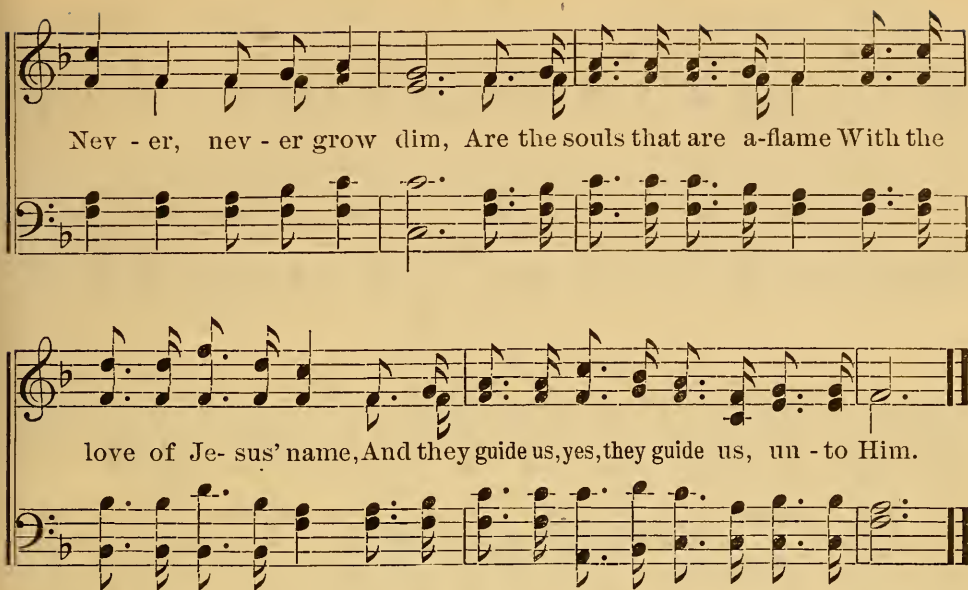
## CHORUS.



Oh, the lights a - long the shore That nev - er grow dim,



## Lights along the Shore.



Nev - er, nev - er grow dim, Are the souls that are a-flame With the  
love of Je- sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us, un - to Him.

## No. 110. Hark! ten thousand Harps and Voices

(HARWELL.)

T. KELLY.

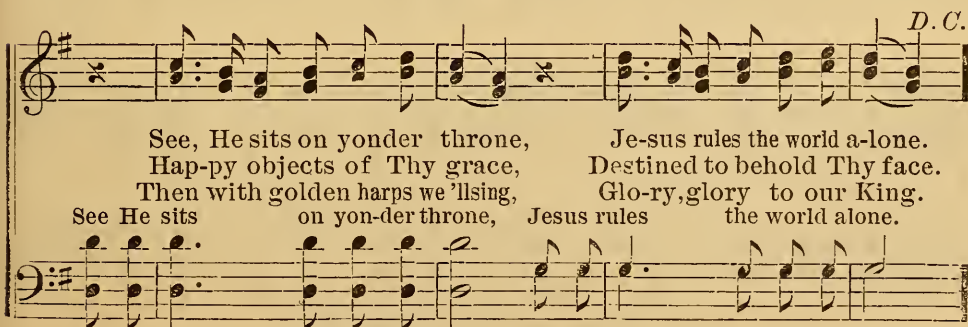
LOWELL MASON, 1841.

FINE.



1. { Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise above.  
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic-es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love.  
2. { King of glo - ry! reign for-ev - er, Thine an ev - er - lasting crown.  
Nothing from Thy love shall sev - er, Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.  
3. { Saviour, has-ten Thine ap - pear-ing, Bring, oh, bring the glorious day.  
When the aw-ful summons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass away.

D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.



See, He sits on yonder throne, Je-sus rules the world a-lone.  
Hap-py objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.  
Then with golden harps we'll sing, Glo-ry, glory to our King.  
See He sits on yon-der throne, Jesus rules the world alone.

## No. 111.

## Star of my Night.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Rest of the wea - ry, and hope of the soul, Hearts that are broken by  
 2. Give me, O Sav-iour, the bless-ing of peace; I am in bondage, my  
 3. When the dark valley of death I have pass'd, Oh, then receive me and

Thee are made whole; Thou art my ref - uge, my trust is in Thee;  
 spir - it re - lease; Cleanse me and make me all spot-less with-in;  
 guide me at last, In - to the beau - ti - ful home of the blest,

## CHORUS.

Pit - y - ing Jesus, compassionate me. Star of my night, bright star of my night,  
 Free me forev - er from fetters of sin.  
 Glo - ri - ous kingdom of heavenly rest.

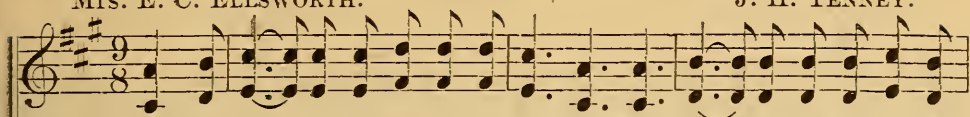
Shine on me ev - er, and guide me a - right, Star of my night, bright

star of my night, Shine on me ev - er, and guide me a - right.

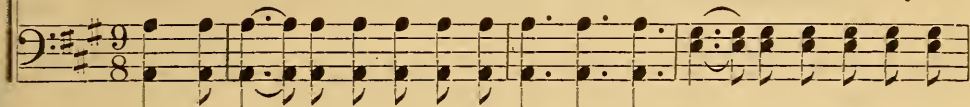
# No. 112. Hast thou heard of Jesus?

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

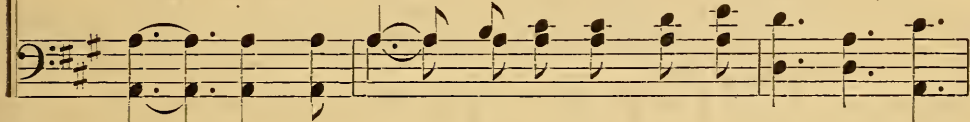
J. H. TENNEY.



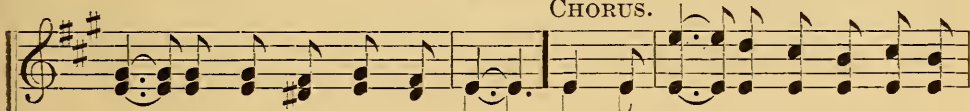
1. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je-sus, Who dwelt among sinners, a
2. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je-sus, Re - ject - ed by sinners of
3. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je-sus, Dwells now with the lowly in



God? Who in pur - i - ty walked with the vil - est, Dis -  
old? He is wait - ing to - day to be gra - cious, Yet  
heart? With the hum - ble He walks in commun - ion, And



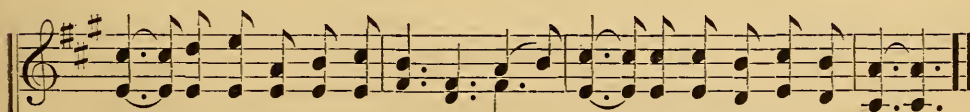
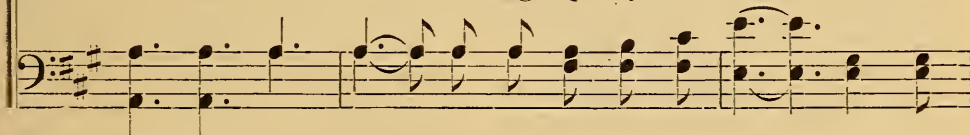
## CHORUS.



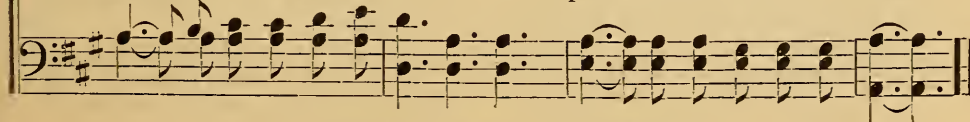
pens-ing His fay-ors a - broad? Oh, that won-der-ful, wonderful  
slighted by numbers un - told.  
grace He will free - ly im - part.



Je - sus! He left the bright glo-ry a - bove, On a



world in its sin and its ru - in To pour out His in-fin-ite love.





# No. 113. Who are these in bright Array.

(IVES.)

J. MONTGOMERY.

Arr. by ELAM IVES.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,  
2. These thro' fi - ery tri - als trod; These from great afflictions came :

Round the al - tar, night and day Hymning one tri - umphant song?  
Now be - fore the throne of God, Sealed with His al - might - y name,

*D.S.— Wisdom, riches to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - ery hour.  
Thro' their Re - deemer's might, More than con - quer - ors they stand.*

“Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,  
Clad in rai - ment, pure and white, Vic - tor palms in ev - ery hand,

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,<br/>On immortal fruit they feed;<br/>Them the Lamb, amid the throne,<br/>Shall to living fountains lead:<br/>Joy and gladness banish sighs —<br/>Perfect love dispel all fears —<br/>And forever from their eyes<br/>God shall wipe away the tears.</p> | <p>2 Kings for harps their crowns<br/>resign,<br/>Crying, as they strike the chords<br/>“Take the kingdom; it is Thine,<br/>King of kings and Lord of lords.”<br/>Round the altar, priests confess,<br/>If their robes are white as snow,<br/>’Twas their Saviour’s righteous -<br/>ness,<br/>And His blood that made them so.</p> |
|---|--|

## No. 114.

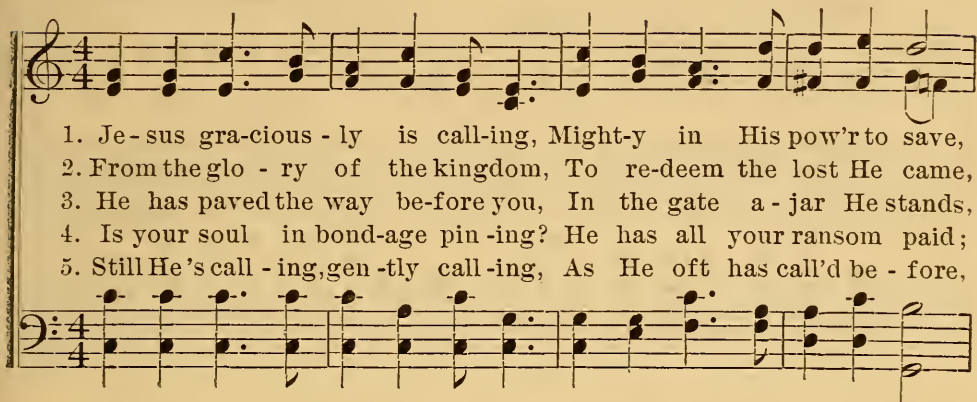
- 1 Palms of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light;  
Priests, and kings, and conquer -  
ors, they.  
Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amid the throne;  
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,  
Victory through His cross alone.

- 3 Who are these? On earth they dwelt,  
Sinners once of Adam’s race;  
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,  
But were saved by sovereign  
grace.  
They were mortal, too, like us:  
Ah, when we, like them shall die,  
May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine. on  
high!” JAMES MONTGOMERY.

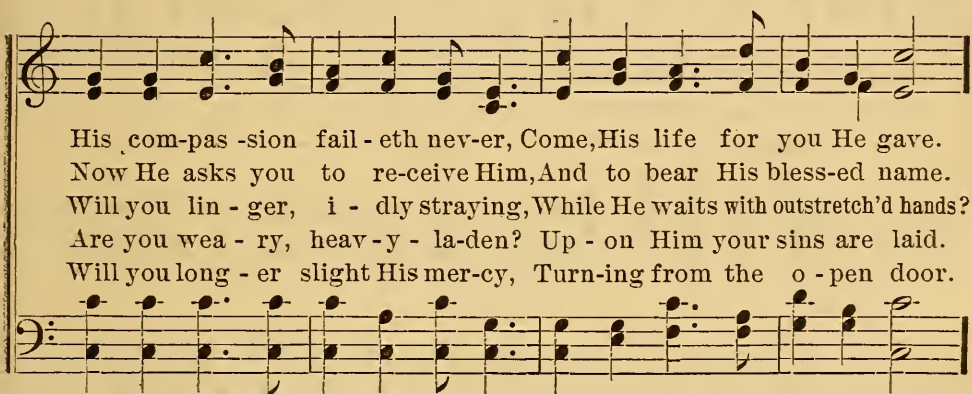
# No. 115. Are you coming to Jesus now?

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.

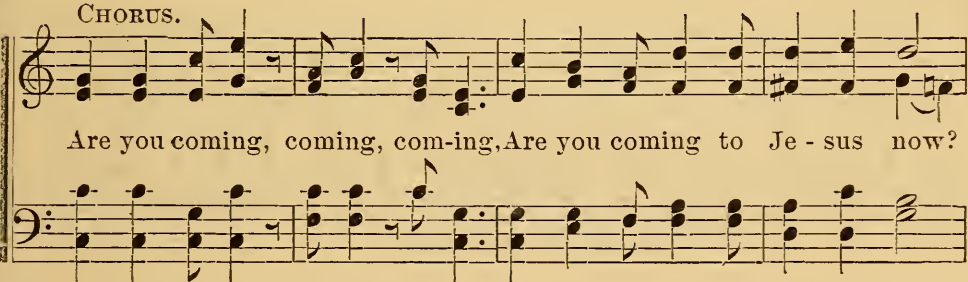


1. Je-sus gra-cious - ly is call-ing, Might-y in His pow'r to save,  
2. From the glo - ry of the kingdom, To re-deem the lost He came,  
3. He has paved the way be-fore you, In the gate a - jar He stands,  
4. Is your soul in bond-age pin-ing? He has all your ransom paid;  
5. Still He's call - ing, gen-tly call-ing, As He oft has call'd be - fore,

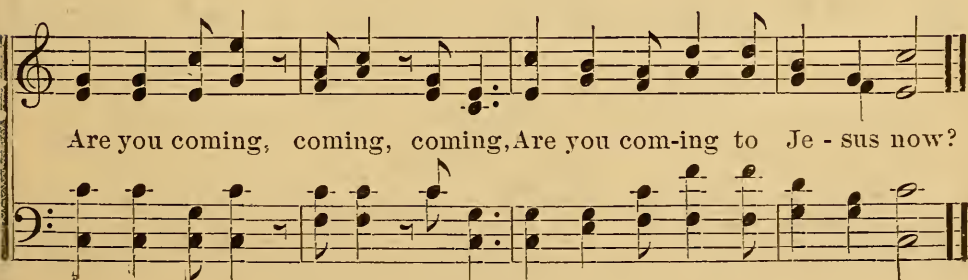


His com-pas-sion fail-eth nev-er, Come, His life for you He gave.  
Now He asks you to re-ceive Him, And to bear His bless-ed name.  
Will you lin - ger, i - dly straying, While He waits with outstretch'd hands?  
Are you wea - ry, heav-y - la-den? Up - on Him your sins are laid.  
Will you long - er slight His mer-cy, Turn-ing from the o - pen door.

## CHORUS.



Are you coming, coming, com-ing, Are you coming to Je - sus now?

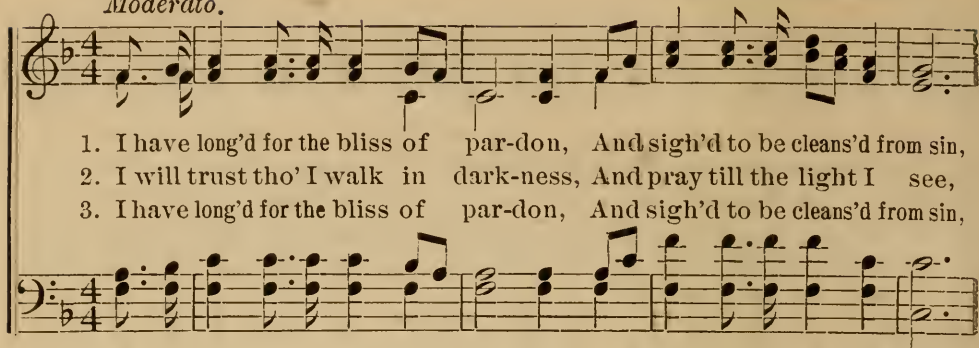


Are you coming, coming, coming, Are you com-ing to Je - sus now?

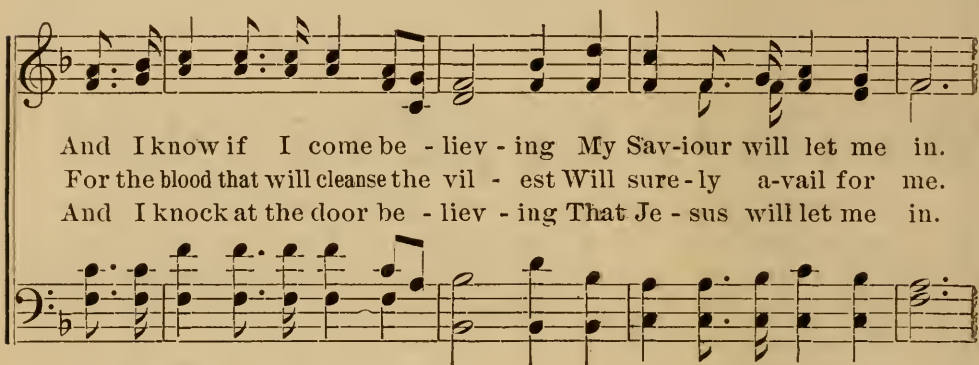
# No. 116. I'll enter the open Door.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

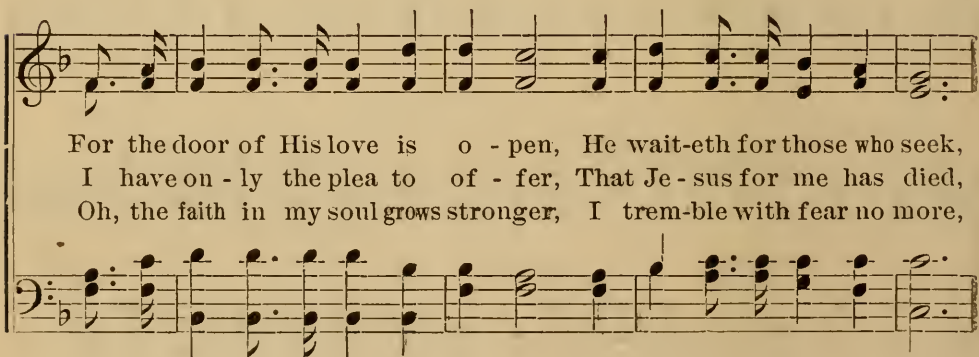
*Moderato.*



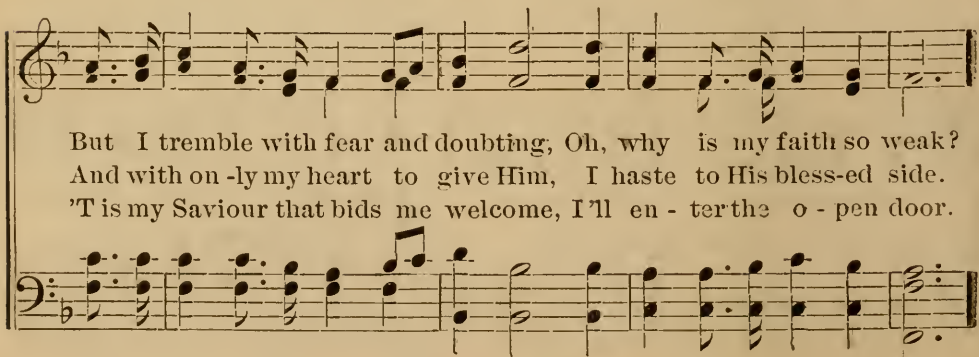
1. I have long'd for the bliss of par-don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin,  
2. I will trust tho' I walk in dark-ness, And pray till the light I see,  
3. I have long'd for the bliss of par-don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin,



And I know if I come be - liev - ing My Sav-iour will let me in.  
For the blood that will cleanse the vil - est Will sure - ly a-vail for me.  
And I knock at the door be - liev - ing That Je - sus will let me in.



For the door of His love is o - pen, He wait-eth for those who seek,  
I have on - ly the plea to of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died,  
Oh, the faith in my soul grows stronger, I trem-ble with fear no more,



But I tremble with fear and doubting, Oh, why is my faith so weak?  
And with on - ly my heart to give Him, I haste to His bless-ed side.  
'Tis my Saviour that bids me welcome, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.



# I'll enter the open Door.

CHORUS.

I'll en-ter the o-pen door, I'll enter the o-pen door,  
wide open door, wide open door,

'Tis Je-sus in-vites, I'll en-ter in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.

## No. 117 Welcome, Hour of Praise and Prayer.

( SICILY.)

SICILIAN MELODY.

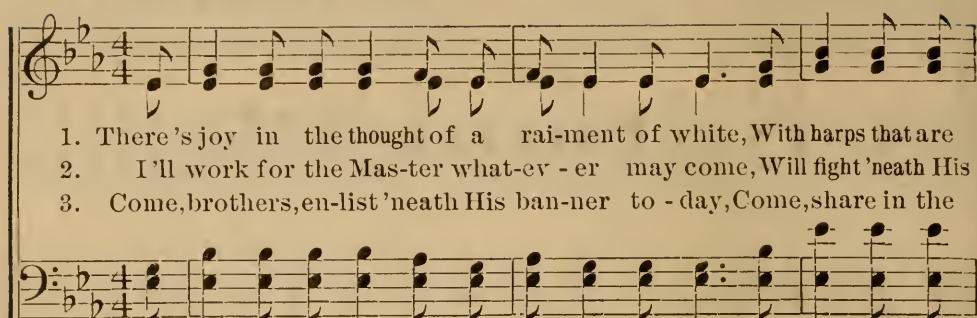
1. { Welcome, hour of sol-emn meeting, Welcome, hour of praise and pray'r!  
Far from earthly scenes re-treating, In Thy blessings we would share.  
2. { Be Thou near us, bless-ed Saviour, Still at morn and eve the same;  
Give us faith that can-not wav-er, Kin-dle in us heav'n's own flame.  
3. { When the fer-vent pray'r is glow-ing, Sa-cred Spir-it, hear that pray'r;  
When the joy-ous song is flow-ing, Let that song Thine impress bear.

Sa - cred season, sa - cred season, In Thy blessings we would share.  
Blessed Saviour, blessed Saviour, Kin-dle in us heav'n's own flame.  
Sa - cred Spirit, Sa - cred Spirit, Let that song Thine im-press bear.

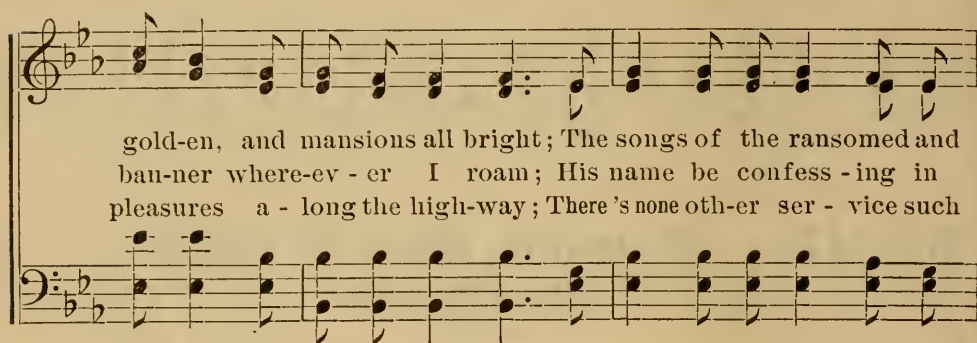
# No. 118. The King will be there.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

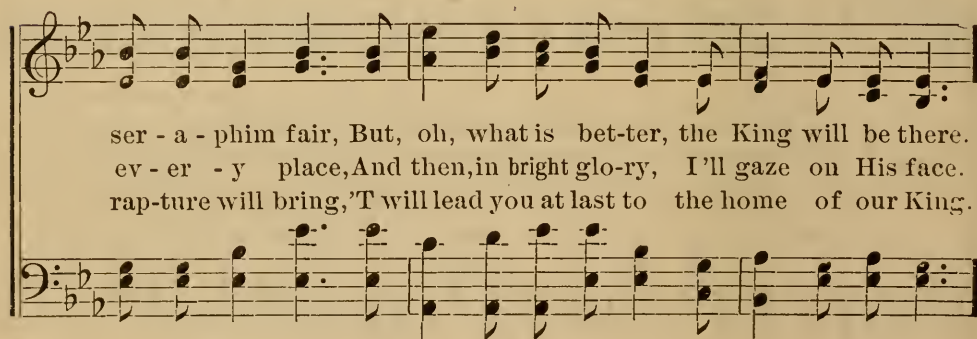
D. B. TOWNER.



1. There's joy in the thought of a rai-ment of white, With harps that are  
 2. I'll work for the Mas-ter what-ev - er may come, Will fight 'neath His  
 3. Come, brothers, en-list 'neath His ban-ner to - day, Come, share in the

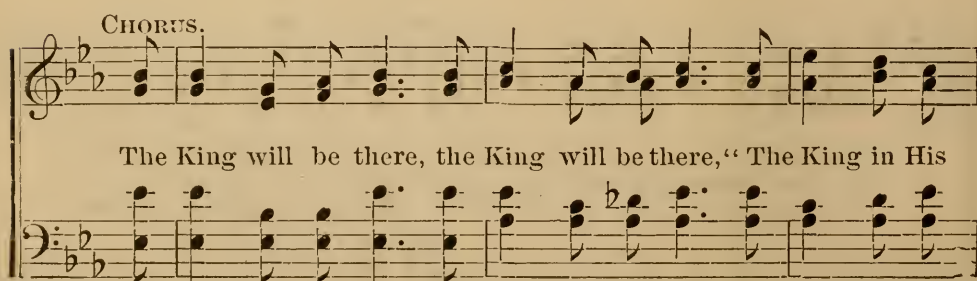


gold-en, and mansions all bright; The songs of the ransomed and  
 ban-ner where-ev - er I roam; His name be confess - ing in  
 pleasures a - long the high-way; There's none oth-er ser - vice such



ser - a - phim fair, But, oh, what is bet-ter, the King will be there.  
 ev - er - y place, And then, in bright glo-ry, I'll gaze on His face.  
 rap-ture will bring, 'T will lead you at last to the home of our King.

CHORUS.



The King will be there, the King will be there, "The King in His

The King will be there.

beau-ty'' will ev - er be there; The child He has ransomed, His

glo - ry will share, Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, I'll dwell with Him there.

No. 119. Don't keep Jesus waiting.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

C. C. CLINE, by per.

1. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting ever - more, Hark! He knocketh softly

2. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting at the door, How He suffered for thee

3. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Friend He is and more, As thy Saviour loves thee,

4. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Till the day is o'er, Sad should Jesus leave thee,

I . . im - plore.

At thy bosom's door; Haste that door to o - pen, O - pen, I im-plore.

All thy sins He bore; Bid Him freely en-ter, Bid Him, I im-plore.

None e'er loved be-fore; Do not turn Him from thee, Do not, I im-plore.

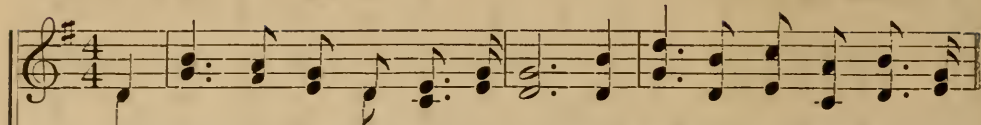
Leave thee ev-er - more; Wide the door fling o - pen, O - pen, I im-plore.

I . . im - plore.

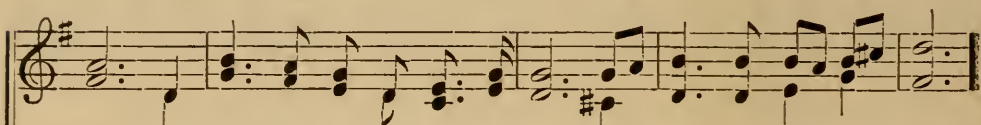
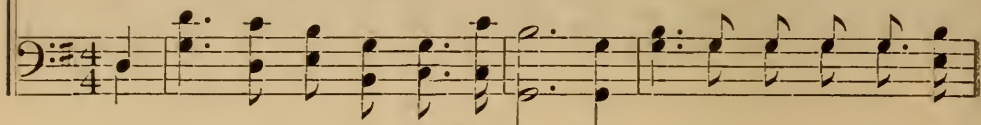


J. E. H.

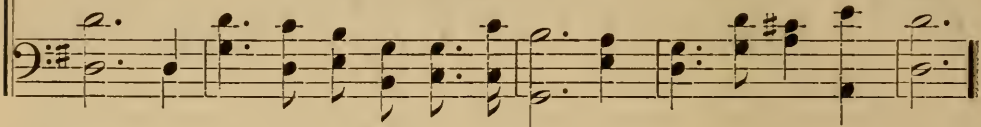
J. E. HALL.



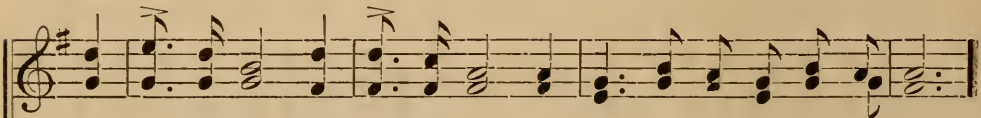
1. The praise of Him who died for me, Who hung in an-guish on the
2. To live in such a frame of mind, That Christ may al-ways welcome
3. Oh, lift my thoughts to heav'n a - bove, To fathom such a wondrous
4. When this glad heart shall move a - way, To dwell in that ce - les - tial



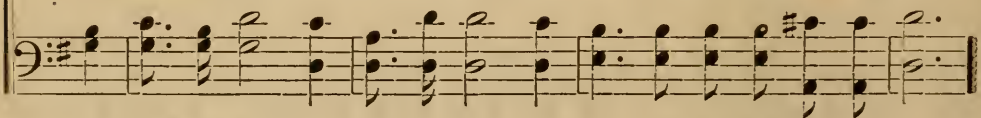
tree, That from my bonds I might be free, Should be my high-est joy.  
find; So clos - er, clos - er He will bind, My heart to Him in trust.  
love, And may my heart responsive move, To hold Him there, di - vine.  
day, Oh, I would sing for aye and aye, The prais-es of the Lamb.



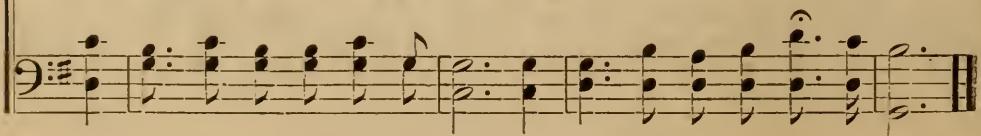
## CHORUS.



O Saviour dear! O Christ, my Lord, Be in my heart Thy name adored,



Dwell there Thyself my Guest and Friend, Who lov-ing, loves me to the end.



# No. 121. Rise, and let Him in.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE. ARR.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. { In the si - lent midnight watches, List thy bo-som door!  
 2. { How it knock - eth, knocketh, knocketh,  
 3. { Death comes down with reckless footsteps, To the hall and hut,  
 4. { Think you Death will stand a - knocking,  
 5. { Then 'tis time to stand en - treat-ing, Christ to let thee in,  
 6. { At the gate of heav - en beat-ing,

Knock-eth ev - er - more! Say not 'tis thy pulse is beat-ing,  
 Where the door is shut! Je - sus waiteth, wait-eth, wait-eth.  
 Wail-ing for thy sin. Nay, a - las, thou fool-ish vir-gin.

'Tis thy heart of sin! 'Tis thy Sav-iour knocks and cri-eth.  
 But the door is fast! Griev'd, a-way the Sav - iour go-eth,  
 Hast thou then for - got? Je - sus wait-ed long to know thee,

*D.S. 'Tis thy Sav-iour knocks and cri - eth.*

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

Rise, and let Him in. Rise, and let Him in, Rise, and let Him in.  
 Death breaks in at last.  
 But He knows thee not.

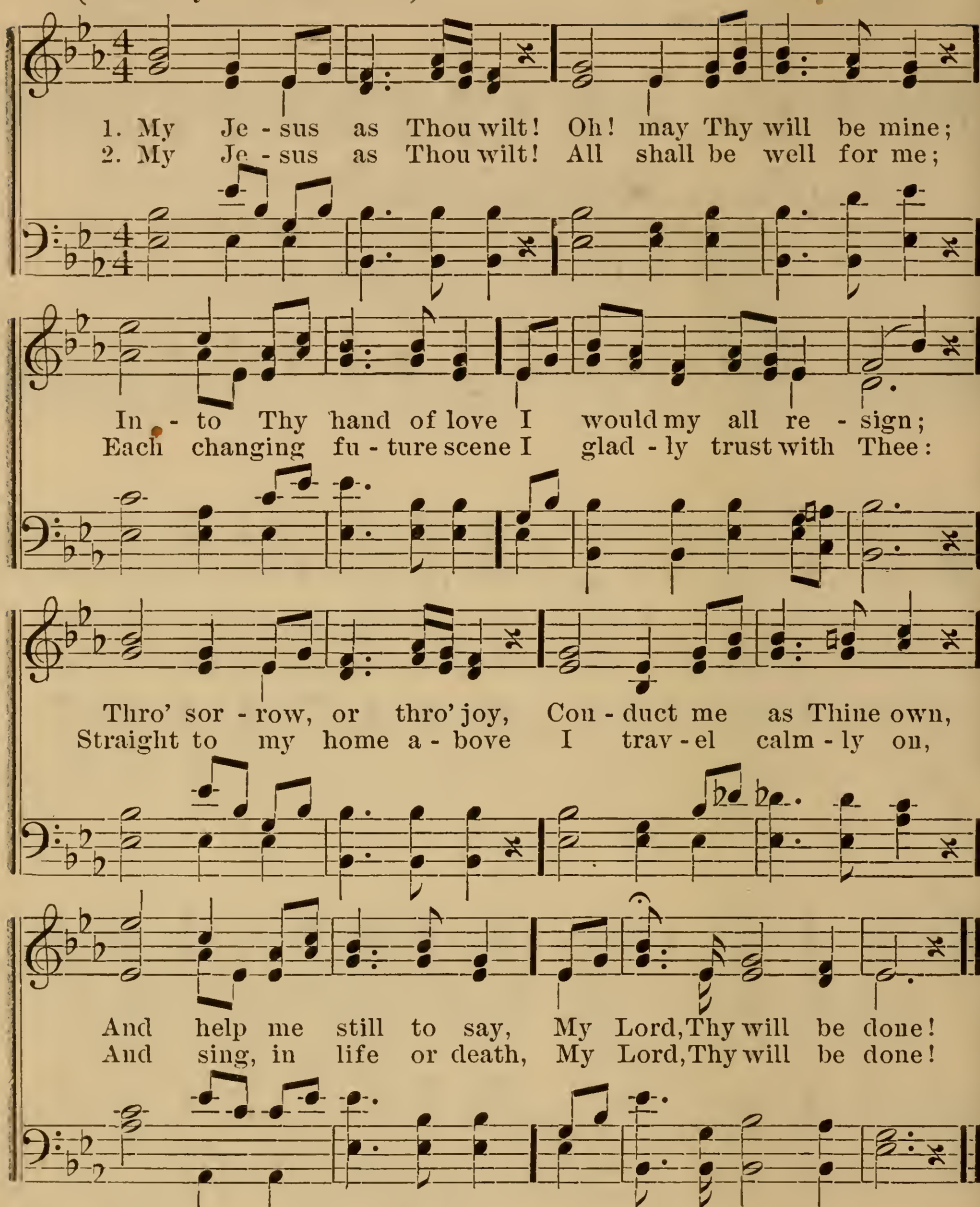
*Rise, and let Him in.*

# No. 122.

# Jewett.

(Trans. by J. BORTHWICK.)

VON WEBER.



1. My Je - sus as Thou wilt! Oh! may Thy will be mine;  
2. My Je - sus as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;  
Each changing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee:

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,  
Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

# No. 123.

# Thy Way, not mine.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
Lead me by Thine own hand;  
Choose out the path for me.  
I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not, if I might:  
Choose Thou for me, my God  
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek,  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All.

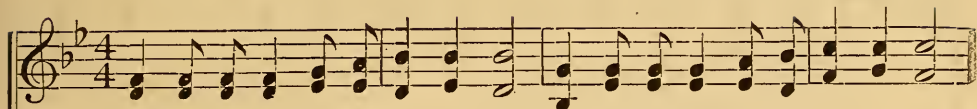
REV. H. BONAR.



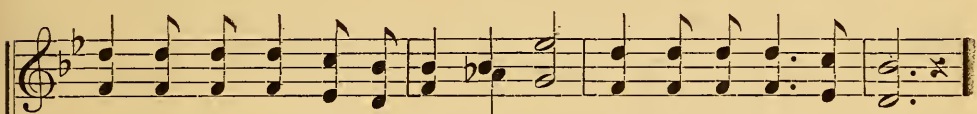
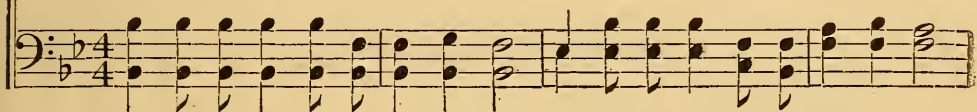
# No. 124. Down at the Fount.

E. A. H.

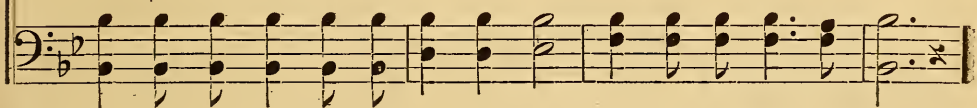
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



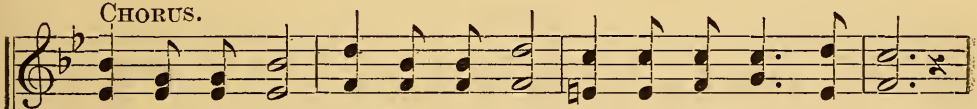
1. Down at the fount, with its crim-son flow, Where all poor sin-ners for cleansing go,
2. Wondrous the grace that redeems from sin! Wondrous the pow-er that keeps me clean,
3. I am redeemed, and my soul is free! Je-sus a-toned on the cross for me!



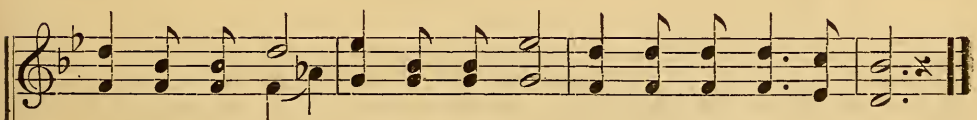
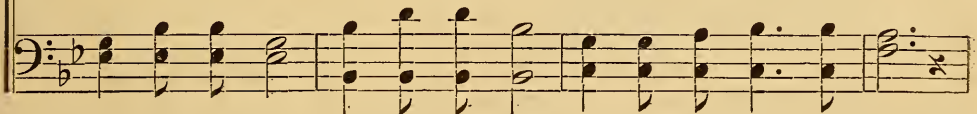
There Je-sus made me as white as snow, There I was sav'd from sin.  
Wondrous the Christ that abides with-in, Sav-ing my soul from sin.  
Peace He has brought me, and lib-er-ty! I am redeem'd from sin.



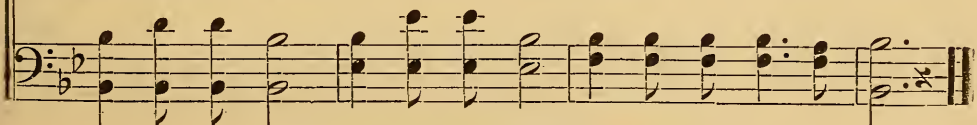
## CHORUS.



Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! I am redeem'd from sin,



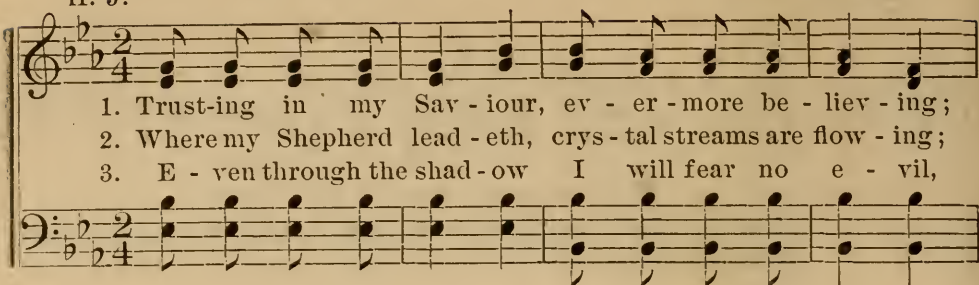
Wondrous-ly sav'd! Wondrously sav'd! Wash'd in the blood and clean.



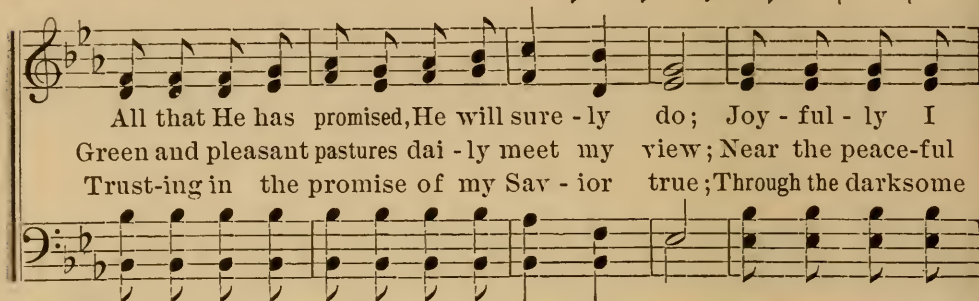
# No. 125. All my Journey through.

H. J.

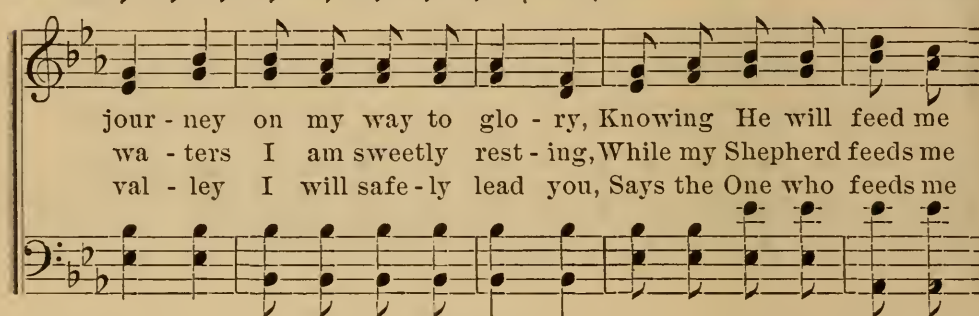
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Trust-ing in my Sav-iour, ev-er-more be-liev-ing;  
 2. Where my Shepherd lead-eth, crys-tal streams are flow-ing;  
 3. E-ven through the shad-ow I will fear no e-vil,

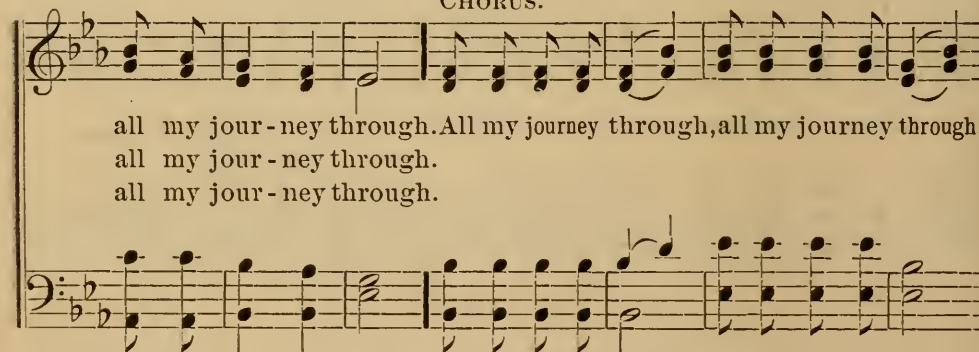


All that He has promised, He will sure-ly do; Joy-ful-ly I  
 Green and pleasant pastures dai-ly meet my view; Near the peace-ful  
 Trust-ing in the promise of my Sav-ior true; Through the darksome

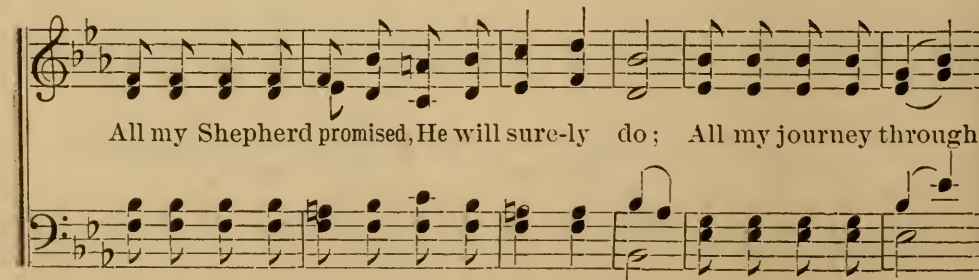


jour-ney on my way to glo-ry, Knowing He will feed me  
 wa-ters I am sweetly rest-ing, While my Shepherd feeds me  
 val-ley I will safe-ly lead you, Says the One who feeds me

## CHORUS.



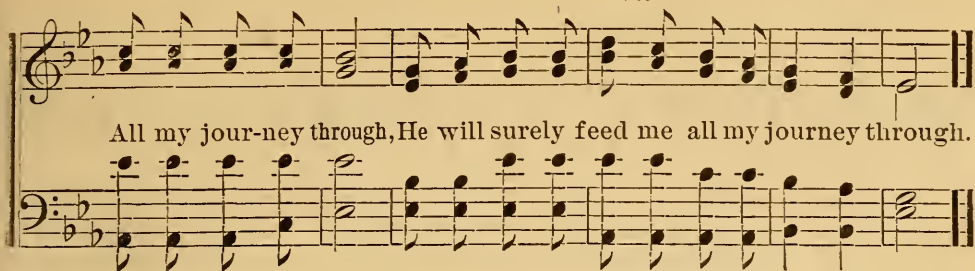
all my jour-ney through. All my journey through, all my journey through,  
 all my jour-ney through.  
 all my jour-ney through.



All my Shepherd promised, He will sure-ly do; All my journey through,

# All my Journey through.

*rit.*



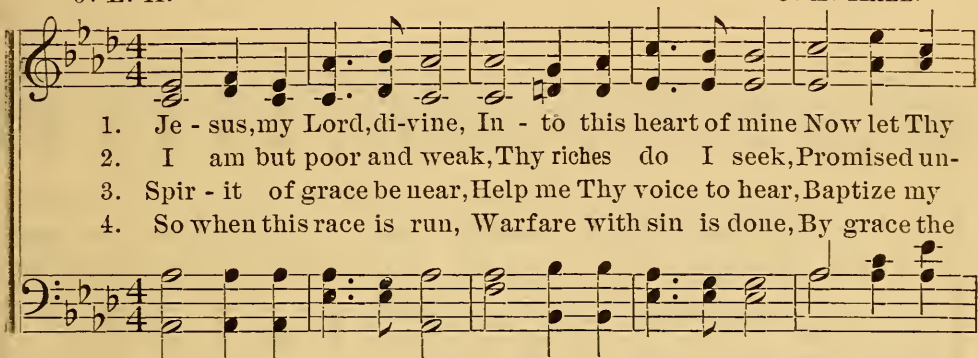
All my jour-ney through, He will surely feed me all my journey through.

## No. 126.

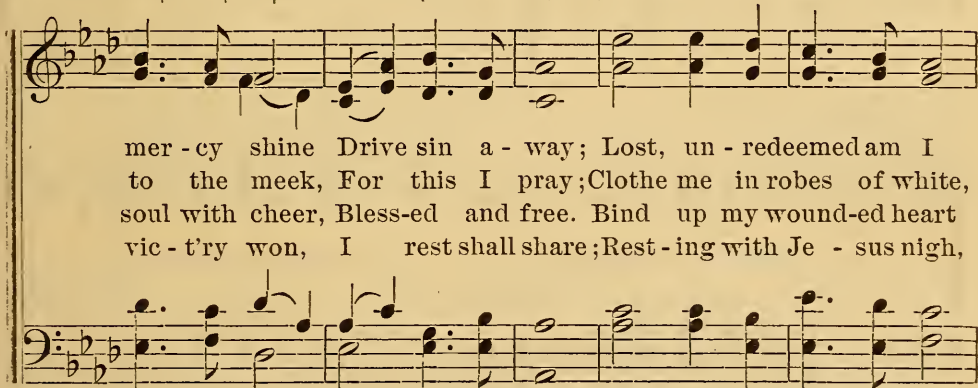
## Jesus, my Lord.

J. E. H.

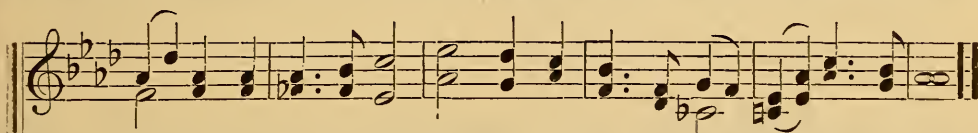
J. E. HALL.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, di-vine, In - to this heart of mine Now let Thy
2. I am but poor and weak, Thy riches do I seek, Promised un-
3. Spir - it of grace be near, Help me Thy voice to hear, Baptize my
4. So when this race is run, Warfare with sin is done, By grace the



mer - cy shine Drive sin a - way; Lost, un - redeemed am I  
to the meek, For this I pray; Clothe me in robes of white,  
soul with cheer, Bless-ed and free. Bind up my wound-ed heart  
vic - t'ry won, I rest shall share; Rest - ing with Je - sus nigh,



On - ly to Thee I cry, Save else I sure - ly die, Save me, I pray.  
Fill with Thy heavenly light. To Thee my heart u - nite Now, on this day.  
Thy healing balm impart, Relieved from sin's dread smart, Cleansed, pure, and free.  
There with the saved on high, In heav'n, no more to die, E - ter - nal there.



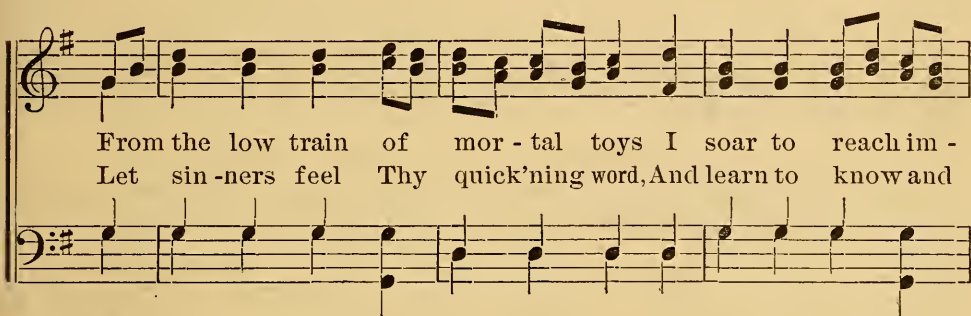
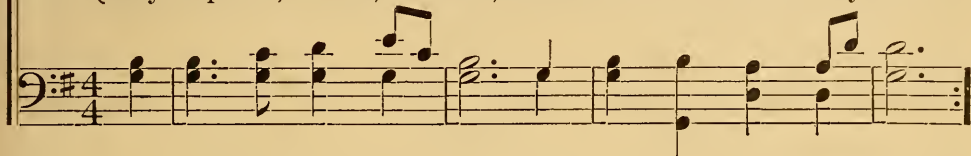




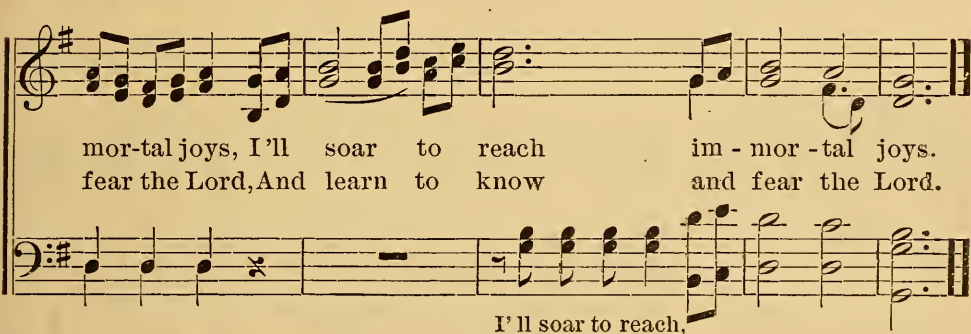
FRED SCHNEIDER.



1. { Welcome, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest,  
I hail thy kind re - turn, Lord, make these mo - ments blest !
2. { Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne of grace,  
Thy scep - tre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face.



From the low train of mor - tal toys I soar to reach im -  
Let sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and



mor - tal joys, I'll soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.  
fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

I'll soar to reach,

### 3 Descend Celestial Dove

With all Thy quickening powers,  
Disclose a Saviour's love,

And bless these sacred hours.

Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

HAYWARD.

## No. 129.

## Psalm 84.

### 1 Lord of the worlds above!

How pleasant and how fair,  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are!  
To Thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God.

### 2 O happy souls, who pray

Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men, who pay

Their constant service here. [they  
They praise Thee still, and happy  
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

### 3 They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in heaven appears.

O glorious seat, when God, our King,  
Shall hither bring our willing feet.

ISAAC WATTS.

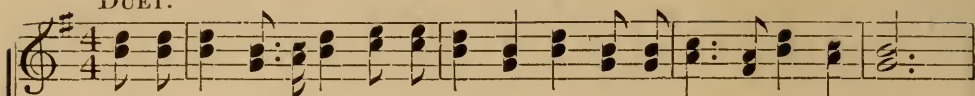
## No. 130.

## Drifting away.

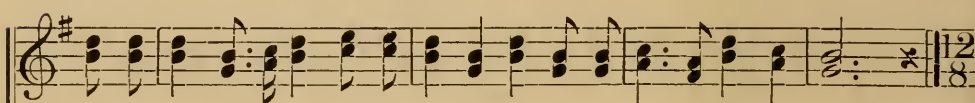
MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.

DUET.



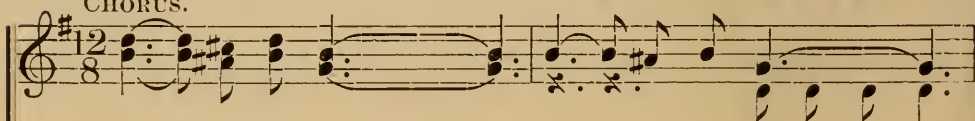
1. They are drifting away on the sea of life, On its foaming billows tossed,
2. Let the beacon of hope thro' the darkness shine, For the wand'ers of the wave,
3. They are drift-ing a-way from the light of home, They are losing manhood's pride,



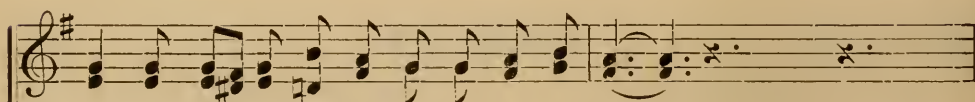
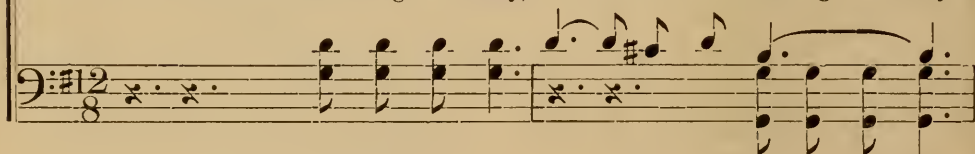
They are wea - ry and faint with the fruitless strife, In a moment, they'll be lost.  
 There is mer - cy and love in the Fount divine, All the wrecked of earth to save.  
 They are wrecking their hopes for the life to come, They are drifting with the tide.



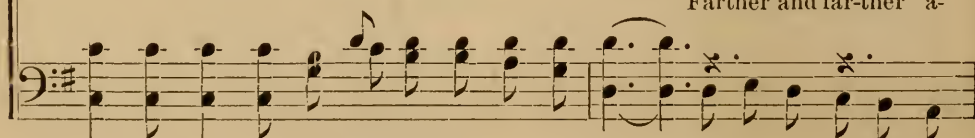
CHORUS.



Drift - ing a - way, . . . Drift - ing a - way, . . .  
 Drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way,



They are drifting farther and farther a - way,  
 Farther and far-ther a -





# Drifting away.

Drift - ing a - way, . . . Drift - ing a - way, . . .  
way, Drift-ing a - way, Drift-ing a - way,

They are drift-ing far - ther and far - - - ther a - way. . . .  
Drifting farther, and farther, farther a-way.  
They are drifting far - ther and far - - - ther a - way, a - way.  
They are drift-ing farther and farther a - way. . . .

## No. 131. Cohansey. C. M.

Mrs. FELICIA D. HEMANS.

D. B. TOWNER.

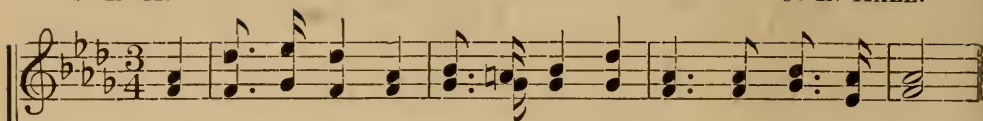
1. Calm on the bo-som of Thy God, Fair spir - it rest thee now,  
2. Dust, to thy nar-row house beneath, Soul, to thy place on high,  
3. Lone are the paths, and sad the bow'rs, Whence thy meek smile is gone,  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod, His seal was on thy brow.  
They that have seen thy look in death, No more may fear to die.  
But oh, a bright-er home than ours, In heav'n is now thine own.

## No. 132.

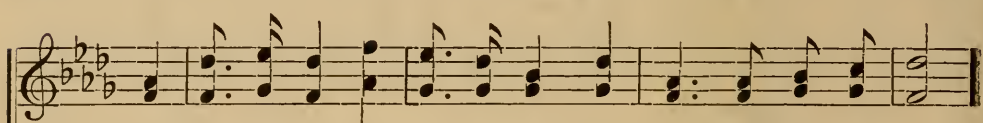
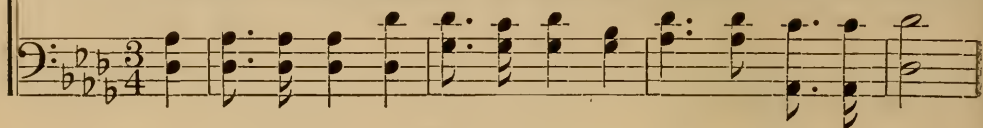
## With Jesus near.

J. E. H.

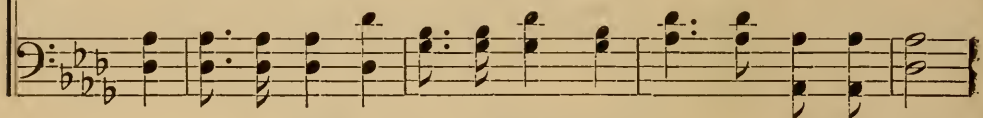
J. E. HALL.



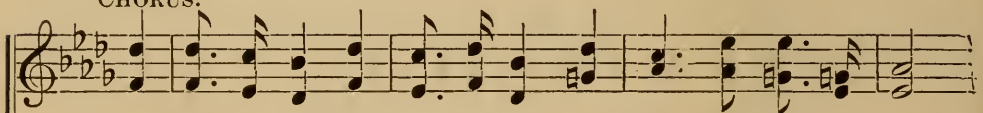
1. With Je - sus near, I have no fear, He is my light and song;
2. With Je - sus near, my voice He'll hear, And answer when I plead;
3. With Je - sus near while I am here, Tho' tempted oft with sin;



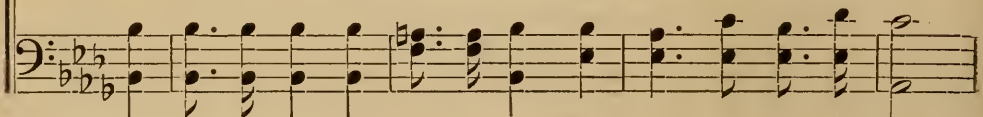
He leads the way, by night and day, All, all the way a - long.  
He knows my heart and will impart The things that most I need.  
I'll trust and wait, then heaven's gate Will ope and let me in.



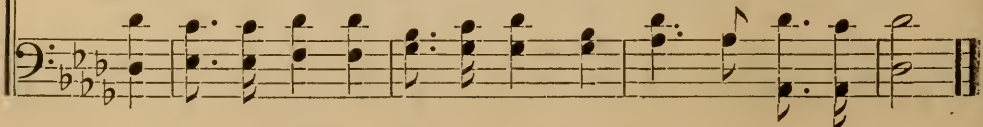
## CHORUS.



With Je - sus near, how sweet the cheer That fills my soul each day,



So on I go, for this I know, He leads me all the way.

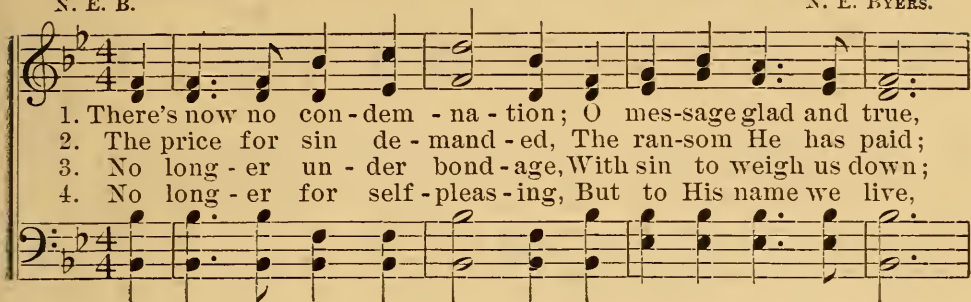


# No.133 Look up, my Soul, Adore Him.

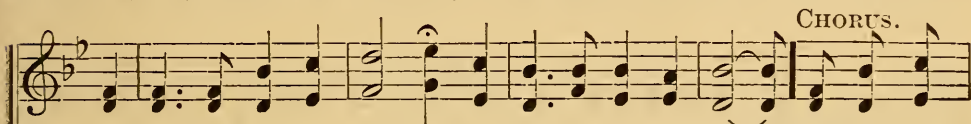
"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."—Rom. 8: 1.

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.

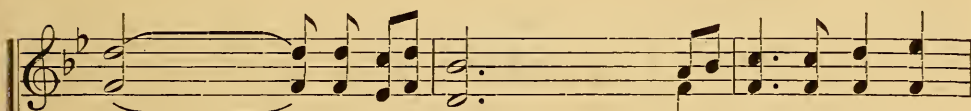


1. There's now no con-dem-na-tion; O mes-sage glad and true,  
 2. The price for sin de-mand-ed, The ran-som He has paid;  
 3. No long-er un-der bond-age, With sin to weigh us down;  
 4. No long-er for self-pleas-ing, But to His name we live,

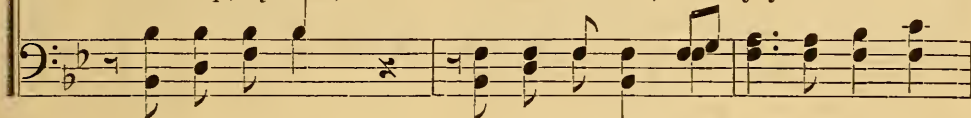
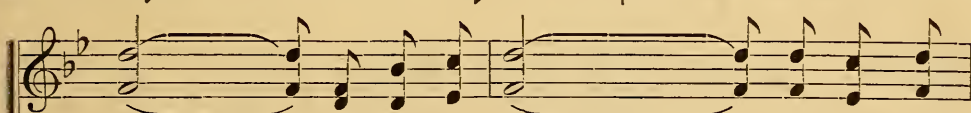


CHORUS.

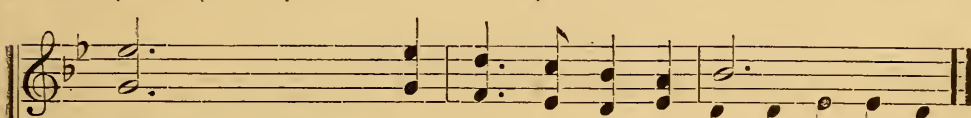
To sin-ners in Christ Je-sus, Who try His will to do. Look up, my  
 For our transgressions wounded, Our sins up-on Him laid.  
 Not ser-vants now but children, Made heirs to robe and crown.  
 Who died to buy us par-don, That God might sin for-give.

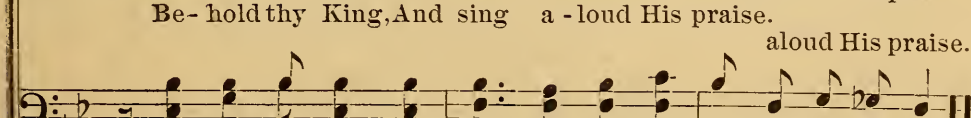
soul a - dore Him, And joy-ful an-thems  
 Look up, my soul, Look and a-dore, And joy-ful an-thems

raise; Be-hold thy Sav- iour and thy  
 an - thems raise; Be - hold thy Sav-iour,

King, And sing a - loud His praise.  
 Be - hold thy King, And sing a - loud His praise.

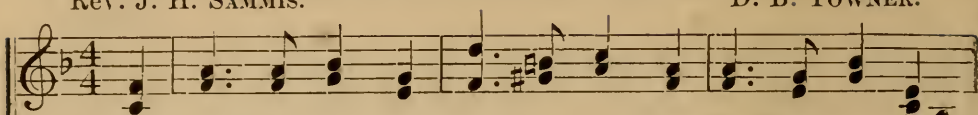




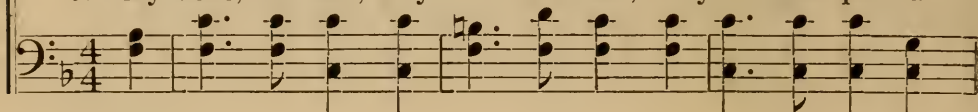
# No. 134. Teach me how to pray.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

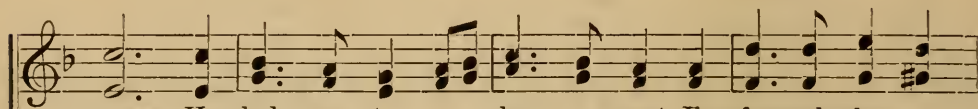
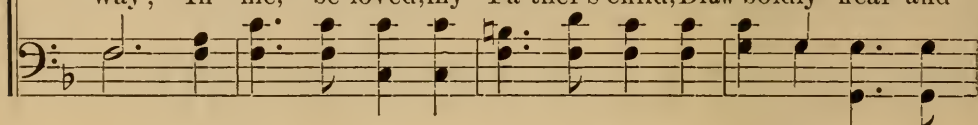
D. B. TOWNER.



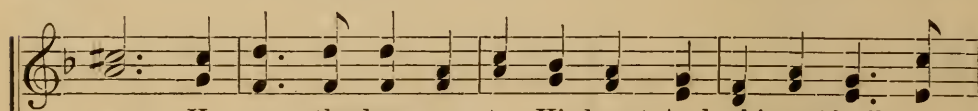
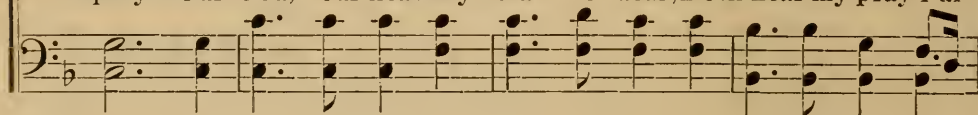
1. "Come thou a-part and rest a-while," I heard my Sav-iour
2. He seemed so like the Son of Man, As on His breast I
3. "My dove," He said, my un-de-filed, Thy sins are put a-



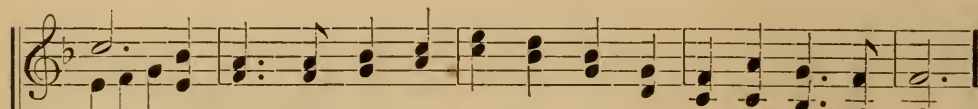
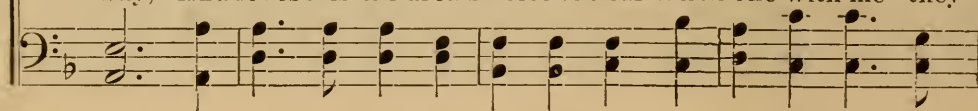
say, So sweet His tone, so fond His smile, I turned a-side to  
lay, That I with burn-ing heart be-gan, "Lord, teach me how to  
way; In me, be-loved, my Fa-ther's child, Draw boldly near and



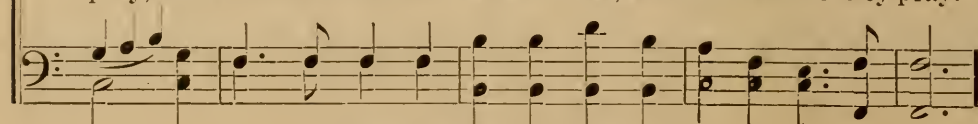
pray. He led me to a place a-part, Far from the bu-sy  
pray. 'T is Thine to in-ter-cede for me, For grace from day to  
pray. Our God, our heav'nly Fa-ther dear, Doth hear my pray'r al-



way; He gen-tly drew me to His heart, And whisper'd, "Let us  
day; And help in my in-fir-mi-ty, Thy sin-ful child to  
way, And loves His children's voice to hear When one with me they

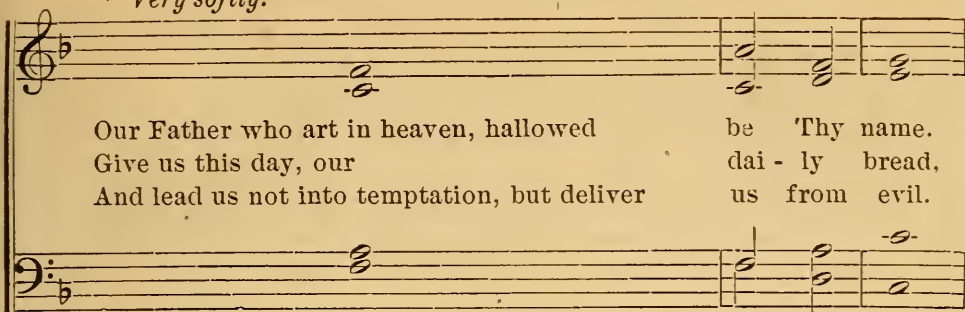


pray, He gen-tly drew me to His heart, And whisper'd, "Let us pray."  
pray, And help in mine in-fir-mi-ty Thy sin-ful child to pray.  
pray, And loves His children's voice to hear, When one with me they pray.

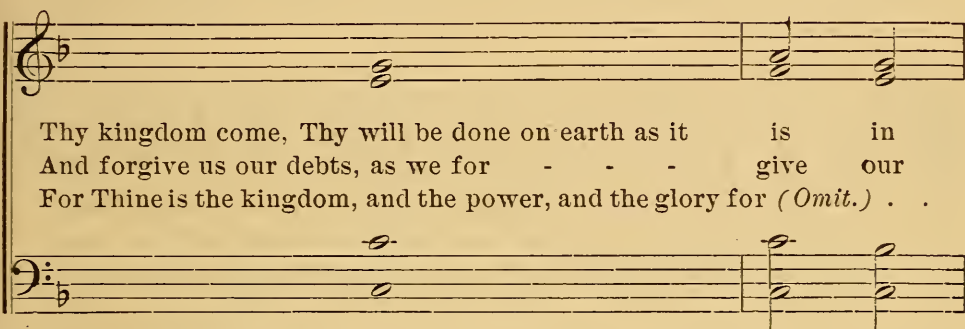


Teach me how to pray.

\* *Very softly.*

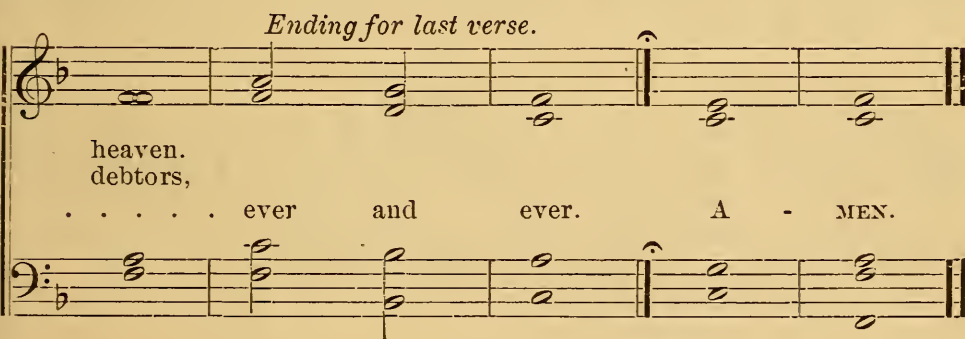


Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.  
Give us this day, our dai - ly bread,  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.



Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in  
And forgive us our debts, as we for - - - give our  
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for (*Omit.*) . .

*Ending for last verse.*



heaven.  
debtors,  
. . . . . ever and ever. A - MEN.

**No. 135. Thanks returned. L. M.**

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But more because of Jesus' blood;  
Let manna to our souls be given, —  
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

**No. 136. Blessing invoked. L. M.**

Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here as everywhere adored,  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

\* The chant to be used after last verse only.

# No. 137. Some Day, some Time.

ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

1. Some day, some time, the boat-man gray, O'er death's dark  
2. Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The King in  
3. Some day, some time, our hearts shall know Sweet peace and  
4. Some day, some time, through streets of gold Our feet shall

riv - er far a - way, Shall guide us in - to end-less day,  
won-drous maj - es - ty, And from earth's bond-age we'll be free,  
rest from earthly woe, And we shall leave these scenes be - low,  
walk, 'mid joys un - told, And boundless love shall then en - fold.

CHORUS.

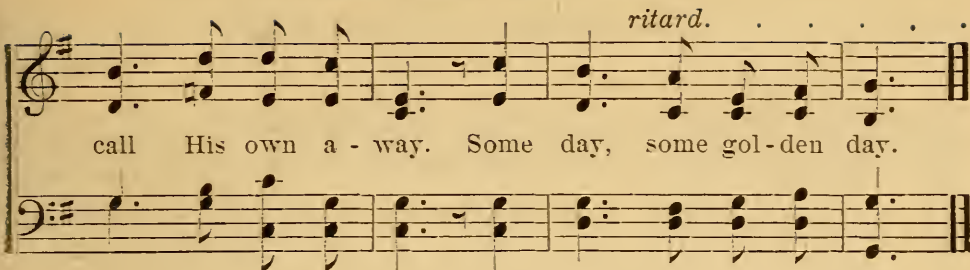
Some day, some golden day. Some day, some time, we soft - ly say  
Some day, some golden day.  
Some day, some golden day.  
Some day, some golden day.

'T will sure - ly come that glo - rious day, When Christ shall



Some Day, some Time.

*ritard.*

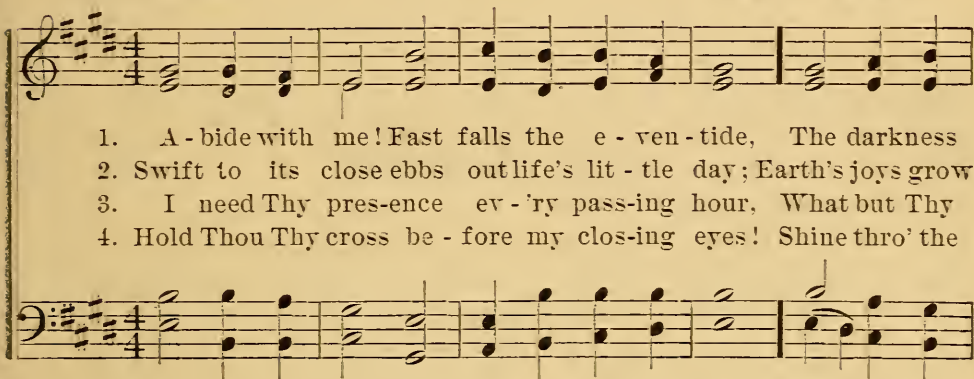


call His own a - way. Some day, some gol - den day.

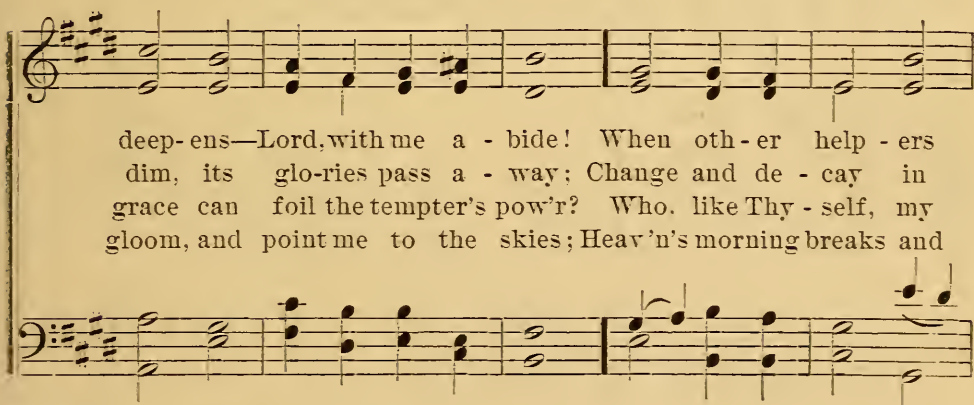
No. 138. Abide with Me.

H. F. LYTE.

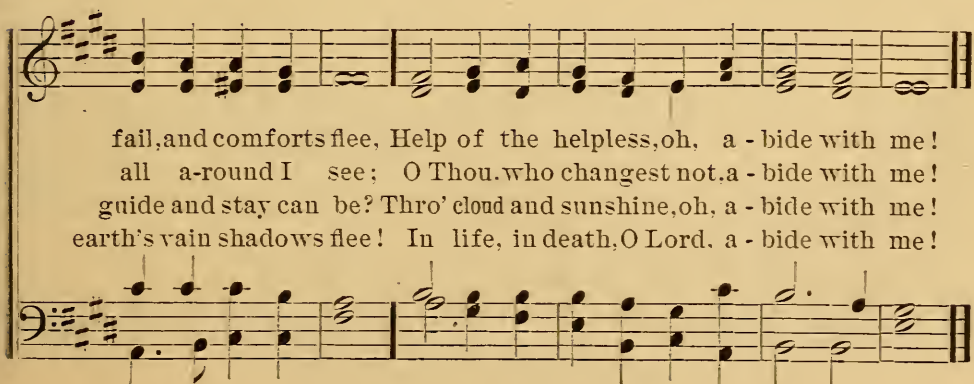
WM. H. MONK.



1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy  
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes! Shine thro' the



deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my  
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and

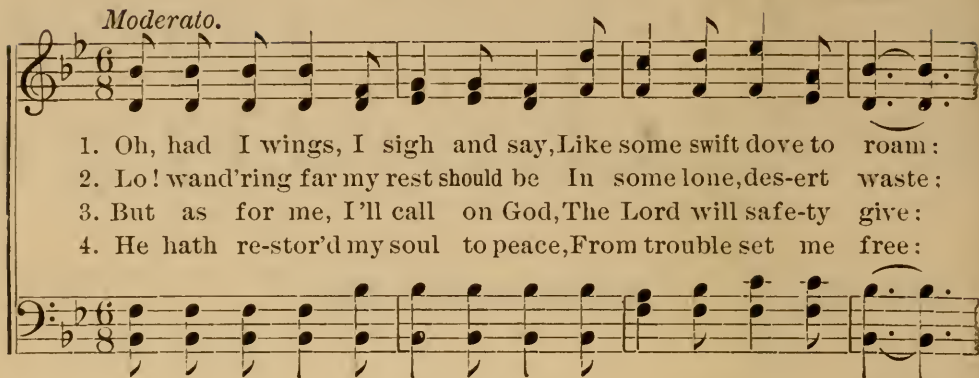


fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me!  
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me!  
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me!  
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!

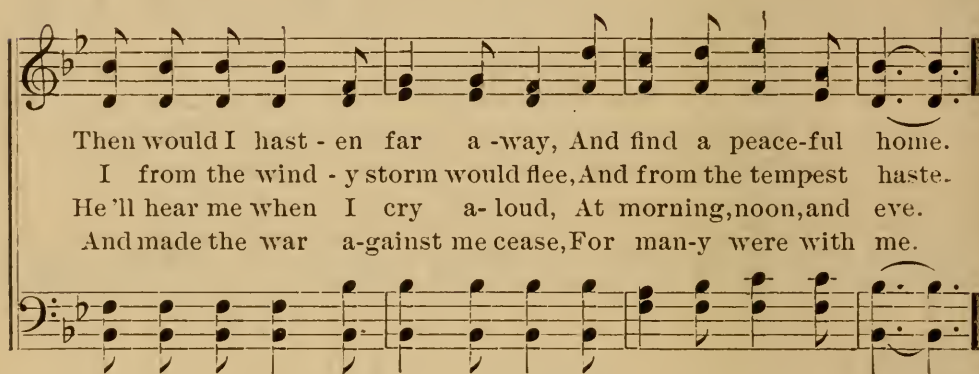
# No. 139. Cast thy Burden on the Lord. (Psalm 55.)

D. B. TOWNER.

*Moderato.*

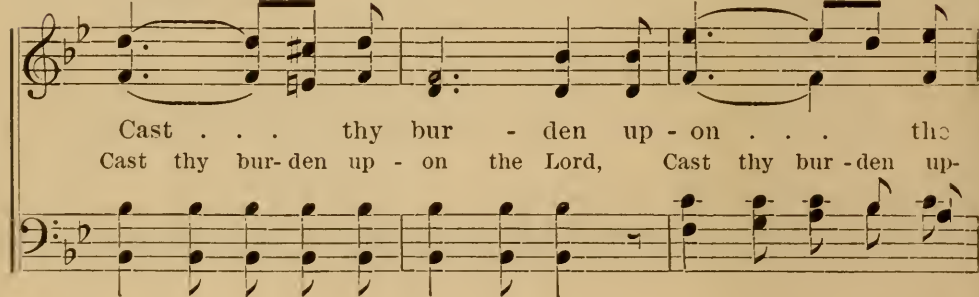


1. Oh, had I wings, I sigh and say, Like some swift dove to roam:  
 2. Lo! wand'ring far my rest should be In some lone, des-ert waste:  
 3. But as for me, I'll call on God, The Lord will safe-ty give:  
 4. He hath re-stor'd my soul to peace, From trouble set me free:

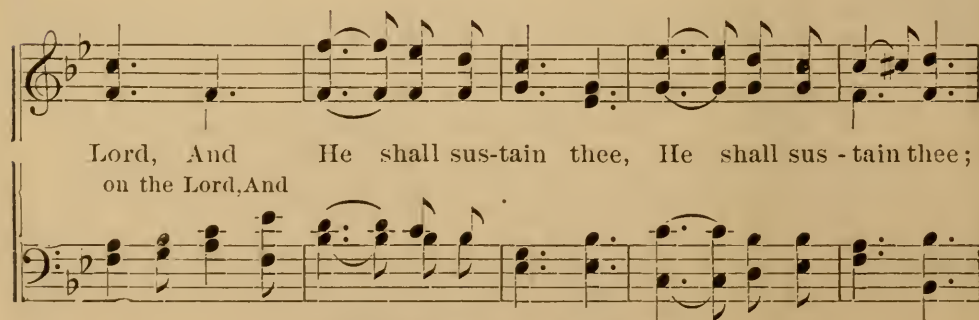


Then would I hast-en far a-way, And find a peace-ful home.  
 I from the wind-y storm would flee, And from the tempest haste.  
 He'll hear me when I cry a-loud, At morning, noon, and eve.  
 And made the war a-against me cease, For man-y were with me.

CHORUS.



Cast . . . thy bur - den up - on . . . the  
 Cast thy bur-den up - on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den up-



Lord, And He shall sus-tain thee, He shall sus-tain thee;  
 on the Lord, And

# Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

Cast . . . thy bur - den up - on . . . the  
 Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den up -

Lord. . And He shall sus - tain thee, He shall sus - tain thee.  
 on the Lord,

*ritard.*

## No. 140. Pass me not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour. Hear my hum - ble cry:  
 2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief:  
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face:  
 4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me —

**FINE.**

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
 Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

*D.S.* While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*

Sav - iour. Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry:



## No. 141.

## Beyond is Canaan.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

DUET.

1. Be-yond is Canaan, the beau-ti-ful land, And Je-sus is there, yes,  
 2. Be-yond is Canaan, our heav-en-ly home, O ci - ty of light, O  
 3. Be-yond is Canaan, the land of the blest, Where sorrow and tears are

Je - sus is there, Be-yond, a white-robed and glo - ri-fied band; The  
 ci - ty of gold, With gates of pearl and of jew-els so rare, Whose  
 known never-more, Where ran-somed saints ev - er dwell with their Lord In

CHORUS.

ransomed are there, the ransomed are there. Be-yond is Ca-naan the  
 peo - ple thereof will nev - er grow old.  
 mansions of rest, on that qui-et shore.

beau - ti-ful land, O Ca-naan, the beau - ti-ful, Canaan, the fair, Where

# Beyond is Canaan.

*rit.* beau-ti-ful land. . .

dwell the ransomed a glo - rified band, In Canaan, the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful land.

beau - ti - ful land. . .

The musical score for 'Beyond is Canaan' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No. 142. Spalding. (Ps. 19, H. M. 5-9.)

D. B. TOWNER.

1. God's per-fect law converts The soul, in sin that lies ; His tes - ti - mo - ny  
 2. The fear of God is clean, And' ev - er doth en - dure ; His judgments all are  
 3. Who can his er - rors know From se - cret faults me cleanse ; Thy servant keep Thou  
 4. Then in Thy righteous way My life shall up - right be, I shall be in - no -

The musical score for 'Spalding' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

sure Doth make the simple wise ; His statutes just, de - light the heart ; His  
 truth And right - eous - ness most pure, To be de - sired are they, far more Than  
 back From all pre - sumptuous sins, Oh, let them not my way control Nor  
 cent, From great transgressions free ; Ac - cept my words and thoughts of heart, Lord,

The musical score for 'Spalding' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

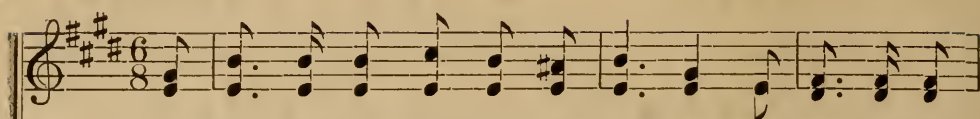
ho - ly precepts light im - part, His ho - ly precept light im - parts.  
 fin - est gold in rich - est store, Than fin - est gold in rich - est store.  
 gain do - min - ion o'er my soul, Nor gain do - min - ion o'er my soul.  
 Thou my strength and Saviour art, Lord, Thou my strength and Saviour art.

The musical score for 'Spalding' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

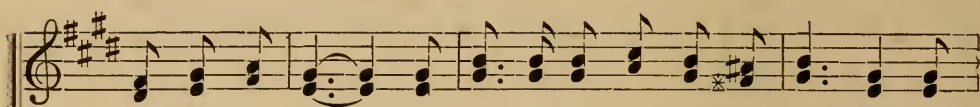
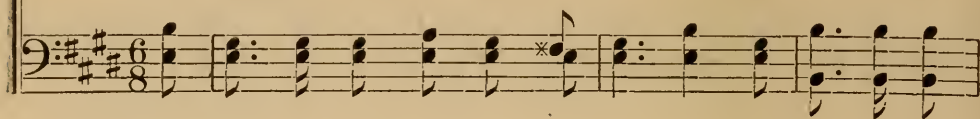
# No. 143. He's calling for thee.

R. M. OFFORD.

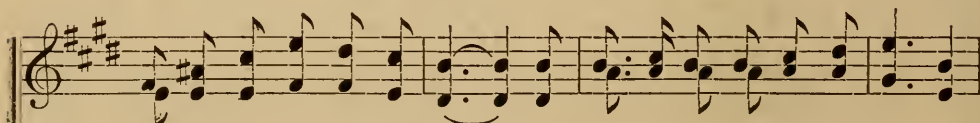
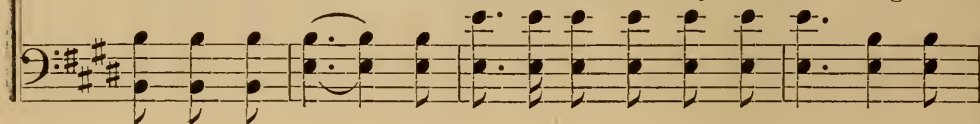
D. B. TOWNER.



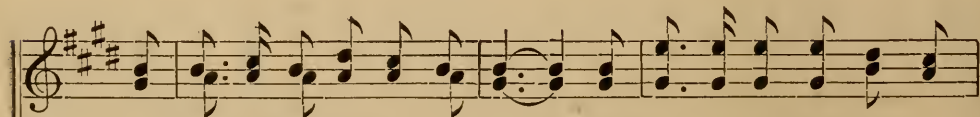
1. Oh, car - ry thy bur - den no long - er, The weight of thy
2. Why wilt thou still lin - ger and lan - guish, Why starve on the
3. Oh, come to the One that is yearn - ing, Thy Sav - iour and



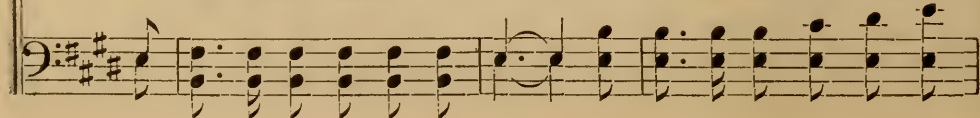
sin and thy grief; But go un - to One who is strong - er, And  
husks of the field, When Je - sus can heal all thine an - guish, And  
portion to be, The heart that a - waits thy re - turn - ing, Once



know He can give thee re - lief; More gen - tle than dew - drops is fall - ing  
bread in a - bundance can yield; There's pardon for all thy transgressing,  
bled for thy sin on the tree; To know Him is life ev - er - last - ing,



His voice to the sad and op - prest, The wea - ry and sin - sick He's  
And grace that can cleanse thee with - in, And treasures of love and of  
To lose Him is death ev - er - more, And wisdom would bid thee be





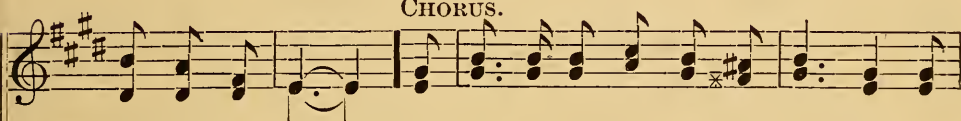
He's calling for thee.



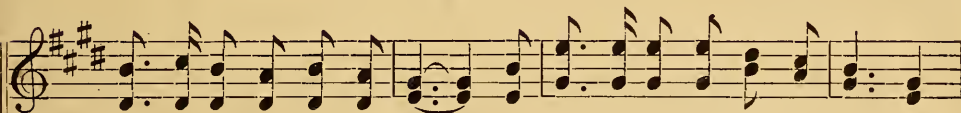
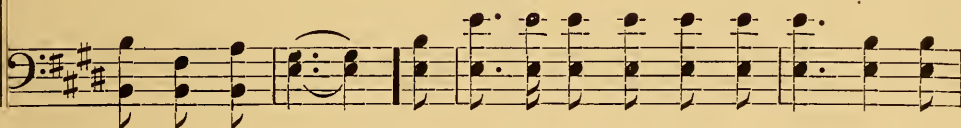
call - ing, Is call-ing to peace and to rest, Is call-ing to  
bless - ing, In-stead of the bon-dage of sin, In-stead of the  
hast - ing, While mercy keeps o - pen the door, While mer-cy keeps



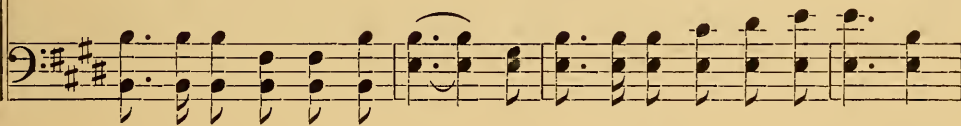
CHORUS.



peace and to rest. Then list to the voice of the Saviour, Whose  
bon-dage of sin.  
o - pen the door.



love is so full and so free, The wea-ry and sin-sick He's calling,



*rallentando.* . . . .



He's calling, yes, calling for thee, He's calling, yes calling for thee.



# 144. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

(PILOT.)

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D.D., 1871, alt.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.  
 Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

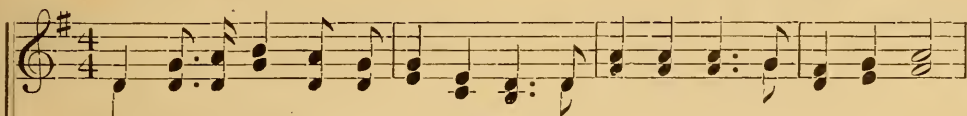
## No. 145. Father, lead me.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Father, lead me, day by day,<br/>             Ever in Thine own sweet way;<br/>             Teach me to be pure and true,<br/>             Show me what I ought to do.<br/>             Keep me safe by Thy dear side;<br/>             Let me in Thy love abide.</p> <p>2 When I'm tempted to do wrong,<br/>             Make me steadfast, wise and strong;<br/>             And when all alone I stand,</p> | <p>Shield me with Thy mighty hand.<br/>             Happy most of all to know<br/>             That my Father loves me so.</p> <p>3 When my work seems hard and dry,<br/>             May I press on cheerily;<br/>             May I do the good I know,<br/>             Be Thy loving child below,<br/>             Then at last go home to Thee,<br/>             Evermore Thy child to be.</p> |
|---|---|

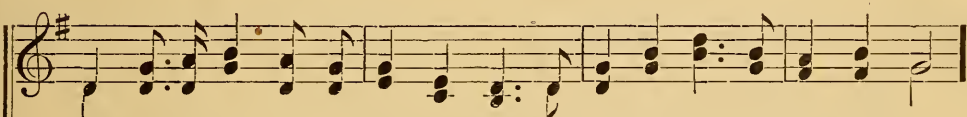
# No. 146. Fling out the Banner.

ELLA LAUDER.

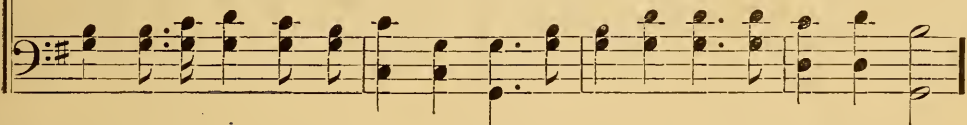
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Fling out the banner all crimson dyed With blood that flowed from Jesus' side ;
2. Put on the ar-mor of Christ the Lord, That ye may stand against the foe ;
3. Bearing the ban-ner of Him who died, We'll march to meet the hosts of sin ;
4. When from the ramparts of heaven high, Our banner floats a - far and wide,



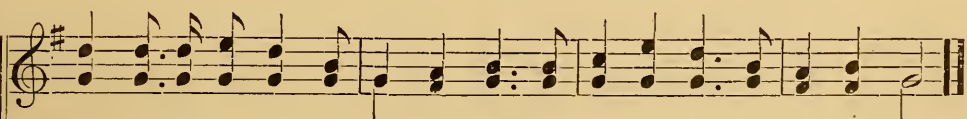
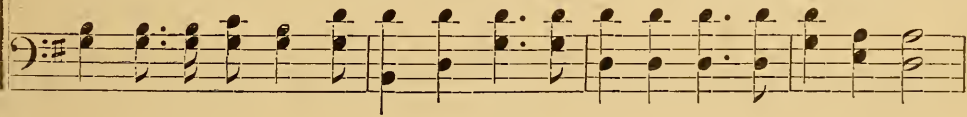
This is our glo - ry and this our pride, The cross on which the Saviour died.  
Tak-ing the helmet, the shield, and sword, And in His strength and spir-it go.  
Christ is our lead-er both true and tried, His wondrous name the day shall win.  
We'll sound the watchword thro'-out the sky, Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.



## CHORUS.



Fling out the ban-ner a - far and wide, Our on - ly hope the Cru-ci - fied ;



Fling out the banner a - far and wide, The cross on which the Saviour died.

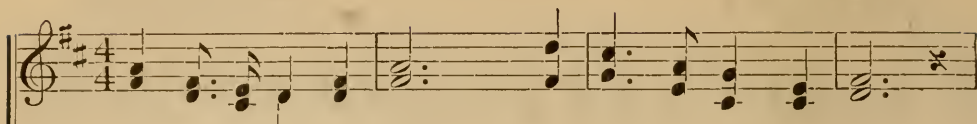




# No. 147. Quit You Like Men.

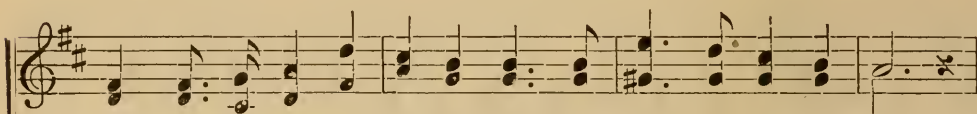
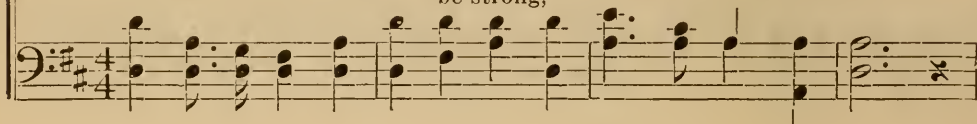
F. G. BURROUGHS.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Quit you like men, be strong,      Lean on Thy Lord's right hand!
2. Quit you like men, be strong,      Hold up faith's might-y shield!
3. Quit you like men, be strong,      For bold is Sa - tan's host:
4. Quit you like men, be strong,      In God's whole armour clad,

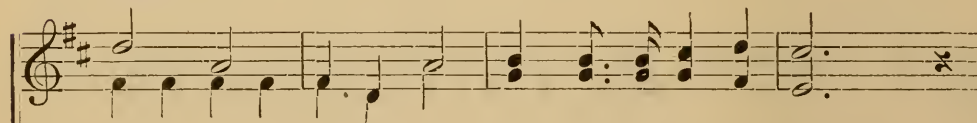
be strong,



Why should you faint or be dismayed, When He is in command?  
Thine are the weapons of His grace, To these His foes shall yield.  
Cour-age, ye soldiers of the Lord, That may His triumphs boast!  
War a good warfare to the end; Spread ye the tid-ings glad.



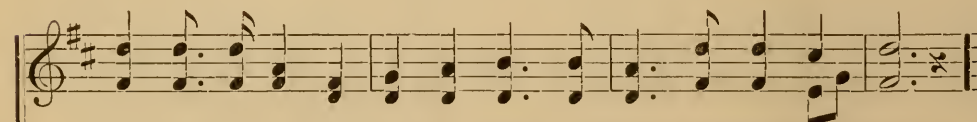
## CHORUS.



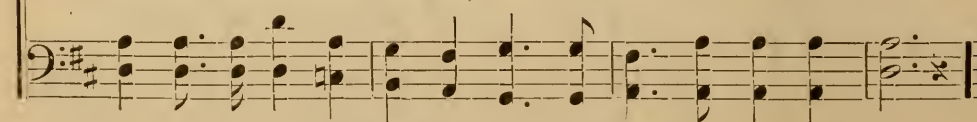
Stand fast in the faith, Quit you like men, be strong!

Stand fast, stand fast

be strong!



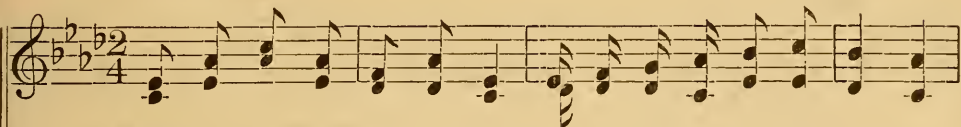
Hearken to what your Lord hath said: He is thy strength and song.



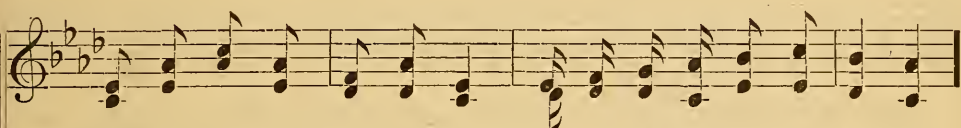
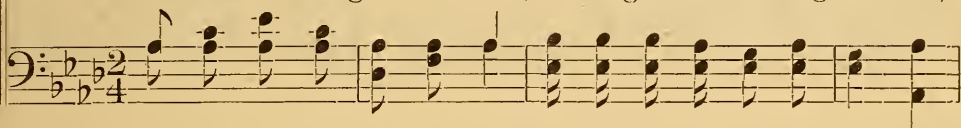
# No. 148. Nothing but the Living Water.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

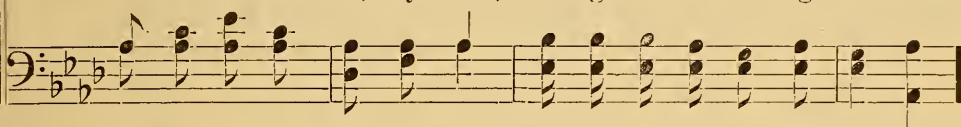
D. B. TOWNER.



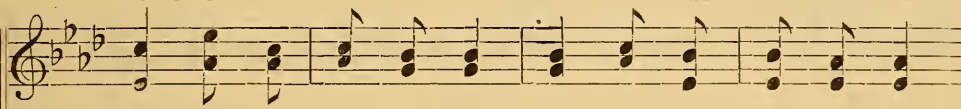
1. What can sweetly fill my soul? Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter;
2. Clear as crys - tal from the throne, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter;
3. Noth - ing can so sat - is - fy, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter;
4. Pure and brimming to the brink, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter;



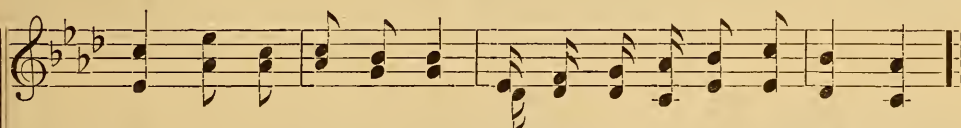
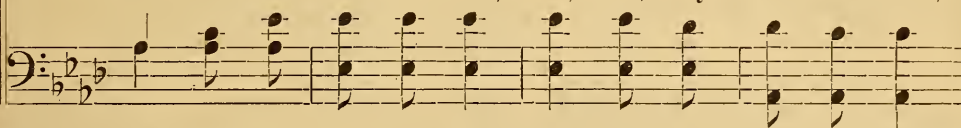
What can all my thirst con - trol? Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.  
Sweet - ly fill - ing all his own, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.  
On - ly foun - tain, nev - er dry, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.  
Who - so - ev - er will, may drink, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.



## CHORUS.



O foun - tain full and free, All, all, may drink of thee;



No - oth - er fount for me, Nothing but the liv - ing wa - ter.



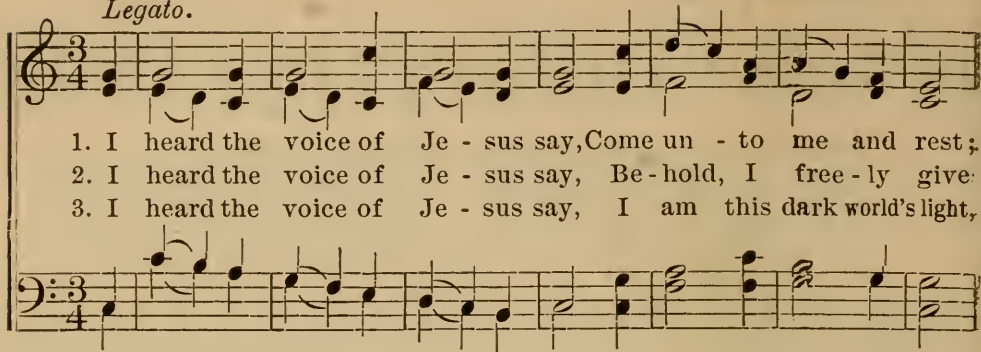
5 Come, my brother, and partake,  
Nothing but the living water;  
Drink, O drink, for Jesus' sake,  
Nothing but the living water.

6 Fountain open now for thee,  
Nothing but the living water;  
Come, O come, and drink with me,  
Nothing but the living water.

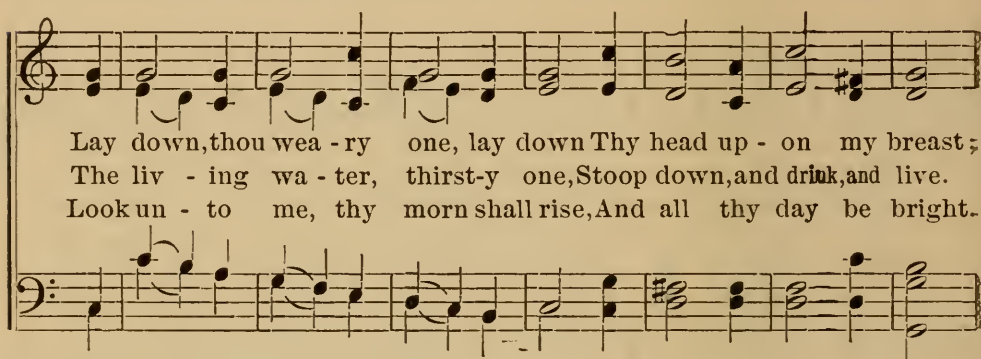
# No. 149. I heard the Voice of Jesus.

FRANZ ABT. Arr.

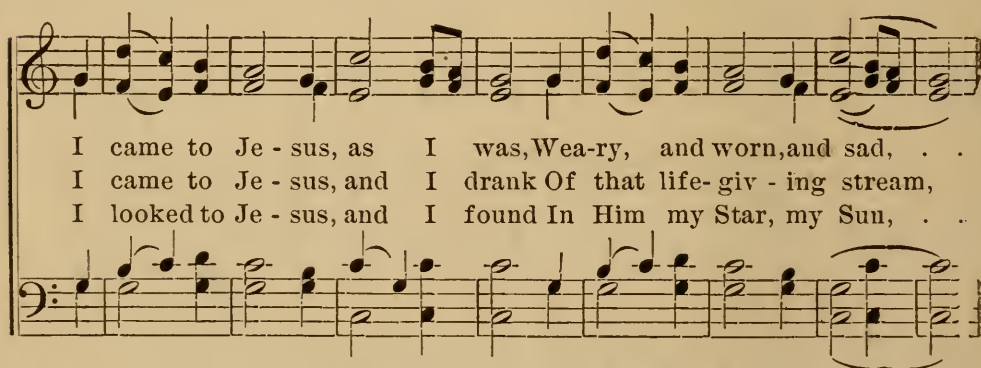
*Legato.*



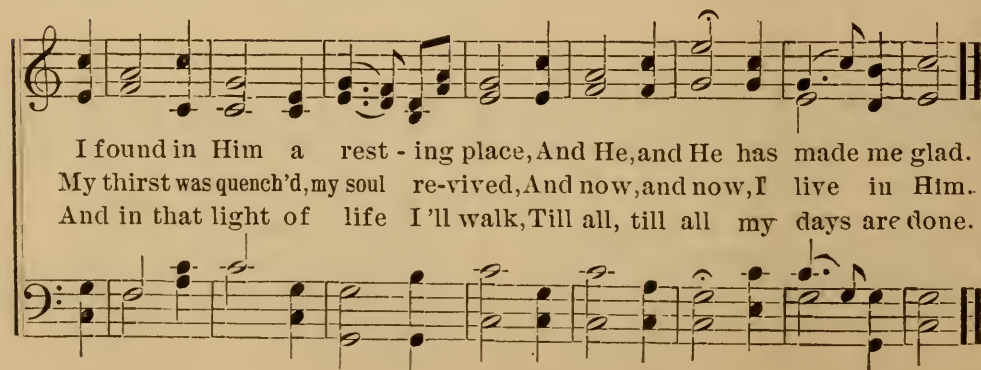
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest;  
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be - hold, I free - ly give:  
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's light,



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast;  
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live.  
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.



I came to Je - sus, as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad, . .  
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream,  
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun, . .



I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He, and He has made me glad.  
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now, and now, I live in Him.  
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all, till all my days are done.



# No. 150. My Soul will overcome.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. Help-less I come to Je-sus' blood, And all my-self re-sign;  
 2. 'Tis Je-sus gives me life within, And nerves me for the fray;  
 3. Tho' clouds of con-flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

I lose my weak-ness in that flood, And gath-er strength di-vine.  
 He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a-way.  
 In Je-sus' name I'll struggle thro', And en-ter heav'n with song.

## REFRAIN.

My soul will o-vercome by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will

o-vercome by the blood of the Lamb; O-ver-come, o-ver-

O-ver-come, My

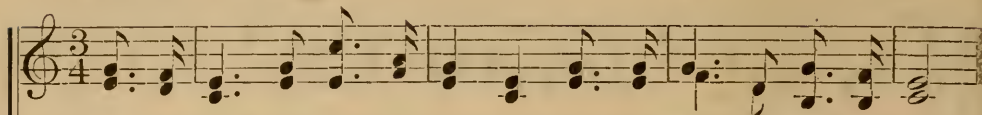
come, O-ver-come by the blood of the Lamb.

soul will o-ver-come,

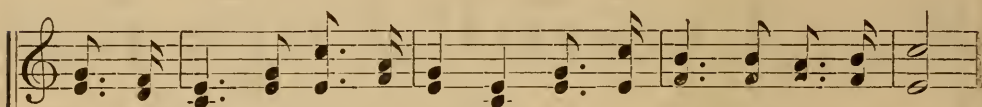
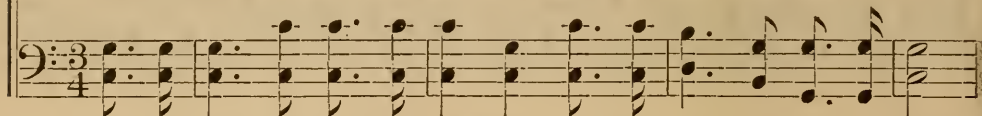
# No. 151. Is thy Cruse of Comfort failing.

Mrs. E. R. CHARLES, arr. by J. H. S.

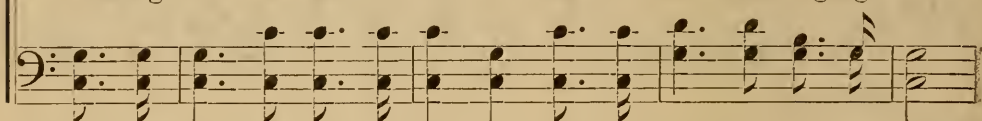
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail - ing, Rise, and from thy wasting store,
2. For the heart grows rich in giv - ing, All its wealth is liv - ing grain,
3. Chilled and weary wouldst thou slumber? Sink not in the drifts, but go,
4. Is thy heart a well left emp - ty? None but God its void can fill,



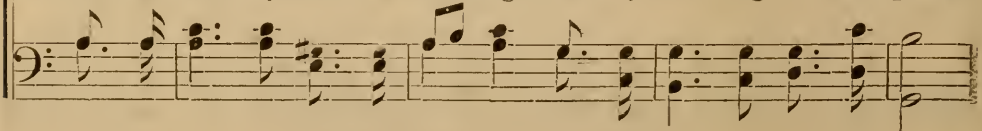
Go re-fresh thy fainting broth-er And in shar - ing, gath-er more.  
Seeds, which mil - dew in the gar - ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.  
Rouse and chafe thy fro - zen fel-low Till the crim - son currents flow.  
Noth - ing but a ceaseless fountain Can its cease-less longings still.



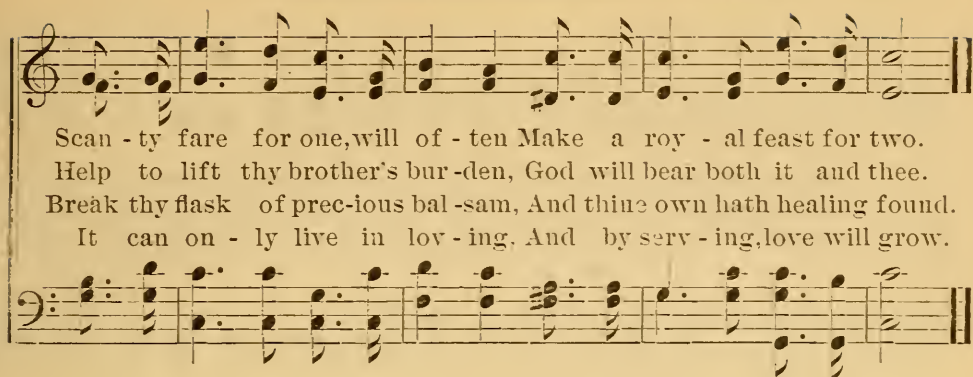
Fear not, He who gave the handful, Will from day to day re-new,  
Is thy bur - den hard and heav-y? Do thy steps drag wea-ri - ly?  
Sore - ly wound-ed of the arch-ers O'er thy bruis-éd comrade's wound,  
Is thy heart a liv - ing pow-er? Self enthroned its strength sinks low,



Scan - ty fare for one, will of - ten Make a roy - al feast for two.  
Help to lift thy brother's bur - den God will bear both it and thee,  
Break thy flask of prec - ious bal - sam, And thine own hath healing found,  
It can on - ly live in lov - ing, And by serv - ing, love will grow,



Is thy Cruse of Comfort failing.

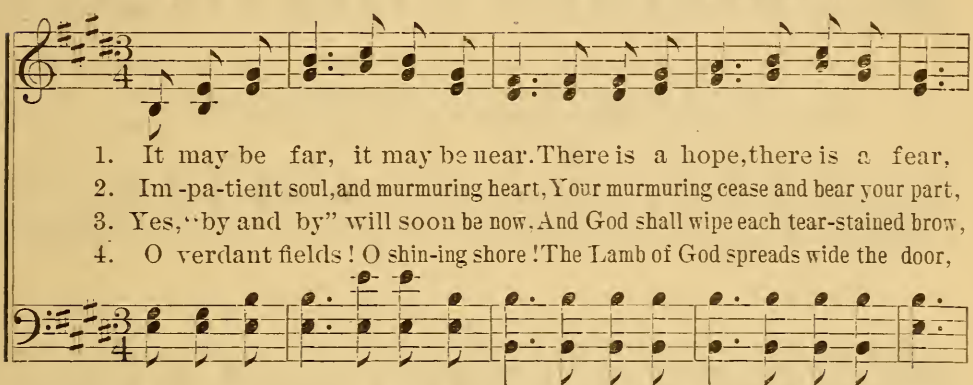


Scan - ty fare for one, will of - ten Make a roy - al feast for two.  
 Help to lift thy brother's bur - den, God will bear both it and thee.  
 Break thy flask of prec - ious bal - sam, And thine own hath healing found.  
 It can on - ly live in lov - ing, And by serv - ing, love will grow.

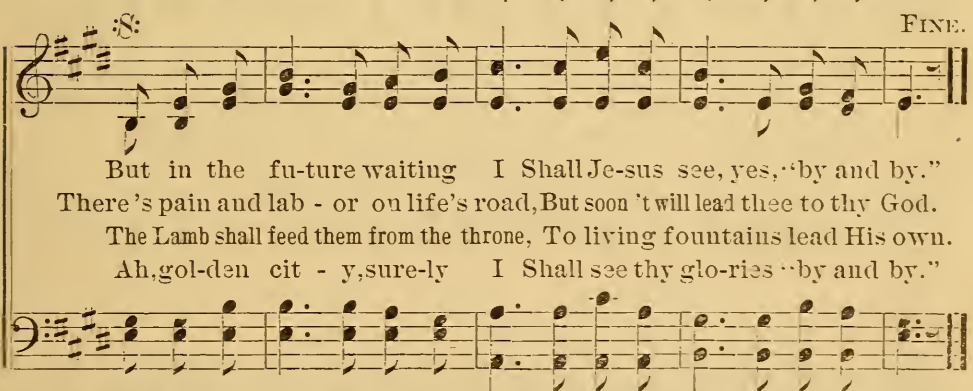
# No. 152. By and by.

Words alt.

R. M. McINTOSH.

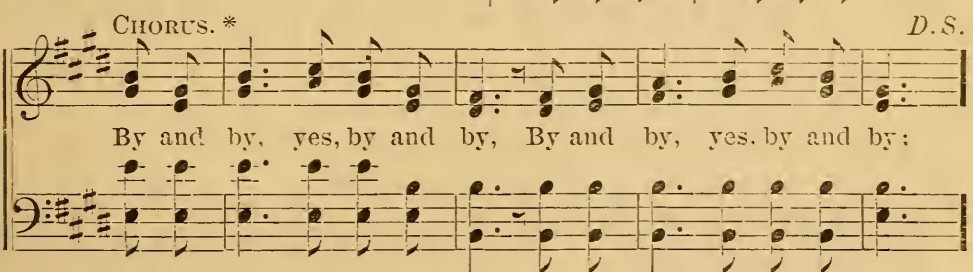


1. It may be far, it may be near. There is a hope, there is a fear,
2. Im - pa - tient soul, and murmuring heart, Your murmuring cease and bear your part,
3. Yes, "by and by" will soon be now, And God shall wipe each tear - stained brow,
4. O verdant fields! O shin - ing shore! The Lamb of God spreads wide the door,



FINE.

But in the fu - ture waiting I Shall Je - sus see, yes, "by and by."  
 There's pain and lab - or on life's road, But soon 't will lead thee to thy God.  
 The Lamb shall feed them from the throne, To living fountains lead His own.  
 Ah, gol - den cit - y, sure - ly I Shall see thy glo - ries "by and by."



CHORUS. \* D. S.

By and by, yes, by and by, By and by, yes, by and by:

\* In the D. S. use the last two lines of the verse.

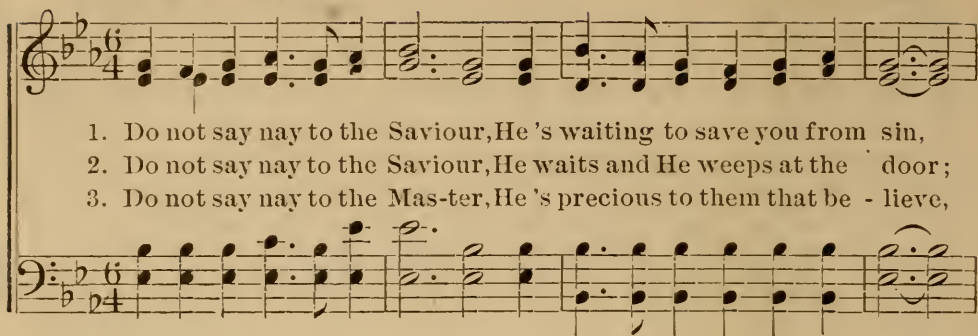
By per. R. M. McINTOSH.



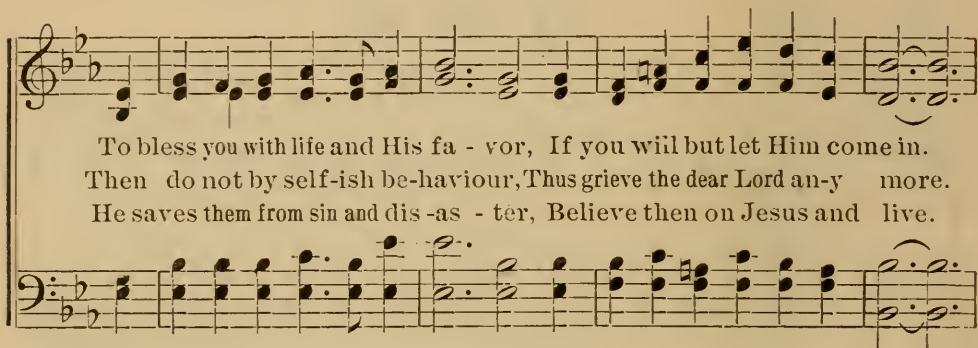
# No. 153. Do not say Nay.

Rev. A. VAN CAMP.

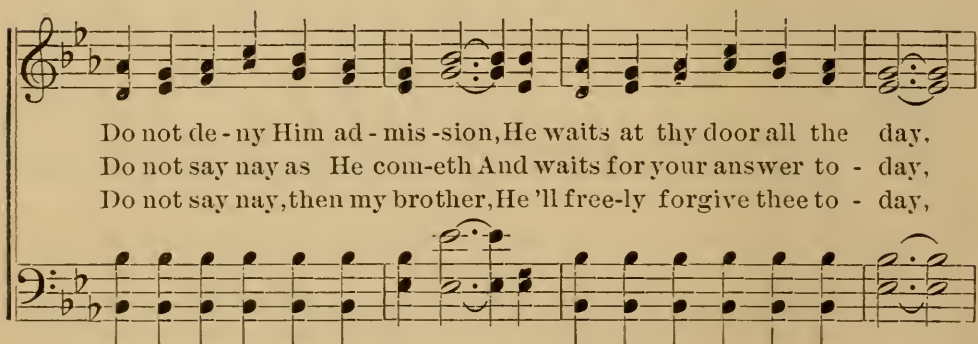
D. B. TOWNER.



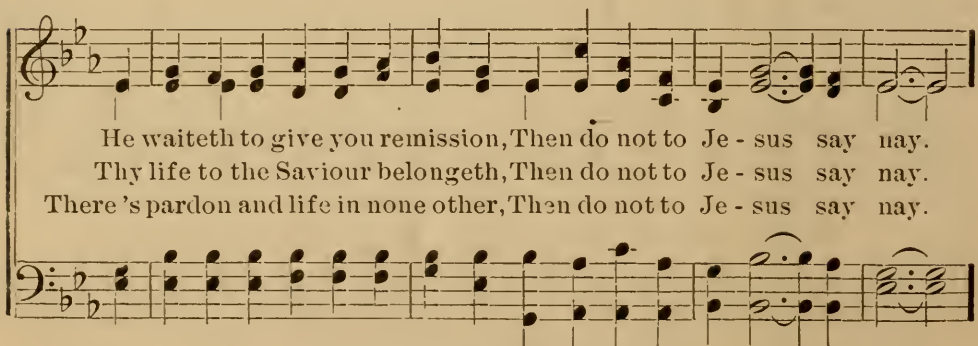
1. Do not say nay to the Saviour, He's waiting to save you from sin,  
2. Do not say nay to the Saviour, He waits and He weeps at the door;  
3. Do not say nay to the Mas-ter, He's precious to them that be - lieve,



To bless you with life and His fa - vor, If you will but let Him come in.  
Then do not by self-ish be-haviour, Thus grieve the dear Lord any more.  
He saves them from sin and dis-as - ter, Believe then on Jesus and live.



Do not de-ny Him ad-mis-sion, He waits at thy door all the day,  
Do not say nay as He com-eth And waits for your answer to - day,  
Do not say nay, then my brother, He'll free-ly forgive thee to - day,



He waiteth to give you remission, Then do not to Je - sus say nay.  
Thy life to the Saviour belongeth, Then do not to Je - sus say nay.  
There's pardon and life in none other, Then do not to Je - sus say nay.

# Do not say Nay.

CHORUS.

Oh, do not say nay, He'll save you to-day, He's waiting, He's pleading, Oh,

do not say nay, He's waiting, He's pleading, He'll save you to-day.

## No. 154. The Reaper and the Flowers.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

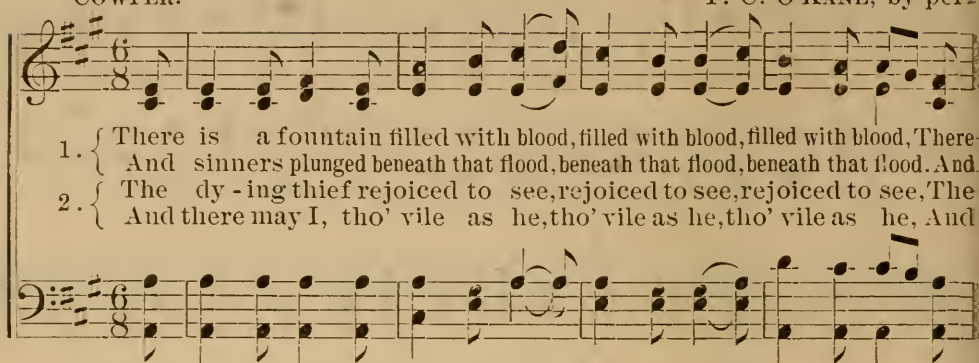
D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a reaper, Whose name is Death, And with his sic-kle keen,  
 2. "Shall I have naught that is fair," said he, "Have naught but the bearded grain?  
 3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their drooping leaves,  
 4. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay," The reaper said and smiled:  
 5. They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care:  
 6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love:  
 7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The reaper came that day:

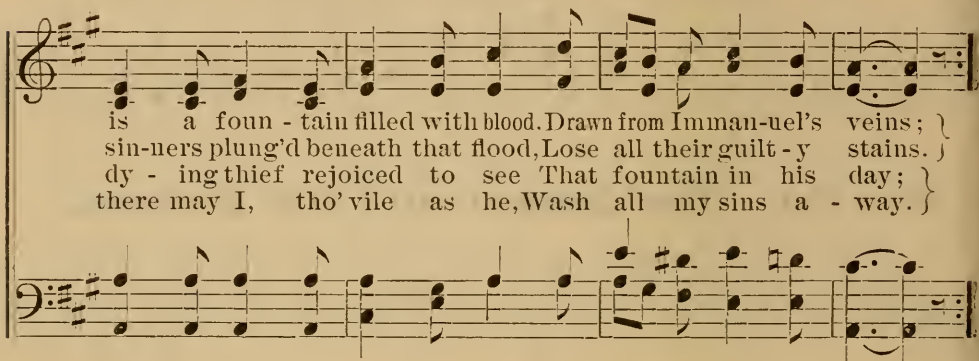
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flow'rs that grow be-tween.  
 Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them back a - gain."  
 It was for the Lord of Paradise, He bound them in his sheaves.  
 "Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where he was once a child.  
 And saints, upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear."  
 She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light a - bove.  
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flow'rs a - way.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per-

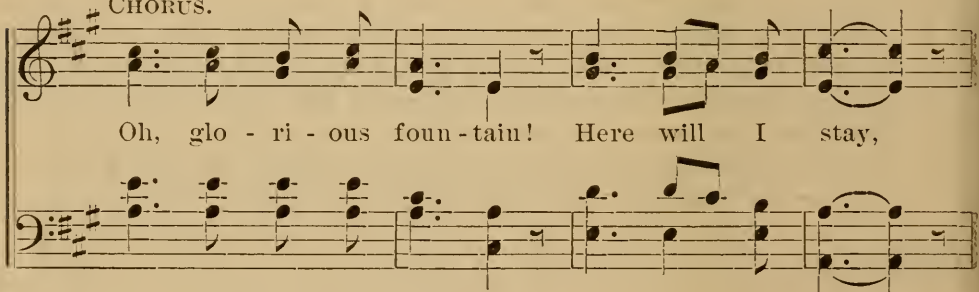


1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood. And  
2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

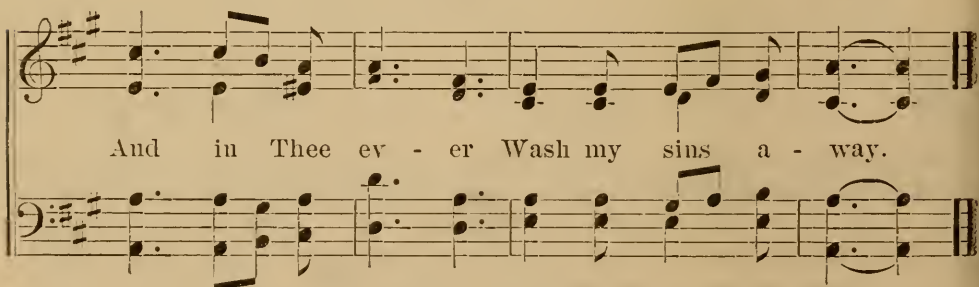


is a foun - tain filled with blood. Drawn from Imman-uel's veins ;  
sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }  
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day ; }  
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.



Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain! Here will I stay,



And in Thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

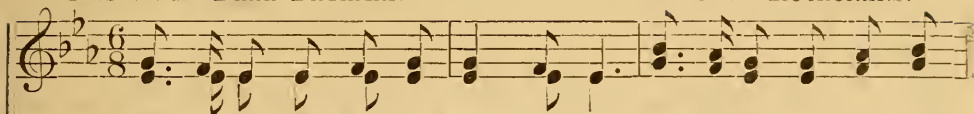
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: Thy precious blood :||  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God :||  
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream :||  
Thy flowing wounds supply  
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :||  
And shall be till I die.



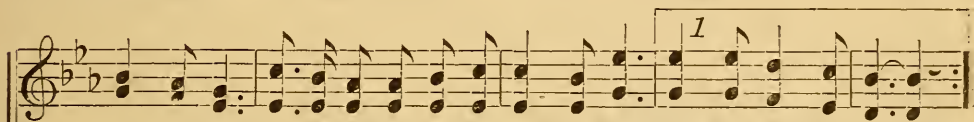
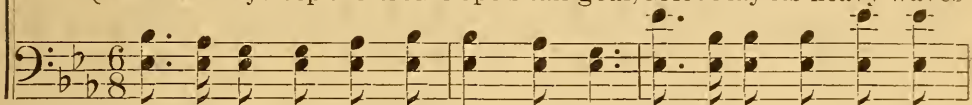
# No. 156. Father, lead Thou me.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. { What tho' the morning be fair and bright, Glowing the noon-tide and  
Eag-er my foot-steps and glad my song, Soon I may faint if the
2. { Lov-ing and loved ones at-tend my way, Yet they are fad-ing as  
Joy - ful the jour-neys of earth may be Pleasures and treasures be
3. { Darkness may gather and tem-pests rise, Lightnings may flash thro' the  
Mountains may keep me from hope's fair goal, Grief may its heavy waves



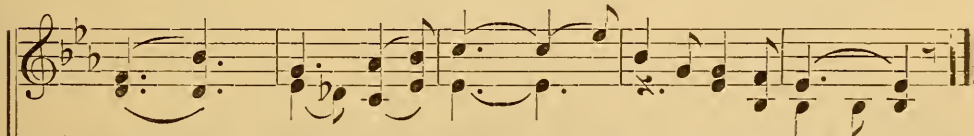
calm the night, Still I shall fall if I trust my sight. Father, lead Thou me.  
way be long, Only in Thee can my soul be strong.  
fades the day, Closer to Thee do I long to stay. Father, lead Thou me.  
fair and free, Nothing abideth, dear Lord, but Thee.  
storm-torn skies, Nothing can cover me from Thine eyes. Father, lead Thou me..  
o'er me roll, Nothing can sever Thee from my soul.



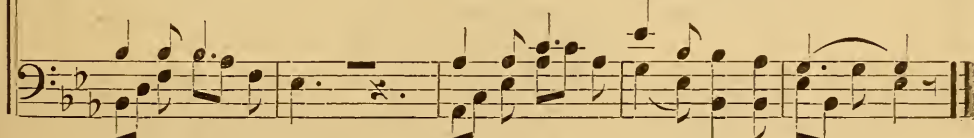
Father, lead Thou me. Lead Thou me, . . . Lead Thou  
Lead Thou me,



Fa - ther, lead Thou me.



me. Lead Thou me, Father, lead Thou me.  
Lead Thou me, Lead Thou me, Father, lead Thou me.



Father, lead Thou me, Father, lead Thou me, Father, lead Thou me.

# No. 157. Is my Name there?

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a Book of Life a-bove, Where all the good  
 2. Its pages shine with heav'nly light, Undimmed by clouds  
 3. O Book of Life, bought with that blood, More dear than gold  
 4. Redeemer mine, to Thee I look, Oh, let me now

1. There is a Book of Life a-bove, Where all the good

and ho - ly are, The rec - ord of re - deem - ing  
 of pain and care. O bliss - ful realm where falls no  
 or jew - els rare, O cru - el nails, O cross of  
 Thy mer - cy share, And read at last with - in Thy

and ho - ly are, The rec - ord of re -

love, Is my name there? Is my name there?  
 night, Is my name there? Is my name there?  
 wood, Is my name there? Is my name there?  
 Book — De-light-ful thought! *My own name there.*

deem-ing love, Is my name there? Is my name there?

## CHORUS.

Is my name there? Is my name there? Within the Book of Life so fair?

Is my Name there?

O Lamb of God, hear Thou my prayer And write my name for-ev - er there.

No. 158. Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

ISAAC WATTS.

GERMAN.

1. { De - scend from heav'n, Im - mor-tal Dove : Stoop down and take us  
And mount and bear us far a - bove, The reach of these in-  
2. { Be - yond, be - yond this low - er sky, Up where e - ter - nal  
Where sol - id pleas - ures nev - er die, And fruits im - mor-tal

CHORUS.  
on Thy wings : fer-i-or-things. { Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While }  
a - ges roll, feast the soul. { heav'n and earth with glo-ry ring. }

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God.

3<sup>d</sup> Oh, for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our Almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.

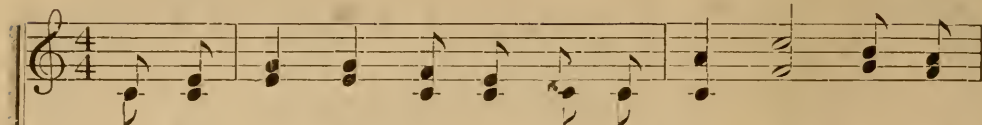
4<sup>th</sup> Adoring saints around Him stand,  
And thrones and powers before Him fall,  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.



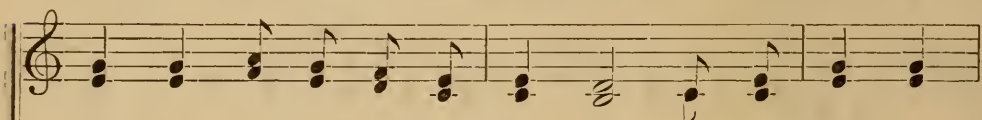
# No. 159. The Hollow of God's Hand.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ, by per.



1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am  
 2. What tho' fierce the storm - y blasts roar round me; What tho'  
 3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of

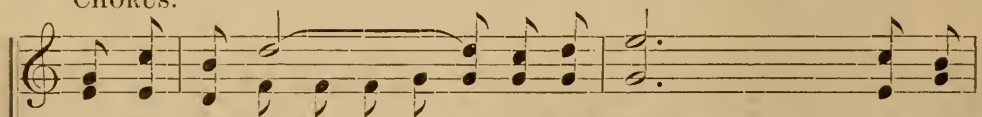


safe, who - ev - er may de - ride me; I am safe, as  
 sore life's tri - als oft con-found me; I am safe, for  
 peace the voice di - vine has told me; I am safe, while

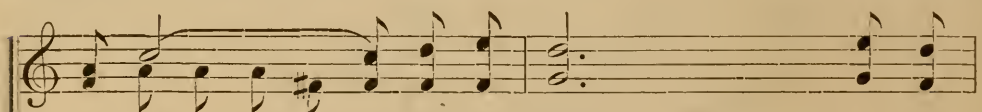


long as I con - fide me In the hol-low of God's hand.  
 naught of ill can wound me In the hol-low of God's hand.  
 God Him-self doth hold me In the hol-low of His hand.

CHORUS.



In the hol-low of His hand! In the  
 In the hol-low, in the hol-low of His hand!



hol-low, of His hand! I am  
 In the hol-low, in the hol-low of His hand!

# The Hollow of God's Hand.

safe while God Himself doth hold me In the hollow of His hand.

## No. 160. Beneath His Wing.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D.D.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be-neath His wing I sweet-ly rest, While balm-y peace reigns  
2. A-midst all dan-gers, seen or known, His guard-ian wing is  
3. This heav'n-ly wing, so wide-ly spread, Is o-ver me where-  
4. When wast-ing on the bed of death, I still can sing with

in my breast; I nev-er need a foe to dread, While His bright wing is  
o'er me thrown; It soothes me with its mag-ic power. And turns to light the  
'er I tread; It ban-ish-es all gloom and fear To feel assured His  
dy-ing breath, For round me I can clear-ly see Christ's wing of love o'er-

REFRAIN.

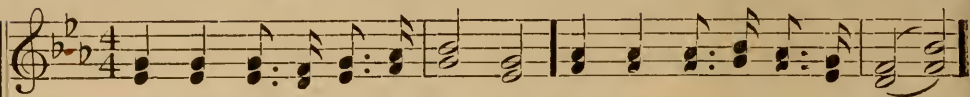
*Repeat softly.*

o'er me spread. Beneath His wing, be-neath His wing.  
dark-est hour. Beneath His wing my heart doth sing, beneath, beneath His wing.  
wing is near.  
arching me.

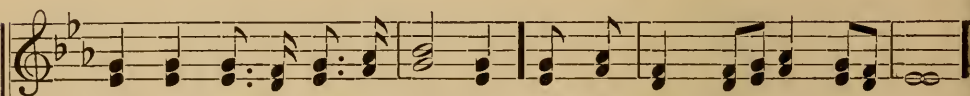
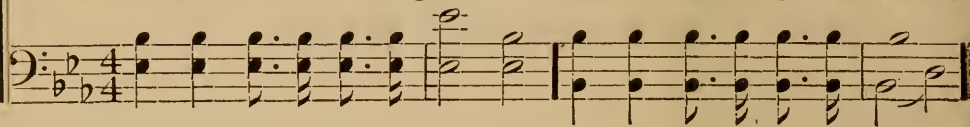
# No. 161. Shall we gather at the River?

R. L.

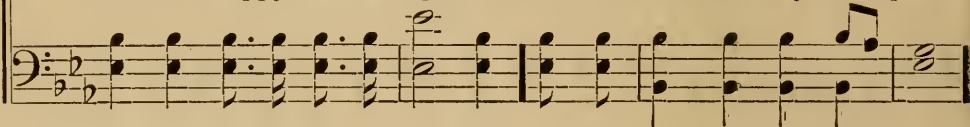
ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



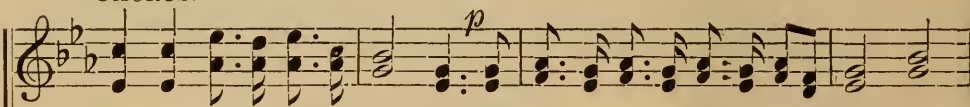
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. On the bo-som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour King we own,
4. Soon we 'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;



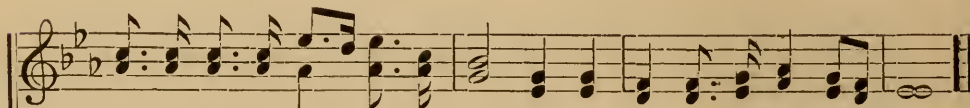
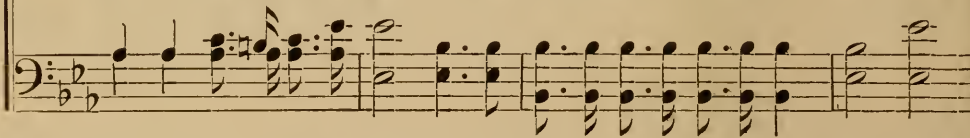
With its crystal tide for - ev - er Flowing from the throne of God?  
 We shall walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.  
 We shall meet and sorrow nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



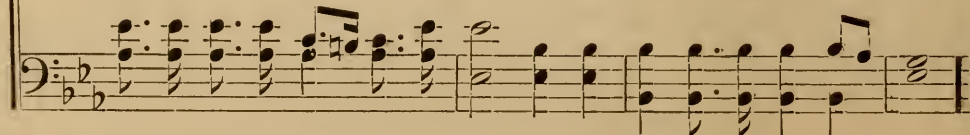
## CHORUS.



Yes, we 'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-tiful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,



Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows from the throne of God.

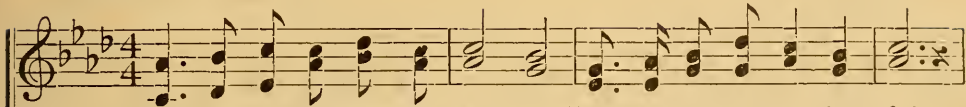




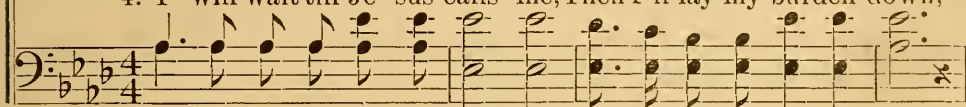
# No. 162. Hallelujah! Gain a Mansion.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

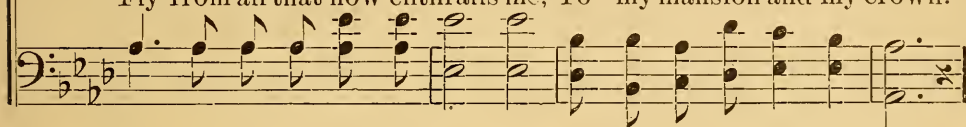
D. B. TOWNER.



1. O - ver where the ran-somed gath - er There are man-y mansions fair ;
2. I am trusting in my Sav - iour, I believe His promise true ;
3. I can see the ransomed gath - er All around the great white throne,
4. I will wait till Je - sus calls me, Then I'll lay my burden down,



Je - sus says if I am faith - ful I may gain an entrance there.  
Through His precious love and fa - vor I shall gain the mansion new.  
Where is seat-ed God, the Fa - ther, Sweetly claiming all His own.  
Fly from all that now enthralls me, To my mansion and my crown.

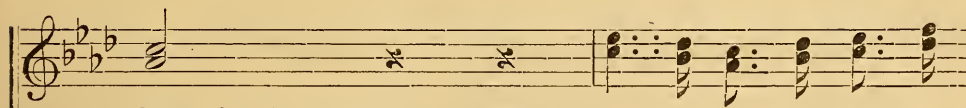
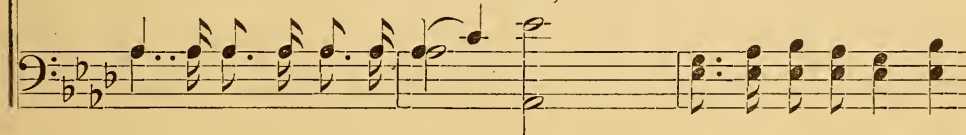


CHORUS.

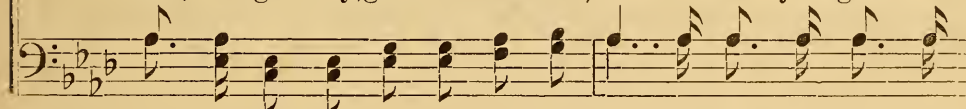
man - sion,



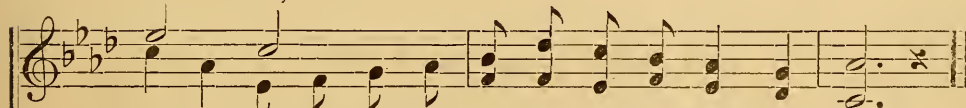
Glo - ry, glo - ry, gain a mansion, gain a mansion, O - ver in the land of  
man - sion,



bliss, O glo - ry, gain a mansion; Hal - le - lu - jah! gain a



man - sion,



mansion, gain a mansion, Where my dear Re - deem - er is.  
man - sion,

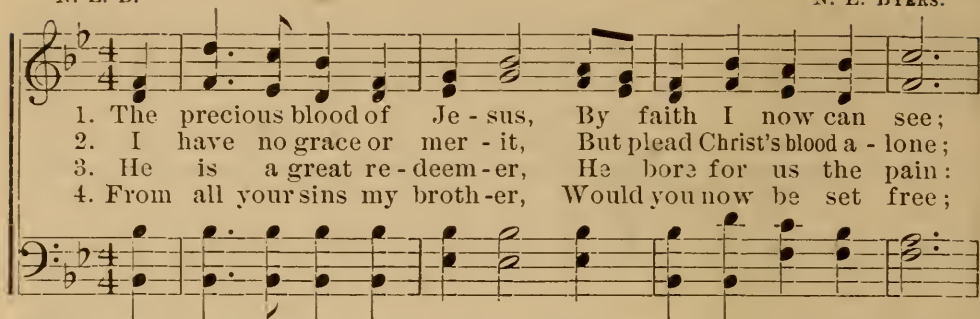


# No. 163      The Precious Blood.

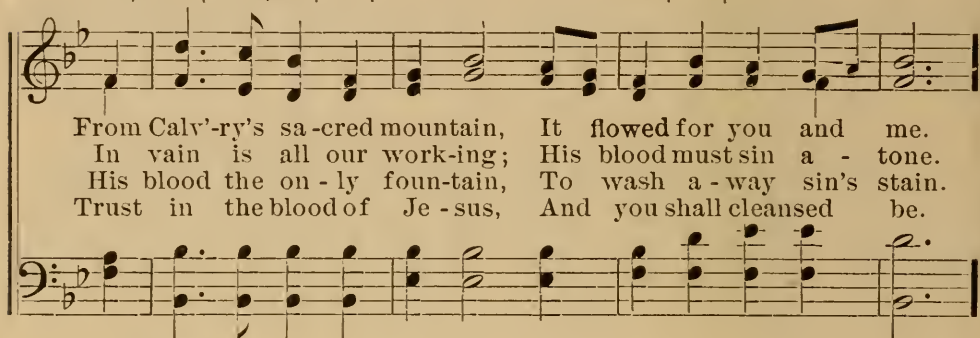
*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. —1 Jno. 1: 7.*

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.

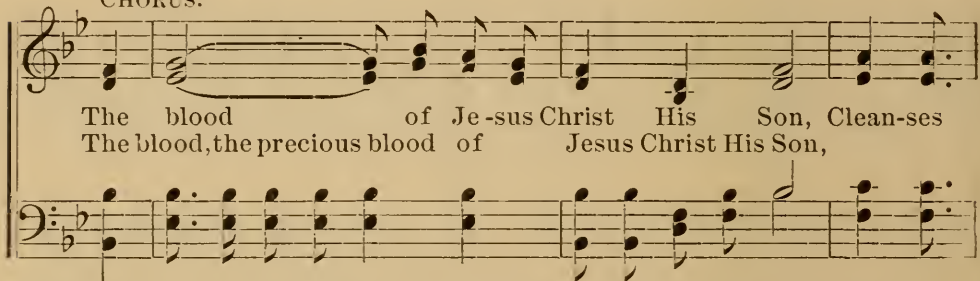


1. The precious blood of Je - sus, By faith I now can see;  
 2. I have no grace or mer - it, But plead Christ's blood a - lone;  
 3. He is a great re - deem - er, He bore for us the pain:  
 4. From all your sins my broth - er, Would you now be set free;

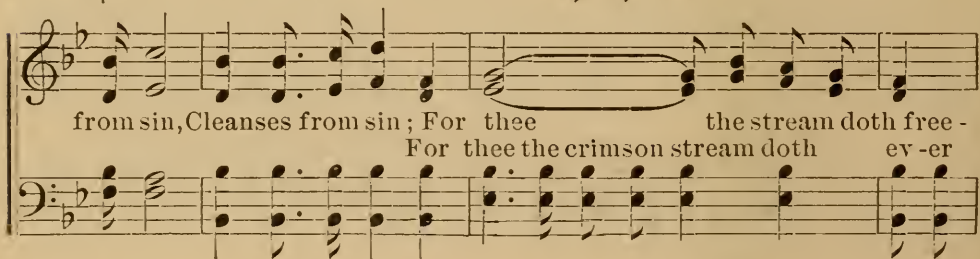


From Calv'ry's sa - cred mountain, It flowed for you and me.  
 In vain is all our work - ing; His blood must sin a - tone.  
 His blood the on - ly foun - tain, To wash a - way sin's stain.  
 Trust in the blood of Je - sus, And you shall cleansed be.

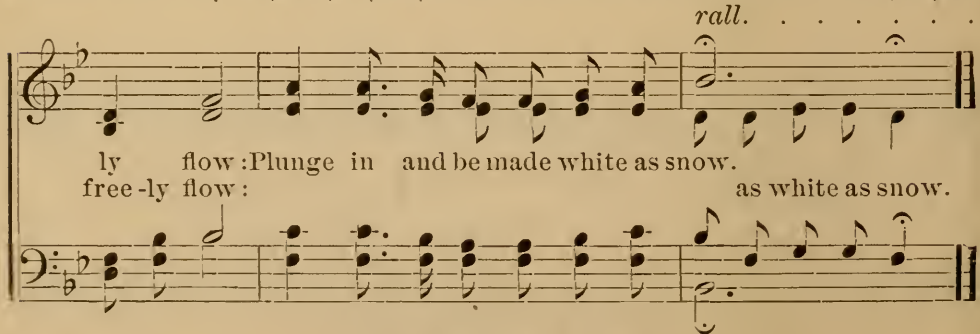
## CHORUS.



The blood of Je - sus Christ His Son, Cleanses  
 The blood, the precious blood of Jesus Christ His Son,



from sin, Cleanses from sin; For thee the stream doth free -  
 For thee the crimson stream doth ev - er



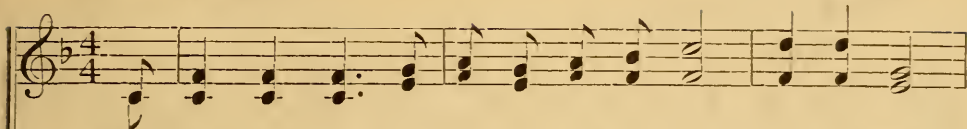
ly flow: Plunge in and be made white as snow.  
 free - ly flow: as white as snow.

## No. 164.

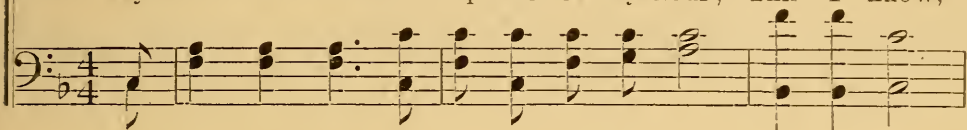
## This I know.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

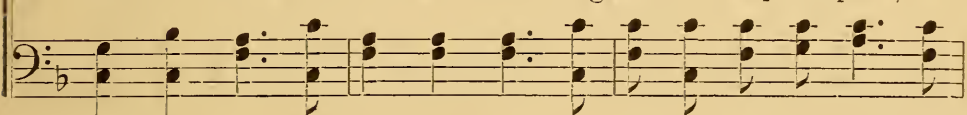
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Where-as I once was blind, but now I see. *This I know,*
2. The world that once was dark is full of light. *This I know,*
3. By faith in Christ my sins are all for-given, *This I know,*
4. My bless-ed Sav-iour keeps me ev-'ry hour; *This I know,*



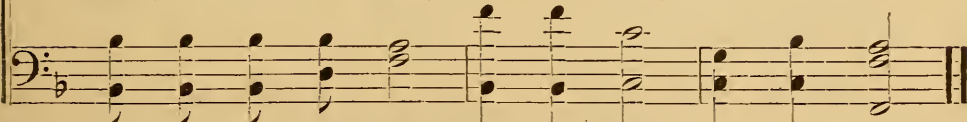
*This I know.* The Lord has shown His mer-cy un-to me, Un-  
*This I know.* The day has come—a-way has rolled the night, The  
*This I know.* The sea of death is passed, the Rock is riven, I  
*This I know.* Se-secure am I a-against the temp-ter's power, I



barred my pris-on door and set me free; My heart is full of  
 "path of life" is clear un-to my sight, And all a-round is  
 am a child of God, an heir of heaven, My heart un-to the  
 fear not roll-ing waves nor storms that lower; His ho-ly word a



joy as it can be. *This I know,* *This I know.*  
 beau-ti-ful and bright. *This I know,* *This I know.*  
 Lord is ful-ly given; *This I know,* *This I know.*  
 "sword," a "shield," a "tower;" *This I know,* *This I know.*



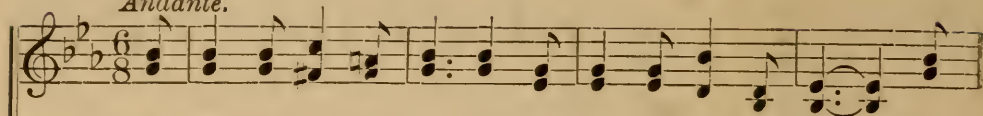


# No. 165. I could not do without Thee.

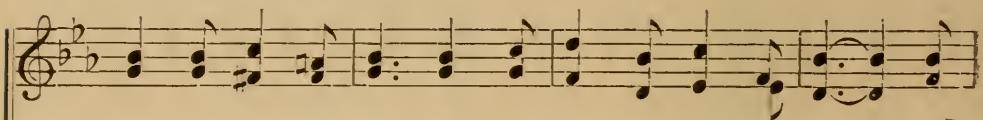
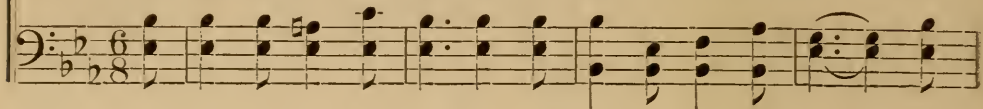
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

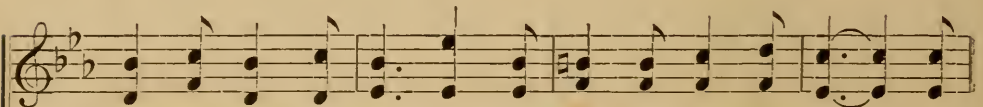
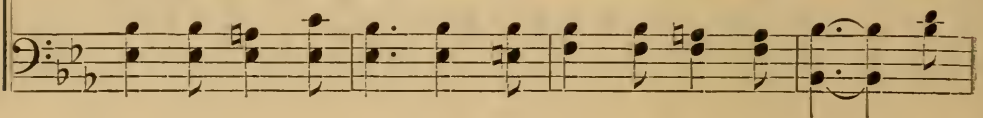
*Andante.*



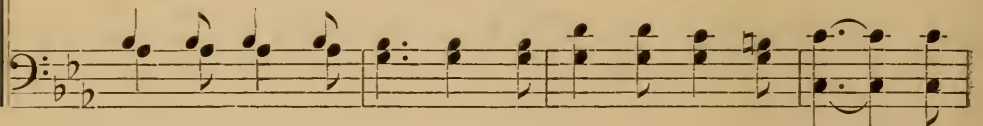
1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost, Whose
2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can-not stand a - lone; I
3. I could not do with - out Thee, For years are fleet-ing fast, And



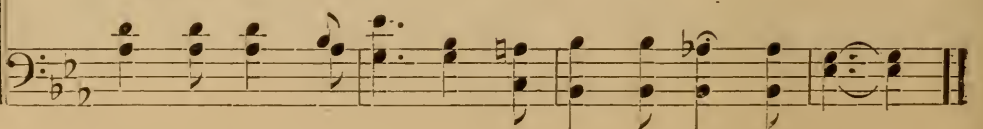
pre-cious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost; Thy  
have no strength or good-ness, No wis-dom of my own; But  
soon in sol-emn si lence The riv-er must be passed; But



right-eous-ness, Thy par-don, Thy sac-ri-fice, must be My  
Thou, be-lov-ed Sav-iour, Art all in all to me, And  
Thou wilt nev-er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high, I



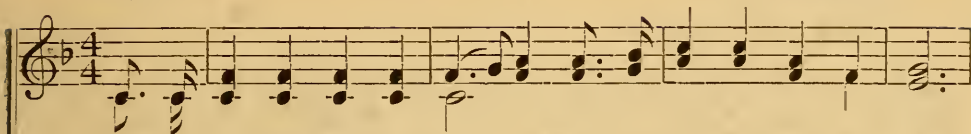
on-ly hope and com-fort, My glo-ry and my plea.  
weak-ness will be pow-er, If lean-ing hard on Thee.  
know Thou wilt be near me, And whis-per, "It is I."



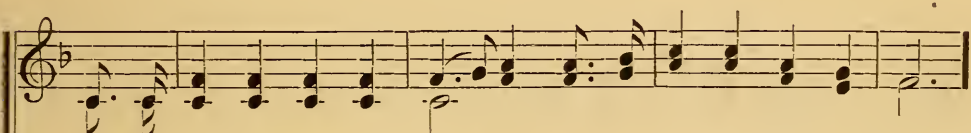
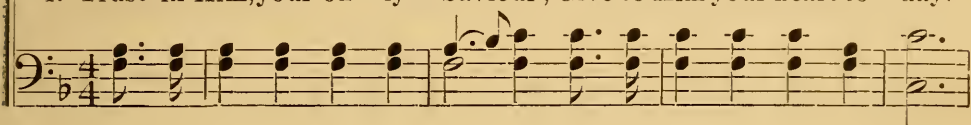
# No. 166. Have you found Jesus?

IDA L. REED.

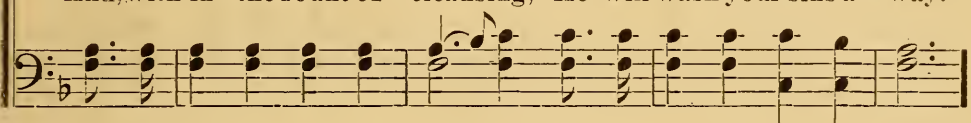
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Have you found that Friend and Saviour, Who has died, your soul to save?
2. Do you bring to Him your burdens? He will help you all to share,
3. He will help you bear your sorrows, Well He knows your ev - ery grief,
4. Trust in Him, your on - ly Saviour; Give to Him your heart to - day.



Who o'er sin and death tri - umphant, Passed the portals of the grave.  
 Heard you not His in - vi - ta - tion? "Cast on me your ev - ery care!"  
 He has borne them all be - fore you And will send your soul re - lief.  
 And, with-in the fount of cleansing, He will wash your sins a - way.



## CHORUS.



Have you found Him, do you know Him, Do you rest with-in His love?



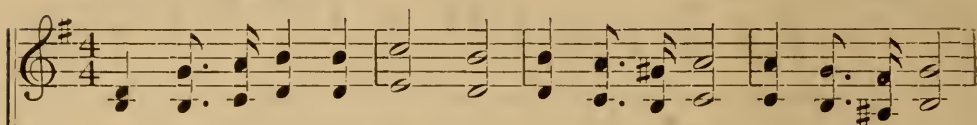
Are you look-ing onward, up-ward, To His promised home a - bove?



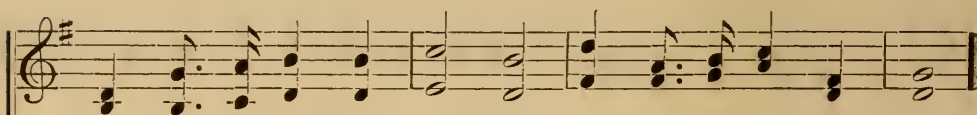
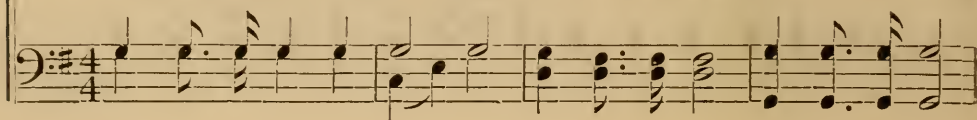
# No. 167. *old* The old, old Story.

MINNIE B. LOWRIE.

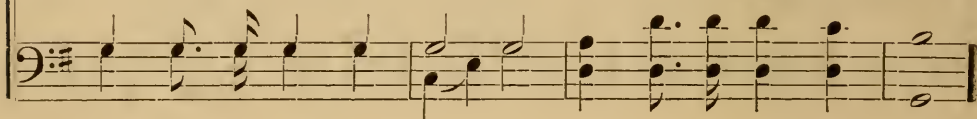
D. B. TOWNER.



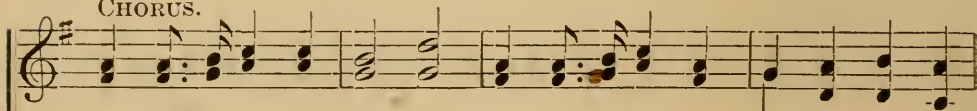
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it to me, tell it to me;
2. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, O - ver a - gain, o - ver a - gain;
3. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Dear to my heart, dear to my heart;



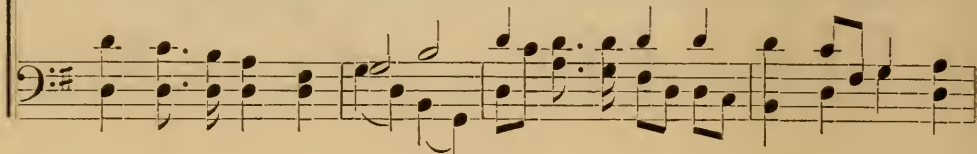
Tell of the wondrous ran - som, Ran - som to set me free.  
Tell of His life and glo - ry, Now it ap - pears so plain.  
Oh, how its truth and beau - ty Com - fort and peace im - part.



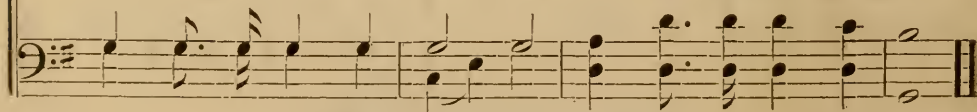
## CHORUS.



Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell how my debt of sin was pardon'd.



Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the sto - ry true.

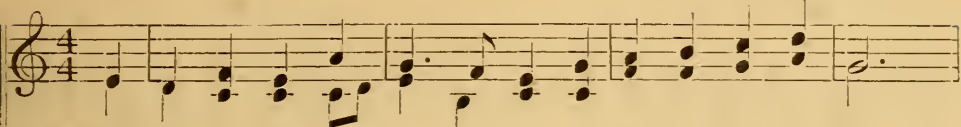




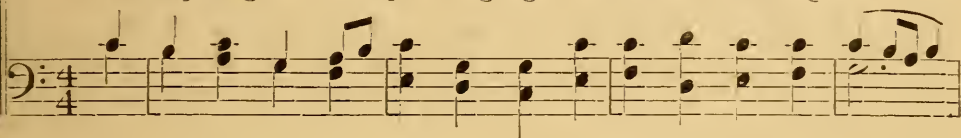
# No. 168. The blissful Hope.

SUTTON.

SAMUEL SMITH.



1. Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one,
2. What tho' the northern win-try blast Shall howl around our cot,
3. From eastern shores, from northern lands, From western hill and plain,
4. No lingering look nor part-ing sigh, Our fu-ture meet-ing knows,



Hail, sa - cred hope that tunes our minds To har-mon-y di - vine.  
What tho' be - neath an east-ern sun Be cast our dis-tant lot.  
From south-ern climes the broth-er bands May hope to meet a - gain,  
There friendship beams from ev - ery eye, And love, im - mor-tal glows.



## CHORUS.



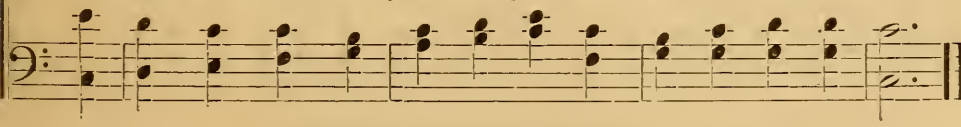
It is the hope, The bliss - ful hope Which Jesus' grace has giv'n:



It is the hope, the blissful hope.



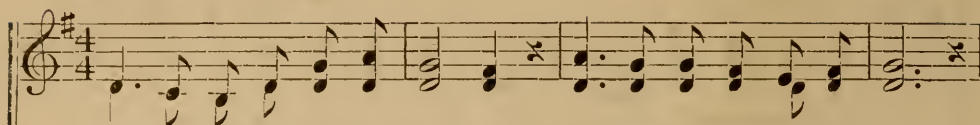
The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.



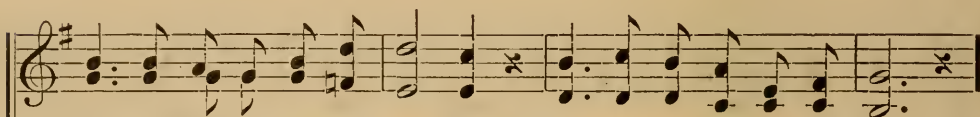
# No. 169.      Triumphant King.

Words arr. by T.

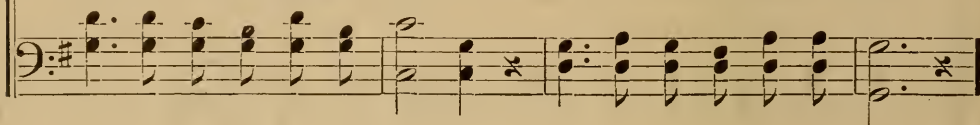
Rev. E. S. UFFORD.



1. Je - sus hail Thou King of Glo - ry! Earth re - joi - ces in Thy sway;
2. Ev - ery i - dol falls be - fore Thee, Seeks the night from whence it came;
3. Sing till Je - sus' wor - thy pag - es, Sound in ev - ery palmy grove;



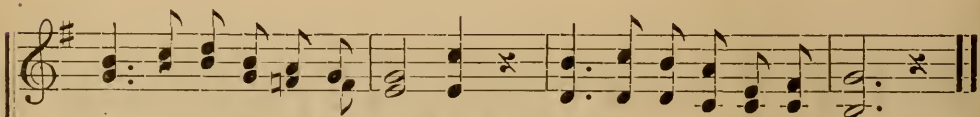
Heathen nations hear the sto - ry,      Heathen darkness yields to - day.  
While ten thousand souls a - dore Thee,      Trophies of Thy sav - ing name.  
Till each jungle's tangled ma - zes,      E - cho with His matchless love.



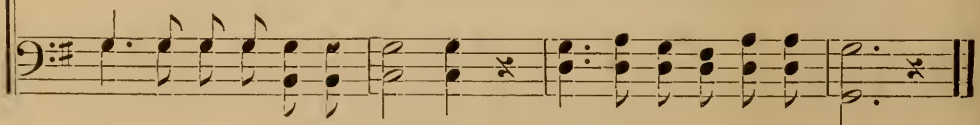
## CHORUS.



Zi - on, wake and hail the morn - ing,      Zi - on, rise and greet thy King;



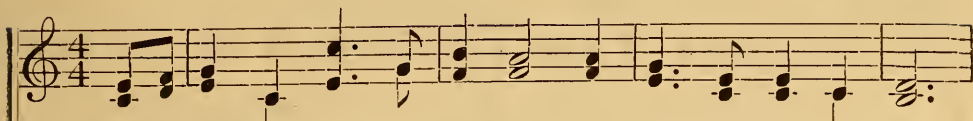
Cry a - loud in this glad dawning,      Lift thy voice and joyful sing.



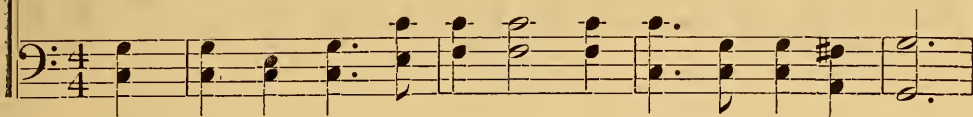
# No. 170. Christ is all the World to me.

Arr. by ELLA LAUDER.

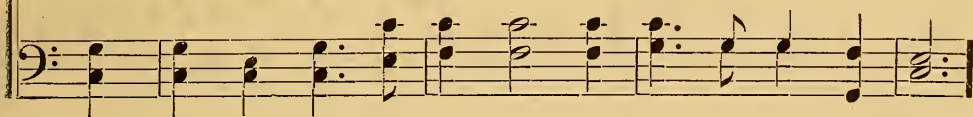
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



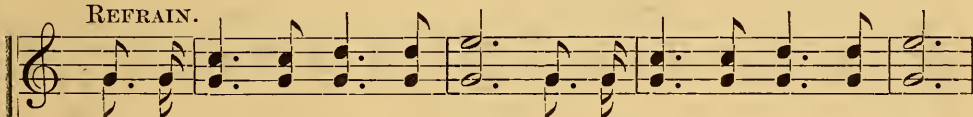
1. Oh, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a - bove;
2. When shall I be de - liv-ered, From this vain world of sin;
3. When shall I see the fa - ces Of loved ones gone be - fore;
4. When shall my work be end - ed And earth - ly cares laid by?



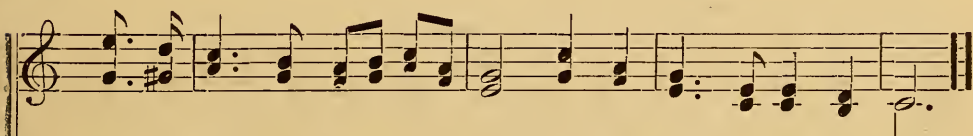
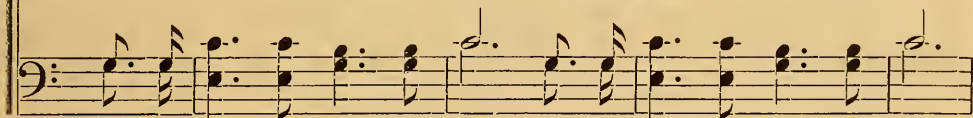
And drink the flow - ing foun - tain Of ev - er - last - ing love?  
And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleasures in?  
And join with them in prais - es Up - on the oth - er shore?  
Oh, then, I shall see Je - sus, And reign with Him on high.



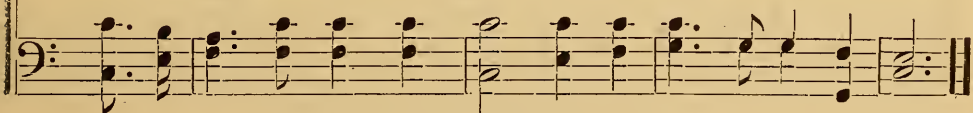
## REFRAIN.



Christ is all the world to me, And His glo - ry I shall see,



Soon I'll hear Him sweet - ly call - ing, "My child, come home, come home."

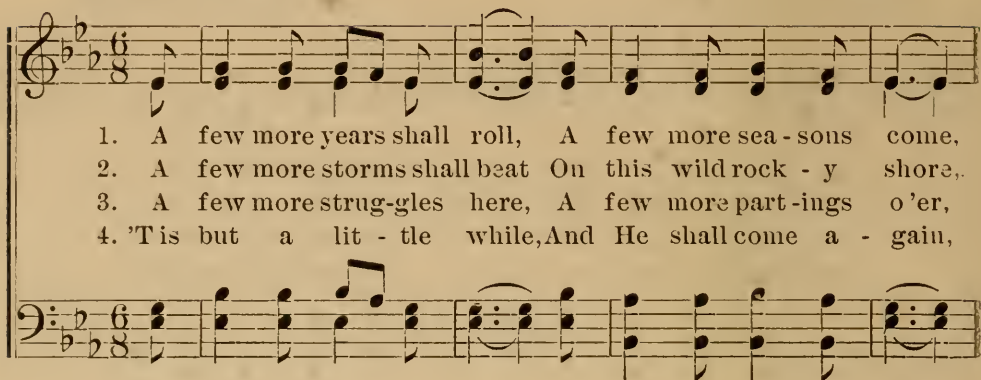




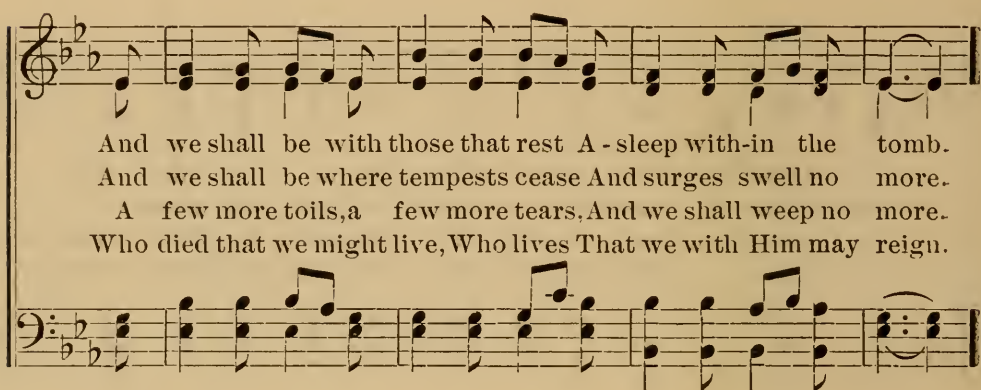
# No. 171. A few more Years.

HORATIUS BONAR.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,  
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore,  
3. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er,  
4. 'Tis but a lit - tle while, And He shall come a - gain,

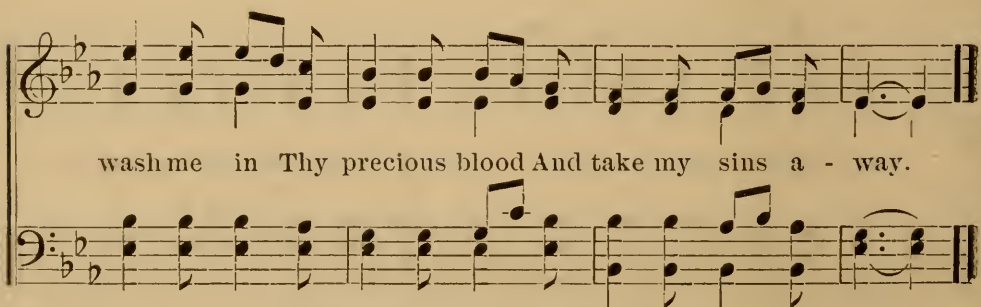


And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb.  
And we shall be where tempests cease And surges swell no more.  
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.  
Who died that we might live, Who lives That we with Him may reign.

## CHORUS.



Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day, Oh,

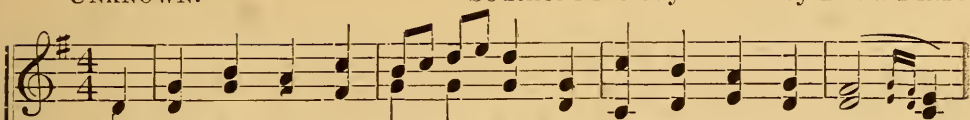


wash me in Thy precious blood And take my sins a - way.

# No. 172. Jerusalem, my Home.

UNKNOWN.

Southern Melody. Arr. by D. A. NIEL.



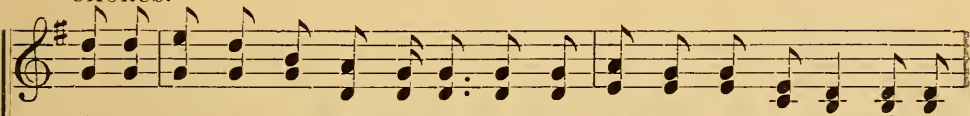
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Most glorious to be - hold,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been,
4. Reach down, reach down Thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend,



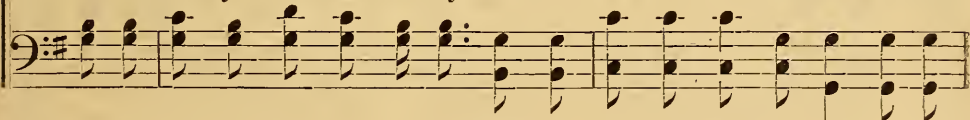
When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?  
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are pav'd with gold.  
Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.  
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.



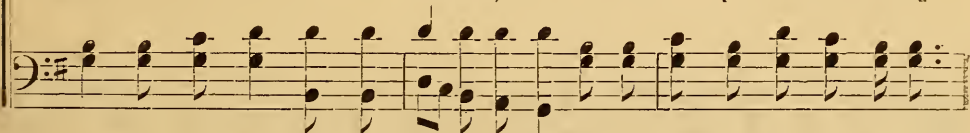
## CHORUS.



I will meet you in the ci - ty of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am



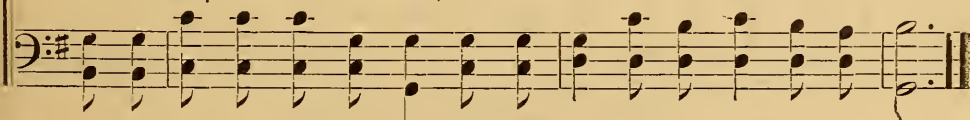
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; I will meet you in the cit - y



in the blood of the Lamb;



of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.



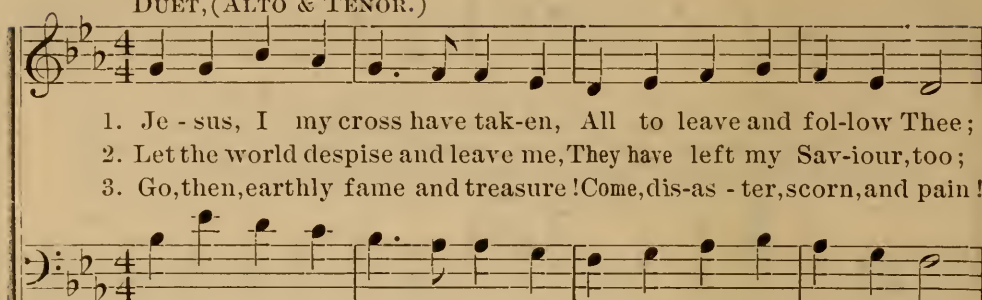
By permission.

# No. 173. Jesus, I my Cross have taken.

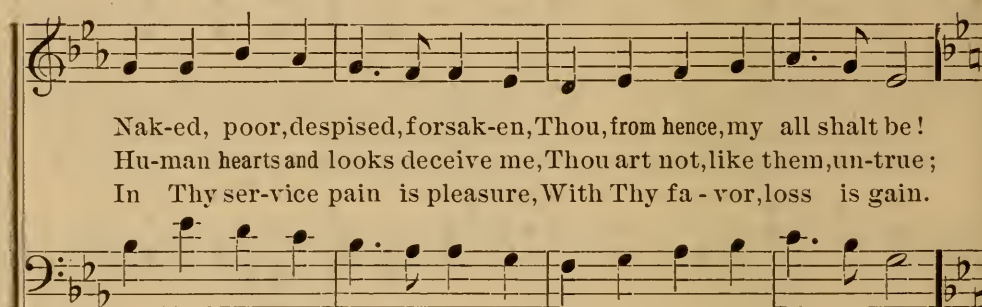
H. F. LYTE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

DUET, (ALTO & TENOR.)

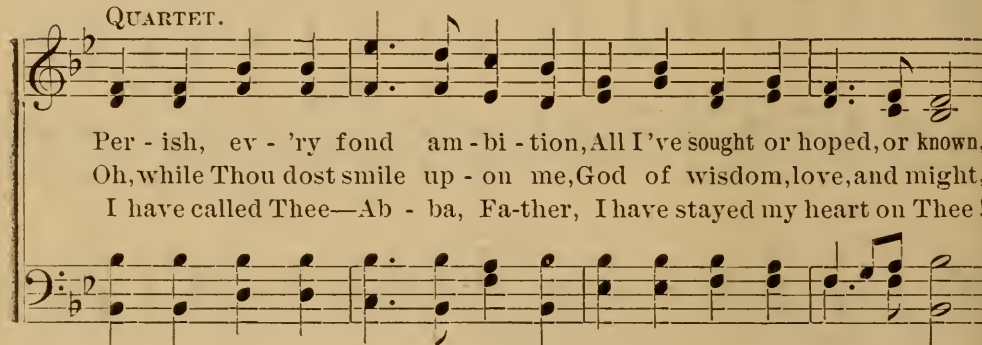


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;  
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour, too;  
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, dis-as - ter, scorn, and pain!

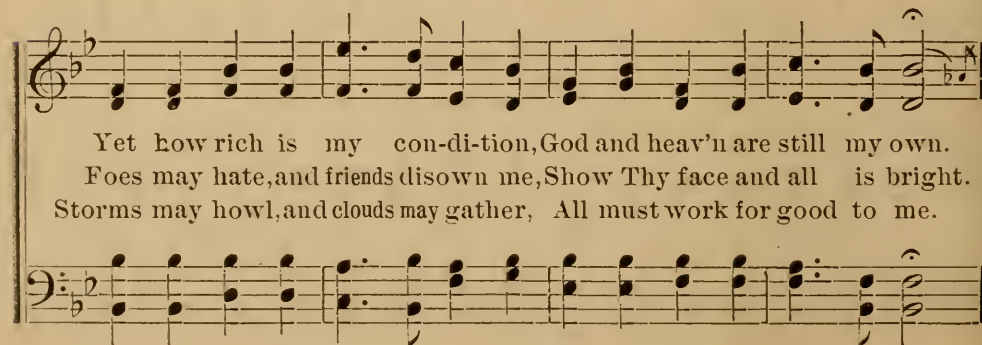


Nak-ed, poor, despised, forsak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!  
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, un-true;  
In Thy ser-vice pain is pleasure, With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.

QUARTET.



Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped, or known,  
Oh, while Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wisdom, love, and might,  
I have called Thee—Ab - ba, Fa - ther, I have stayed my heart on Thee!

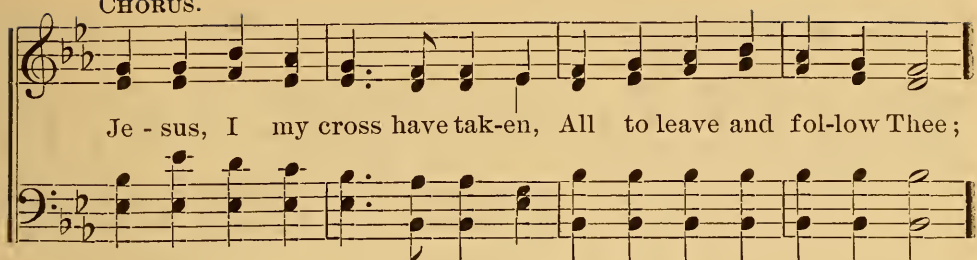


Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face and all is bright.  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

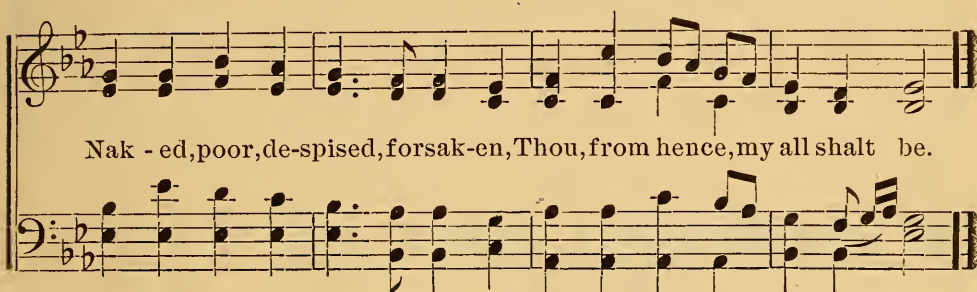


# Jesus, I my Cross have taken.

## CHORUS.



Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;

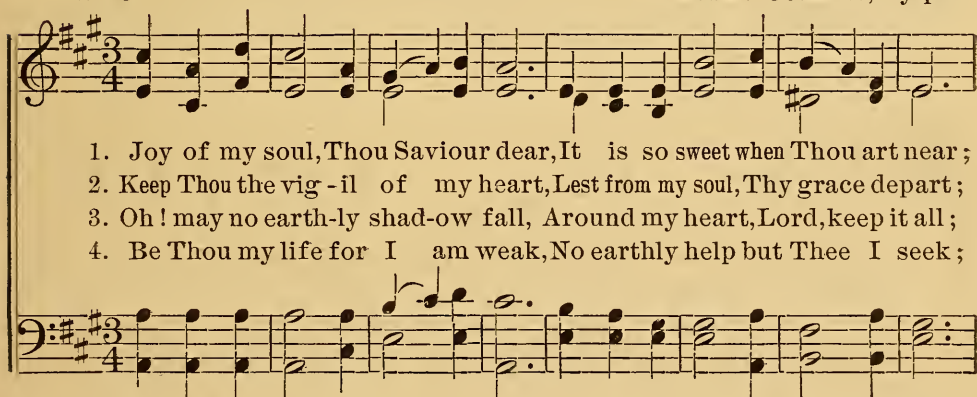


Nak - ed, poor, de-spised, forsak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

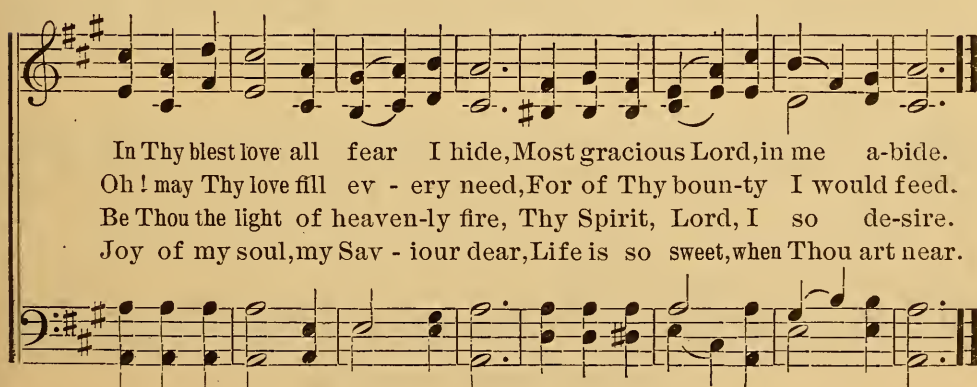
## No. 174. Joy of my Soul.

W. C.

WARREN COLLINS, by per.



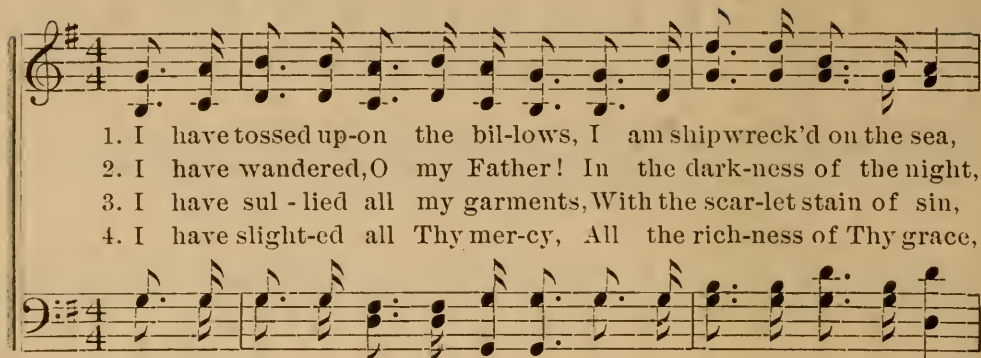
1. Joy of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is so sweet when Thou art near;  
2. Keep Thou the vig-il of my heart, Lest from my soul, Thy grace depart;  
3. Oh! may no earth-ly shad-ow fall, Around my heart, Lord, keep it all;  
4. Be Thou my life for I am weak, No earthly help but Thee I seek;



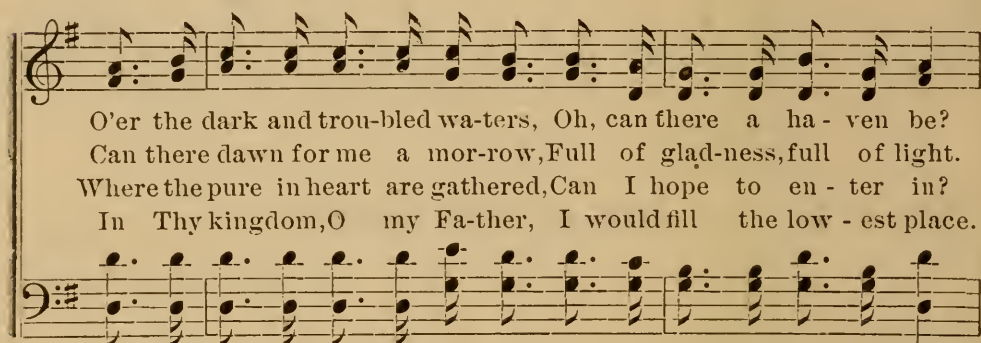
In Thy blest love all fear I hide, Most gracious Lord, in me a-bide.  
Oh! may Thy love fill ev-ery need, For of Thy boun-ty I would feed.  
Be Thou the light of heav-en-ly fire, Thy Spirit, Lord, I so de-sire.  
Joy of my soul, my Sav-iour dear, Life is so sweet, when Thou art near.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK

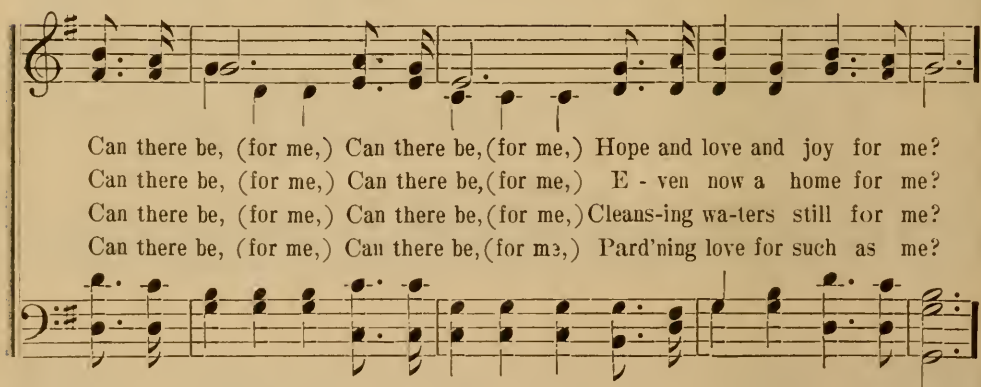
D. B. TOWNER.



1. I have tossed up-on the bil-lows, I am shipwreck'd on the sea,  
 2. I have wandered, O my Father! In the dark-ness of the night,  
 3. I have sul - lied all my garments, With the scar-let stain of sin,  
 4. I have slight-ed all Thy mer-cy, All the rich-ness of Thy grace,

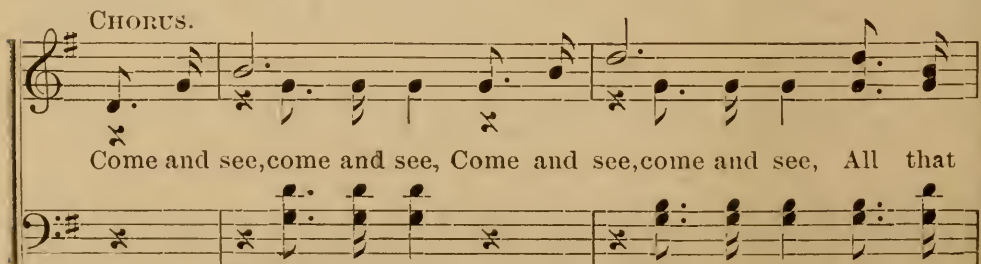


O'er the dark and trou-bled wa-ters, Oh, can there a ha - ven be?  
 Can there dawn for me a mor-row, Full of glad-ness, full of light.  
 Where the pure in heart are gathered, Can I hope to en - ter in?  
 In Thy kingdom, O my Fa-ther, I would fill the low - est place.



Can there be, (for me,) Can there be, (for me,) Hope and love and joy for me?  
 Can there be, (for me,) Can there be, (for me,) E - ven now a home for me?  
 Can there be, (for me,) Can there be, (for me,) Cleans-ing wa-ters still for me?  
 Can there be, (for me,) Can there be, (for me,) Pard'ning love for such as me?

CHORUS.



Come and see, come and see, Come and see, come and see, All that

Come and see.

Christ will do for thee, He will comfort, He will bless,  
Come and see,  
Clothe thee with His righteousness, Grant thee par - don full and free.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Come and see.' It is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Christ will do for thee, He will comfort, He will bless, Come and see, Clothe thee with His righteousness, Grant thee par - don full and free.'

## No. 176. Oh, the Meetings!

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, the meetings! Oh, the greetings! O-ver in the Sum - mer-land  
2. They are waiting, watching, waiting, O-ver on the gold - en shore;  
3. Home su-per-nal, joys e - ter-nal, Just be-yond the roll - ing tide;

Where our dear-est, who were nearest, Nev - er give the part - ing hand.  
We shall meet them, we shall greet them, When the storms of life are o'er.  
No more sighing, no more dy - ing, Where the ransom'd ones a - bide.  
All thro' Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

This musical score is for the hymn 'Oh, the Meetings!'. It is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. Oh, the meetings! Oh, the greetings! O-ver in the Sum - mer-land 2. They are waiting, watching, waiting, O-ver on the gold - en shore; 3. Home su-per-nal, joys e - ter-nal, Just be-yond the roll - ing tide; Where our dear-est, who were nearest, Nev - er give the part - ing hand. We shall meet them, we shall greet them, When the storms of life are o'er. No more sighing, no more dy - ing, Where the ransom'd ones a - bide. All thro' Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!'

CHORUS.

D.S.

All thro' Je-sus, All thro' Je-sus, We shall meet our own a - gain.

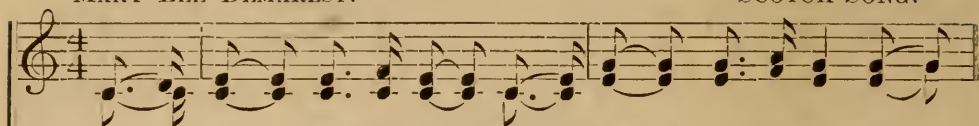
This musical score is for the chorus of the hymn 'Oh, the Meetings!'. It is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'All thro' Je-sus, All thro' Je-sus, We shall meet our own a - gain.'



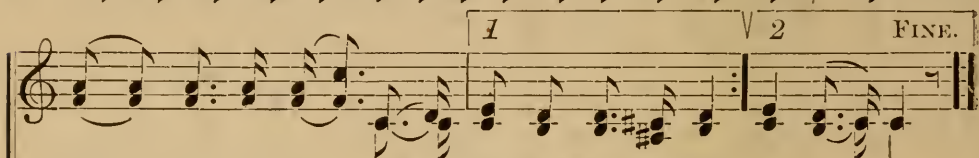
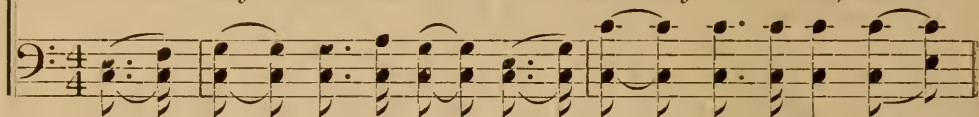
# No. 177. My ain Countrie.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

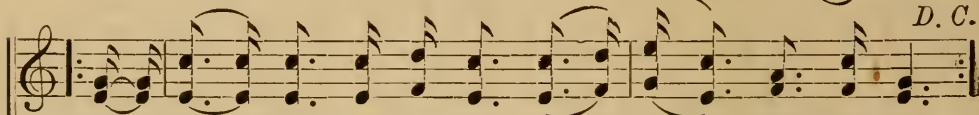
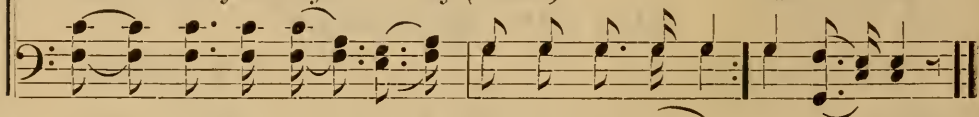
SCOTCH SONG.



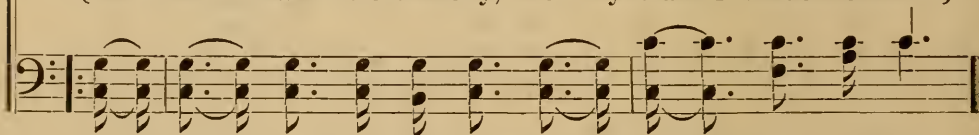
1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft-enwhiles, For the  
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til mine een do see The  
*D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I.*



lang'd-for hame-bringin', an' my Father's welcome smiles }  
gowden gates o' heav'n an' my (Omit.) . . . . } ain countrie.  
hear the an-gels singin' in my (Omit.) . . . . } ain countrie.



{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow-ers, mon-y tint-ed, fresh an' gay. }  
{ The bird-ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Father made them sae. }



2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King  
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;  
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see  
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.  
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair  
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,  
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

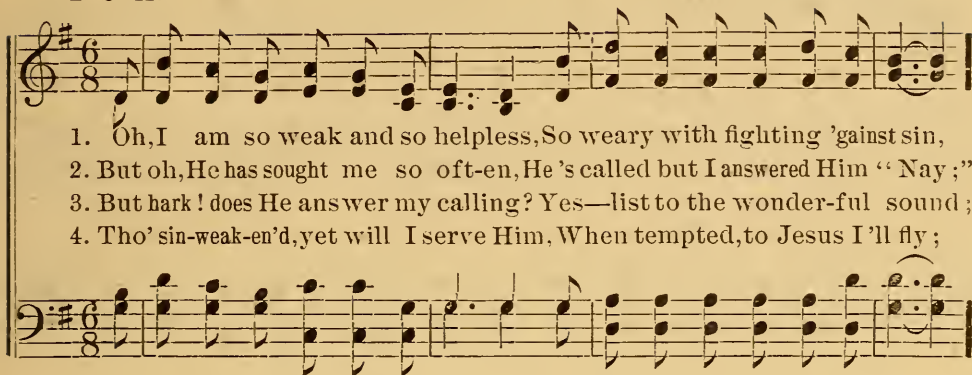
3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,  
I only ken its Hame, whaur we shall see His face;  
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be  
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.  
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,  
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,  
An' carries them Himself, to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,  
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken:  
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.  
Sae I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame, as I wait  
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.  
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,  
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

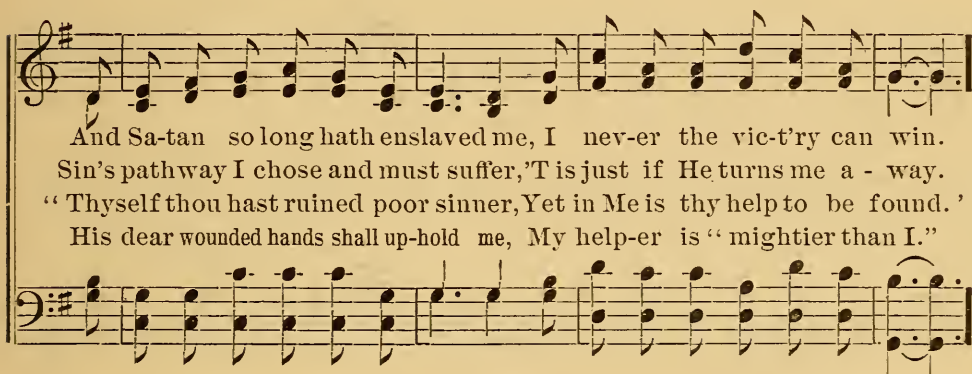
# No. 178. Thou Mightier than I.

I. S. H.

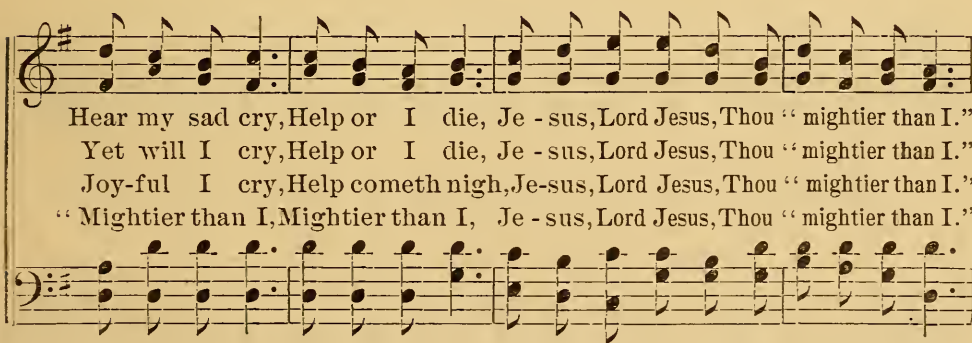
REV. E. S. UFFORD.



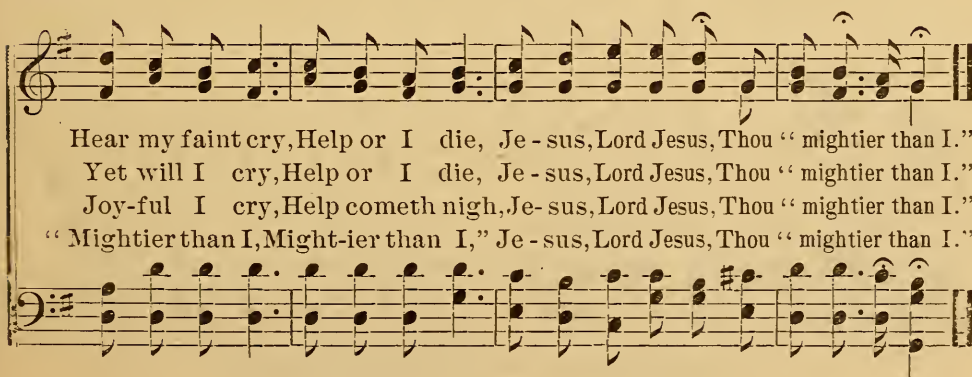
1. Oh, I am so weak and so helpless, So weary with fighting 'gainst sin,  
 2. But oh, He has sought me so oft-en, He's called but I answered Him "Nay;"  
 3. But hark! does He answer my calling? Yes—list to the wonder-ful sound;  
 4. Tho' sin-weak-en'd, yet will I serve Him, When tempted, to Jesus I'll fly;



And Sa-tan so long hath enslaved me, I nev-er the vic-t'ry can win.  
 Sin's pathway I chose and must suffer, 'Tis just if He turns me a-way.  
 "Thyself thou hast ruined poor sinner, Yet in Me is thy help to be found."  
 His dear wounded hands shall up-hold me, My help-er is "mightier than I."



Hear my sad cry, Help or I die, Je-sus, Lord Jesus, Thou "mightier than I."  
 Yet will I cry, Help or I die, Je-sus, Lord Jesus, Thou "mightier than I."  
 Joy-ful I cry, Help cometh nigh, Je-sus, Lord Jesus, Thou "mightier than I."  
 "Mightier than I, Mightier than I, Je-sus, Lord Jesus, Thou "mightier than I."

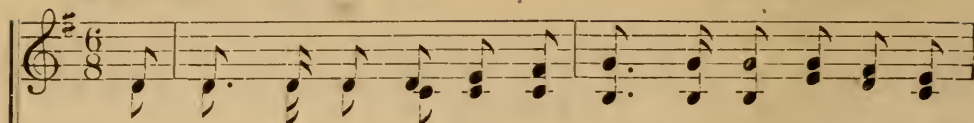


Hear my faint cry, Help or I die, Je-sus, Lord Jesus, Thou "mightier than I."  
 Yet will I cry, Help or I die, Je-sus, Lord Jesus, Thou "mightier than I."  
 Joy-ful I cry, Help cometh nigh, Je-sus, Lord Jesus, Thou "mightier than I."  
 "Mightier than I, Might-ier than I," Je-sus, Lord Jesus, Thou "mightier than I."

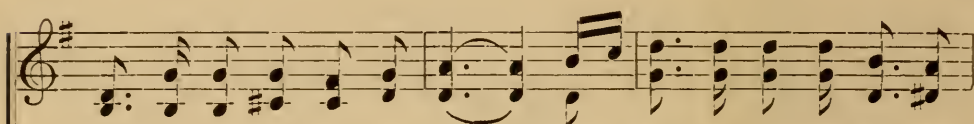
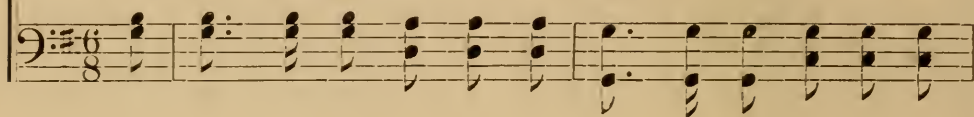
# No. 179. To Save a Poor Sinner.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A.M.

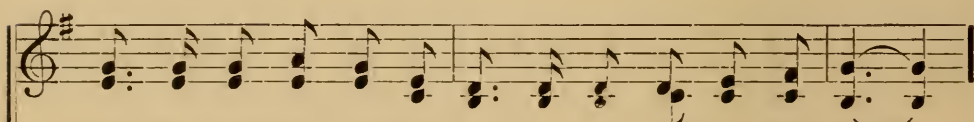
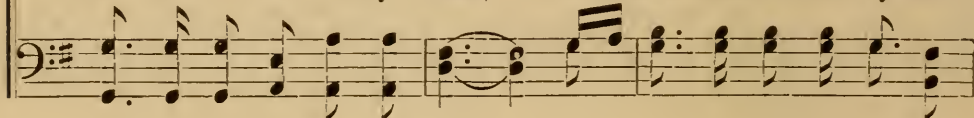
GRACE I. FOSTER.



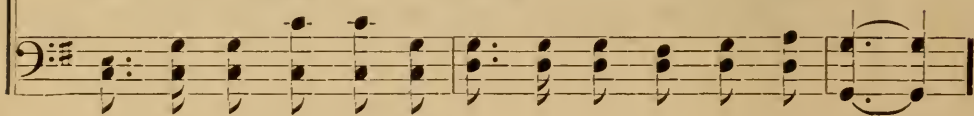
1. I'll sing of the sto-ry, how Je - sus from glo-ry Has
2. His glo - ry im - mor-tal bright o - ver the por-tal, Has
3. Tho' sea - sons of er - ror, and mo - ments of ter - ror. Like
4. My peace like a riv - er flows on - ward for - ev - er, A



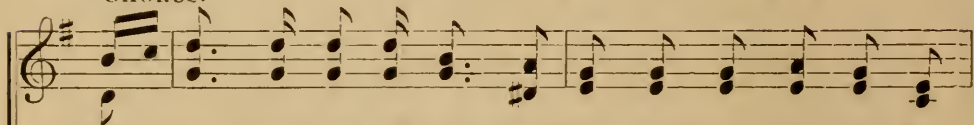
saved a poor sin-ner like me; That all who be-lieve Him, and  
banished the gloom from the grave; The Lord has as-cend-ed, the  
bil-lows of sor-row may roll; In Christ I'm con-fid-ing, in  
tide to e - ter - ni-ty's sea; To swell the old sto-ry with



all who re-ceive Him, His bless-ed sal - va-tion may see.  
dark-ness is end-ed, And now He is migh-ty to save.  
Him I am hid-ing, With safe-ty and rest to my soul.  
voic-es in glo-ry, He saved a poor sin-ner like me.



## CHORUS.



Then sing the glad cho-rus, His ban - ner is o'er us, His





# To Save a Poor Sinner.

mer-cy is boundless and free; From heav-en de-scended, His

love is ex-tend-ed, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

## No. 180. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. 7s D.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side }  
 { Gent-ly lead us, by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land; }

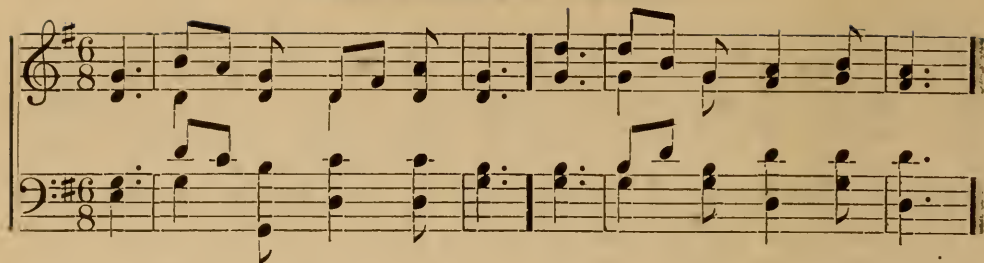
D.C. Whis-per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joyce, While they hear that sweetest voice,

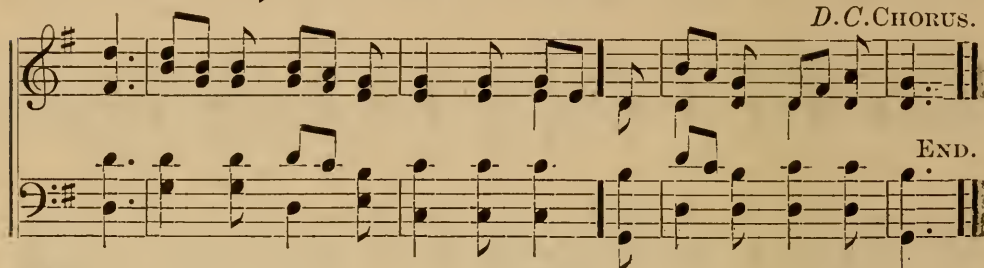
2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
 Ever near, Thine aid to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Groping on in darkness here;  
 When the storms are raging sore  
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give  
 o'er,  
 Whisper softly, "Wand'rer come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Trusting that our names are there,  
 Wading deep the dismal flood.  
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood.  
 Whisper softly, "Wand'rer come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

## No Sorrow there.



*D. C. CHORUS.*



181.

- 1 "For ever with the Lord!"  
Amen, so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'T is immortality.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there,  
There'll be no sorrow there;  
In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no sorrow there,

- 2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear. CHO.

182.

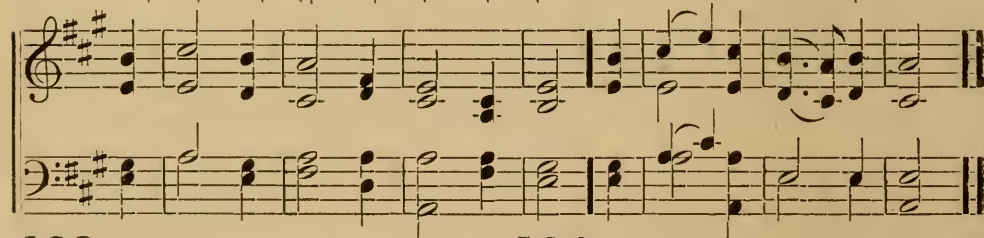
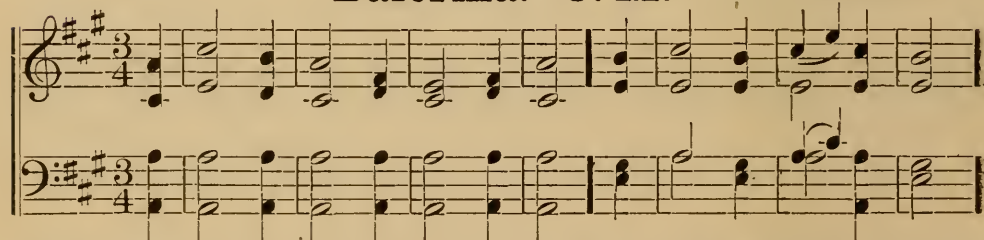
- 1 Far from the scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of joy and pure delight  
Unknown to mortal eyes.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there, etc.

- 2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more. CHO.

- 3 No cloud those regions know—  
Realms ever bright and fair;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there. CHO.

## Balerna. C. M. SCOTTISH MELODY.



183.

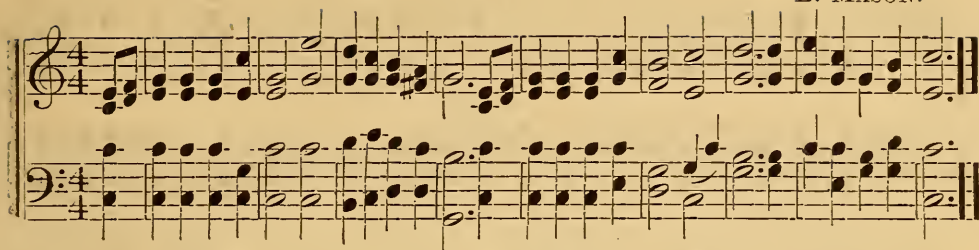
- 1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find,  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart!  
O joy of all the meek!  
To those who fall how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!

184.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord;  
Nor to defend His cause;  
Maintain the honor of His word,  
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame.  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm, as His throne. His promise stands;  
And He can well secure  
What I've committed to His hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

# Laban. S. M.

L. MASON.



185.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
And hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O! watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine, implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain a crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting  
To His divine abode. [breath,

186.

- 1 Awake, and sing the song,  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love,  
Sing of His rising power;  
Sing how He intercedes above,  
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,  
In Christ, the exalted King.
- 4 Soon shall your raptured tongue,  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song,  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

# Boylston. S. M.

L. MASON.



187.

- 1 And can I yet delay,  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink, by dying love compell'd,  
And own Thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake:  
My friends, my all, resign:  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all Thy weight of love.

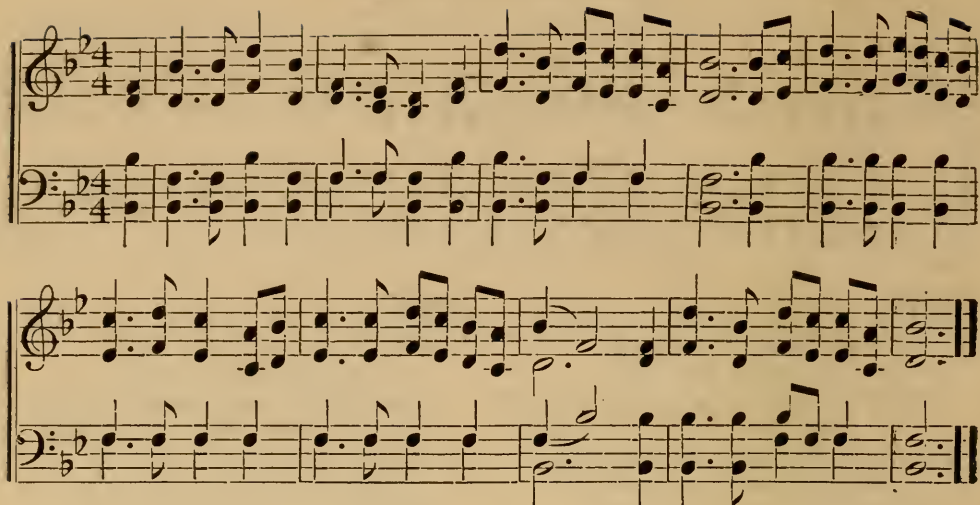
188.

- 1 Return and come to God;  
Cast all your sins away;  
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing  
Repent, believe, obey. [blood,
- 2 Say not ye cannot come;  
For Jesus bled and died,  
That none who ask in humble faith,  
Should ever be denied.
- 3 Say not ye will not come;  
'Tis God vouchsafes to call:  
And fearful will their end be found,  
On whom His wrath shall fall.
- 4 Come then, whoever will,  
Come, while 't is called to-day:  
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing  
Repent, believe, obey. [blood,



# Rhine. C. M.

F. BURGMULLER.



## 189.

1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
I love to hear of Thee;  
No music's like Thy charming name,  
||: Nor half so sweet can be. :||

2 O let me ever hear Thy voice  
In mercy to me speak;  
In Thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,  
||: And Thy salvation seek. :||

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,  
While in this world I stay;  
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name  
||: When all things else decay. :||

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,  
With all Thy favored throng,  
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud  
||: And Christ shall be my song. :||

JOHN CENNICK.

## 190.

1 When all Thy mercies, O my God!  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
||: In wonder, love and praise. :||

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed;  
Before my infant heart conceived  
||: From whom those comforts flowed. :||

3 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
||: That tastes those gifts with joy. :||

4 Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For oh, eternity's too short  
||: To utter all Thy praise. :||

J. ADDISON.

## 191. Near the Cross. Key F.

1 Jesus, keep me near the Cross,  
There a precious fountain  
Free to all — a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross,  
Be my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

## 192. Precious Promise. Key G.

1 Precious promise God hath given  
To the weary passer by,  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
"I will guide Thee with Mine eye."

REF. I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
I will guide thee with Mine eye;  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

2 When temptations almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly;  
Let this promise ring within thee,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perish'd,  
In the grave of years gone by;  
Let this promise still be cherished,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,  
And the hour has come to die;  
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

# Portuguese Hymn.

J. READING.



## 193.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;  
What more can He say than to you He hath  
said—  
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh! be not dis-  
mayed,  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee  
to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

## 194.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?  
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh;  
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come.  
And angels are waiting to welcome you  
home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you  
delay,  
Your hearts may grow better by staying  
away;  
Come wretched, come starving, come just  
as you be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing so  
free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to re-  
ceive.  
O how can you question if you will believe?  
If sin is your burden, why will ye not come?  
'Tis you He bids welcome: He bids you  
come home.

## 195.

Key B-flat.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,—  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## 196.

Key G.

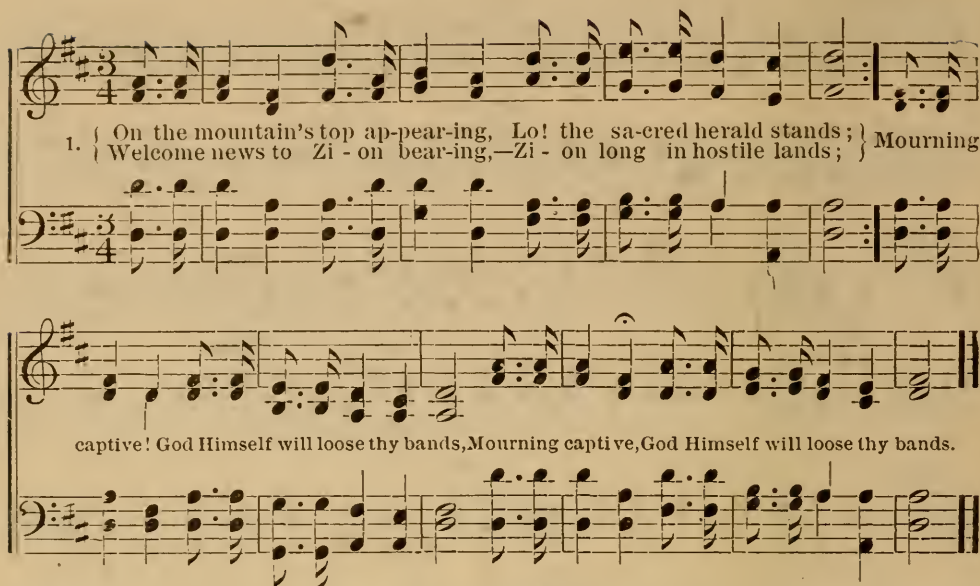
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee:  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer my God to Thee, *etc.*

3 There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given.  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, *etc.*

# ZION. 8s 7s & 4s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.



1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands; } Mourning  
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing,—Zi-on long in hostile lands; }  
captive! God Himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands.

## 197.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning:  
Zion still is well-beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:  
He himself appears thy Friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end.  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
All thy warfare now be past;  
God thy Saviour will defend thee;  
Victory is thine at last.  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

T. KELLY.

## 199.

- 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Cheered by no celestial ray,  
Sun of righteousness arising,  
Bring the bright, the glorious day.  
Send the gospel  
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdom's wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
And from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night.  
And redemption  
Freely purchased win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad thou mighty gospel!  
Win and conquer, never cease,  
May thy lasting, wide dominion,  
Multiply and still increase.  
Sway thy sceptre  
Saviour, all the world around.

W. WILLIAMS. 1772

## 198. He leadeth me. Key D.

- 1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,  
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 't is His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
Content, whatever lot I see,—  
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

## 200. Precious Name.

Key A-flat.

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe—  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it, then, where'er you go.
- CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;  
Precious name, O how sweet,  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.
- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.
- 3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ.
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete.



# No. 201.

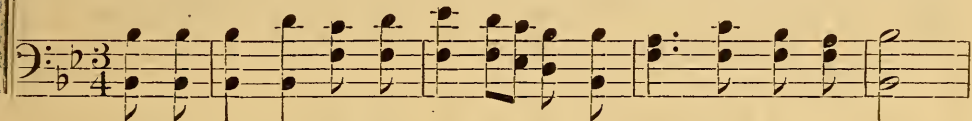
# Stockwell.

C. C. COX.

DARIUS E. JONES.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of evening Gather round my low - ly door,
2. Oh, the lost, the un-for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got,
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,



Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Faces I shall see no more.  
 Oh, the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they perish not.  
 They unlinked with earthly trouble, We still hop - ing for its end.  
 Pointing out to that fair heav - en, We may hope to gain at last.



## 202. Evening Hymn.

- 1 Saviour breathe an evening blessing  
 Ere repose our spirits seal;  
 Sin and want we come confessing,  
 Thou canst save and Thou canst  
 heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us  
 Though the arrows past us fly,  
 Angel guards from Thee surround  
 us;  
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

- 3 Tho' the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
 Thou art He, who never weary,  
 Watchest where Thy people be,

- 4 Should swift death this night o'er-  
 take us,  
 And our couch become our tomb;  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in light and deathless bloom,

Weep o'er the erring one,  
 Lift up the fallen,  
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,  
 Care for the dying,  
 Jesus is merciful,  
 Jesus will save.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him,  
 Still He is waiting,  
 Waiting the penitent child to receive;  
 Plead with them earnestly,  
 Plead with them gently;  
 He will forgive if they only believe.

- 3 Down in the human heart,  
 Crushed by the tempter,  
 Feelings lie buried that grace can re-  
 store:

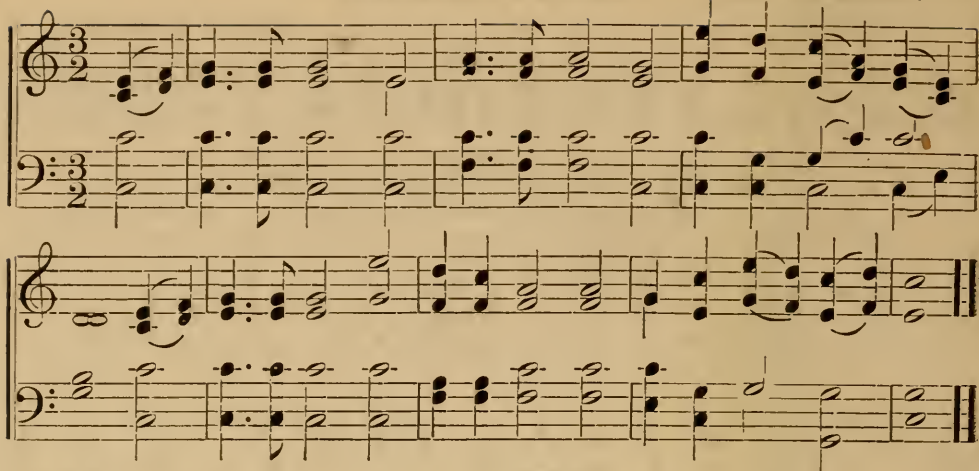
Touched by a loving heart,  
 Wakened by kindness,  
 Chords that were broken will vibrate  
 once more.

- 4 Rescue the perishing,  
 Duty demands it;  
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will  
 provide;  
 Back to the narrow way,  
 Patiently win them,  
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has  
 died.

## 203. Rescue the Perishing.

Key B-flat.

- 1 Rescue the perishing,  
 Care for the dying,  
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the  
 grave;



## 204.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And for the weary, rest.

3 By Thee, my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian,  
Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

## 206.

1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad,  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.

3 Oh, that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow;  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow.

3 Oh, that it now from heaven might  
fall,  
And all my sins consume:  
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;  
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.

## 205. I need Thee. Key A-flat.

1 I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord,  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,  
Every hour I need Thee;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,  
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour:  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.

## 207. The Mistakes of my Life. Key G.

1 The mistakes of my life have been  
many,  
The sins of my heart have been more,  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But I'll knock at the open door.

CHO.—I know I am weak and sinful,  
It comes to me more and more:  
But when the dear Saviour shall  
bid me come in,  
I'll enter the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who love Him,  
I am weakest of those who pray;  
But I come as He has bidden,  
And He will not say me nay.

3 My mistakes His free grace will  
cover,  
My sins He will wash away,  
And the feet that shrink and falter  
Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been  
many,  
And my spirit is sick with sin,  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But the Saviour will let me in.

# Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

*D.S.*



## 208.

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten sinner, to return!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.

## 209. Tune, Arlington. Key G.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—  
A follower of the Lamb,—  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

## 210. Tune, Boylston. No. 187.

- 1 O come and dwell in me,  
Spirit of power within,  
And bring the glorious liberty  
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,  
Spirit of health, remove,  
Spirit of finished holiness.  
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day  
Which shall my sins consume;  
When old things shall be done away,  
And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,  
That all I do is right,  
According to Thy will and word,  
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

## 211. Tune, Pleyel's Hymn.

- 1 Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord to Thee.  
Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.
- 2 Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;  
Take my will and make it Thine,  
Let it be no longer mine.
- 3 Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
Let it be Thy royal throne,  
Take my love, my Lord of power,  
At Thy feet its treasure store.

## 212. Tune, Arlington. Key G.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickning powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and we shall ever live  
At this poor dying rate;  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee.  
And Thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickning powers:  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## 213. Tune, Boylston. No. 187.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord.  
The house of Thine abode.  
The Church our blest Redeemer  
saved  
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church. O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand.  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.



## 214. Just as I am. Key E-flat.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am — Thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

## 215. Coronation. No. 43.

- 1 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

## 216. Martyn. Key F.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul;  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found —  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make me, keep me, pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

## 217. Work for the Night. Key F.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work thro' the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
Work, 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work, through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work, till the last beam fade,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work, while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER, 1860.

## 218. Key B-flat.

- 1 Yield not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin,  
Each victory will help you  
Some other to win;  
Fight manfully onward,  
Dark passions subdue,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.
- Ask the Saviour to help you,  
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,  
He is willing to aid you,  
He will carry you through.*
- 2 Shun evil companions,  
Bad language disdain,  
God's name hold in reverence,  
Nor take it in vain;  
Be thoughtful and earnest,  
Kind-hearted and true,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.
  - 3 To him that o'ercometh  
God giveth a crown,  
Through faith we shall conquer,  
Though often cast down;  
He who is your Saviour,  
Our strength will renew,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

H. R. PALMER.

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